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THE

BRITISH POETS.

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TRANSLATIONS.

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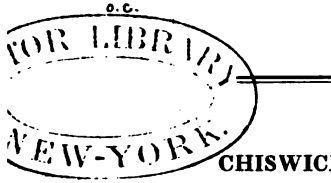
LXXXIX.

PINDAR. ANACREON. SAPPHO. MUSÆUS.

O.C.



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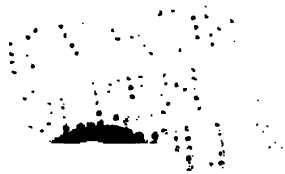

ODES OF PINDAR.

Translated from the Greek,

BY

G. WEST, R. B. GREENE, AND H. J. PYE.

AND

THE WORKS

OF

Anacreon, Sappho, and Musæus.

BY FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

Chiswick:

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ODES OF PINDAR.

Translated from the Greek,

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY

G. WEST, R. B. GREENE, AND H. J. PYE, Esqrs.

MR. WEST'S PREFACE.

OF all the great writers of antiquity, no one was ever more honoured and admired while living, as few have obtained a larger and fairer portion of fame after death, than Pindar. Pausanias tells us, that the character of poet was really and truly consecrated in his person by the god of poets himself[1], who was pleased, by an express oracle, to order the inhabitants of Delphi to set apart for Pindar one half of the firstfruit offering brought by the religious to his shrine; and to allow him a place in his temple; where, in an iron chair, he was used to sit, and sing his hymns in honour of that god. This chair was remaining in the time of Pausanias[2] (several hundred years after), to whom it was shown as a relic not unworthy of the sanctity and magnificence of that holy place. Pan[3] likewise, another musical divinity, is reported to have skipped and jumped for joy, while the nymphs were dancing in honour of the birth of this prince of lyric poetry; and to have been afterwards so much delighted with his compositions, as to have sung his Odes in the hearing even of the poet himself[4]. Unhappily for us, and indeed for

[1] Paus. in Bœot. [2] Paus. in Phoc.
[3] Philostratus in Icon. [4] Plut. in Numa.

Pindar, those parts of his works which procured him these extraordinary testimonies from the gods (or from mortals rather, who by the invention of these fables meant only to express the high opinion they entertained of this great poet) are all lost: I mean his hymns to the several deities of the heathen world. And even of those writings, to which his less extravagant, but more serious and more lasting, glory is owing, only the least, and (according to some people) the worst, part is now remaining. These are his Odes, inscribed to the conquerors in the four sacred games of Greece. By these Odes therefore are we now left to judge of the merit of Pindar; as they are the only living evidences of his character.

Among the moderns[5], those men of learning of the truest taste and judgment, who have read and considered the writings of this author in their original language, have all agreed to confirm the great character given of him by the ancients. And to such who are still able to examine Pindar himself, I shall leave him to stand or fall by his own merit; only bespeaking their candour in my own behalf, if they shall think it worth their while to peruse the following translations of some of his Odes: which I here offer chiefly to the English reader, to whom alone I desire to address a few considerations, in order to prepare him to form a right judgment, and indeed to have any relish of the compositions of this great lyric poet, who notwithstanding must needs appear before him under great disadvantages.

[5] See Abbé Fraguier's character of Pindar, printed in the third vol. of Mémoires de l'Académie Royale, &c. and Kennet's life of Pindar, in the lives of the Greek Poets.

To begin with removing some prejudices against this author, that have arisen from certain writings known by the name of Pindaric Odes, I must insist that very few which I remember to have read under that title (not excepting even those written by the admired Mr. Cowley, whose wit and fire first brought them into reputation), have the least resemblance to the manner of the author whom they pretend to imitate, and from whom they derive their name; or if any, it is such a resemblance only as is expressed by the Italian word *caricatura*, a monstrous and distorted likeness. This observation has been already made by Mr. Congreve, in his preface to two admirable Odes, written professedly in imitation of Pindar; and I may add, so much in his true manner and spirit, that he ought by all means to be excepted out of the number of those, who have brought this author into discredit by pretending to resemble him.

Neither has Mr. Cowley, though he drew from the life, given a much truer picture of Pindar in the translations he made of two of his Odes. I say not this to detract from Mr. Cowley, whose genius, perhaps, was not inferior to that of Pindar himself, or either of those other two great poets, Horace and Virgil, whose names have been bestowed upon him, but chiefly to apologize for my having ventured to translate the same Odes; and to prepare the reader for the wide difference he will find between many parts of his translations and mine.

Mr. Cowley and his imitators (for all the Pindaric writers since his time have only mimiced him, while they fancied they were imitating Pin-

dar) have fallen themselves, and by their examples have led the world into two mistakes with regard to the character of Pindar: both which are pointed out by Mr. Congreve in the preface above mentioned, and in the following words—.

'The character of these late Pindarics is a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like parcel of irregular stanzas, which also consist of such another complication of disproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed verses and rhymes. And I appeal to any reader, if this is not the condition in which these titular Odes appeared.

'On the contrary (adds he), there is nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the exact observation of the measures and numbers of his stanzas and verses, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts. For though his digressions are frequent, and his transitions sudden; yet is there ever some secret connexion, which, though not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itself to the understanding of the reader.'

Upon these two points, namely, the regularity of measure in Pindar's Odes, and the connexion of his thoughts, I shall beg leave to make a few observations.

These Odes were all composed to be sung by a Chorus, either at the entertainments given by the conquerors (to whom they were inscribed) or their friends, on account of their victories; or at the solemn sacrifices made to the gods upon those occasions. They consist generally of

three stanzas, of which the following account was communicated to me by a learned and ingenious friend.

'Besides what is said of the Greek Ode in the scholiast upon Pindar, I find (says he) the following passage in the scholia on Hephæstion; it is the very last paragraph of those scholia.'

The passage cited by him is in Greek, instead of which I shall insert the translation of it in English.

"You must know that the ancients (in their Odes) framed two larger stanzas, and one less; the first of the larger stanzas they called *strophe*, singing it on their festivals at the altars of the gods, and dancing at the same time: the second they called *antistrophe*, in which they inverted the dance. The lesser stanza was named the *epode*, which they sung standing still. The strophe (as they say) denoted the notion of the higher sphere, the antistrophe that of the planets, the epode the fixed station and repose of the earth."

'From this passage it appears evident that these odes were accompanied with dancing; and that they danced one way while the strophe was singing, and then danced back again while the antistrophe was sung: which shows why those two parts consisted of the same length and measure. Then, when the dancers were returned to the place whence they set out, before they renewed the dance, they stood still while the epode was sung.

'If the same persons both danced and sung, when we consider how much breath is required for a full song, perhaps one may incline to think that the strophe and antistrophe partook some-

thing of the recitative manner, and that the epode was the more complete air.

'There is a passage in the ancient grammarian, Marius Victorinus, which is much to the same purpose as this above, though he does not distinctly speak of dancing. The passage is this:

"Pleraque lyricorum carminum, quæ versu, colisque et commatibus componuntur, ex strophe, antistrophe, et epodo, ut Græci appellant, ordinata subsistunt. Quorum ratio talis est. Antiqui deorum laudes carminibus comprehensas, circum aras eorum euntes canebant. Cujus primum ambitum, quem ingrediebantur ex parte dextrâ, strophen vocabant; reversionem autem sinistrorsum factam, completo priore orbe, antistrophen appellabant. Deinde in conspectu deorum soliti consistere, cantici reliquum consequebantur, appellantes id Epodon."

'The writers I have quoted speak only of Odes, sung in the temples; but Demetrius Triclinius, upon the measures of Sophocles, says the same thing upon the odes of the tragic chorus.

'What the scholiast upon Hephæstion (cited above) adds about the heavenly motions, &c. is also said by Victorinus, and by Demetrius Triclinius, and likewise by the scholiast on Pindar. Yet I consider this in no other light than I do the fantastical conceits with which the writers on music abound. Ptolemy, out of his three books of harmonics, employs one almost entirely upon comparing the principles of music with the motions of the planets, the faculties of the mind, and other such ridiculous imaginations. And Aristides Quintilianus, supposed an older author, is full of the same fooleries. Marius Victorinus has an-

other scheme also, *viz.* that the dancing forwards and backwards was invented by Theseus, in memory of the labyrinth out of which he escaped. But all this is taking much unnecessary pains to account why, when dancers have gone as far as they can one way, they should return back again; or at least not dance in the same circle, till they are giddy.'

Such was the structure of the Greek Ode, in which the strophe and antistrophe, *i. e.* the first and second stanzas, contained always the same number and the same kind of verses. The epode was of a different length and measure; and if the Ode run out into any length, it was always divided into triplets of stanzas; the two first being constantly of the same length and measure, and all the epodes in like manner corresponding exactly with each other: from all which the regularity of this kind of composition is sufficiently evident. There are indeed some Odes, which consist of strophes, and antistrophes, without any epode; and others which are made up of strophes only, of different lengths and measures. But the greatest number of Pindar's Odes are of the first kind.

I have in the translation retained the names of *strophe* and *antistrophe*, on purpose to imprint the more strongly on the mind of the English reader, the exact regularity observed by Pindar in the structure of his Odes: and have even followed his example in one, which in the original consists only of two strophes.

Another charge against Pindar relates to the supposed wildness of his imagination, his extravagant digressions, and sudden transitions, which leads me to consider the second point, viz. the

connexion of his thoughts. Upon which I shall say but little in this place, having endeavoured to point out the connexion, and account for many of the digressions, in my arguments and notes to the several Odes which I have translated. Here therefore I shall only observe in general, that whoever imagines the victories and praises of the conquerors are the proper subjects of the Odes inscribed to them, will find himself mistaken. These victories indeed gave occasion to these songs of triumph, and are therefore constantly taken notice of by the poet, as are also any particular and remarkable circumstances relating to them, or to the lives and characters of the conquerors themselves; but as such circumstances could rarely furnish out matter sufficient for an Ode of any length, so would it have been an indecency unknown to the civil equality and freedom, as well as to the simplicity, of the age in which Pindar lived, to have filled a poem intended to be sung in public, and even at the altars of the gods, with the praises of one man only; who, besides, was often no otherwise considerable, but as the victory which gave occasion to the Ode had made him. For these reasons the poet, in order to give his poem its due extent, was obliged to have recourse to other circumstances, arising either from the family or country of the conqueror; from the games in which he had come off victorious; or from the particular deities who had any relation to the occasion, or in whose temples the Ode was intended to be sung. All these and many other particulars, which the reading the Odes of Pindar may suggest to an attentive observer, gave hints to the poet, and led him into those frequent

digressions, and quick transitions, which it is no wonder should appear to us at this distance of time and place both extravagant and unaccountable. Some of these are indicated in the notes upon the ensuing Odes.

Upon the whole, I am persuaded that whoever will consider the Odes of Pindar with regard to the manners and customs of the age in which they were written; the occasions which gave birth to them; and the places in which they were intended to be recited; will find little reason to censure Pindar for want of order and regularity in the plans of his compositions. On the contrary, perhaps, he will be inclined to admire him for raising so many beauties from such trivial hints; and for kindling, as he sometimes does, so great a flame from a single spark, and with so little fuel.

There is still another prejudice against Pindar, which may rise in the minds of those people who are not thoroughly acquainted with ancient history, and who may therefore be apt to think meanly of Odes inscribed to a set of conquerors, whom possibly they may look upon only as so many prize-fighters and jockeys. To obviate this prejudice, I have prefixed to my translation of Pindar's Odes, a Dissertation on the Olympic Games: in which the reader will see what kind of persons these conquerors were, and what was the nature of those famous games; of which every one who has but just looked into the history of Greece, must know enough to desire to be better acquainted with them. The collection is as full as I have been able to make it, assisted by the labours of a learned Frenchman, Pierre du Faur, who in his book, entitled 'Agonisticon,' hath gathered almost every thing that is

mentioned in any of the Greek or Latin writers relating to the Grecian Games, which he has thrown together in no very clear order; as is observed by his countryman Mons. Burette, who hath written several pieces on the subject of the gymnastic exercises, inserted in the second volume of 'Mémoires de l'Académie Royale,' &c. printed at Amsterdam, 1719. In this dissertation I have endeavoured to give a complete History of the Olympic Games; of which kind there is not, that I know of, any treatise now extant; those written upon this subject by some of the ancients being all lost, and not being supplied by any learned modern; at least, not so fully as might have been done, and as so considerable an article of the Grecian antiquities seemed to demand. As I flatter myself that even the learned reader will in this dissertation meet with many points which have hitherto escaped his notice, and much light reflected from thence upon the Odes of Pindar in particular, as well as upon many passages in other Greek writers; I shall rather desire him to excuse those errors and defects which he may happen to discover in it, than apologize for the length of it.

Having now removed the chief prejudices and objections which have been too long and too generally entertained against the writings of Pindar, I need say but little of his real character, as the principal parts of it may be collected from the very faults imputed to him; which are indeed no other than the excesses of great and acknowledged beauties, such as a poetical imagination, a warm and enthusiastic genius, a bold and figurative expression, and a concise and sententious style. These are the characteristical beauties of Pindar;

and to these his greatest blemishes, generally speaking, are so nearly allied, that they have sometimes been mistaken for each other. I cannot however help observing, that he is so entirely free from any thing like the far fetched thoughts, the witty extravagances, and puerile *concetti* of Mr. Cowley and the rest of his imitators, that I cannot recollect so much as even a single antithesis in all his Odes.

Longinus indeed confesses, that Pindar's flame is sometimes extinguished, and that he now and then sinks unexpectedly and unaccountably; but he prefers him, with all his faults, to a poet, who keeps on in one constant tenor of mediocrity; and who, though he seldom falls very low, yet never rises to those astonishing heights, which sometimes make the head even of a great poet giddy, and occasion those slips which they at the same time excuse.

But notwithstanding all that has or can be said in favour of Pindar, he must still appear, as I before observed, under great disadvantages; especially to the English reader. Much of his fire, which formerly warmed and dazzled all Greece, must necessarily be lost even in the best translation. Besides, to say nothing of many beauties peculiar to the Greek, which cannot be expressed in English, and perhaps not in any other language, there are in these Odes so many references to secret history, so many allusions to persons, things, and places, now altogether unknown; and which, were they known, would very little interest or affect the reader; and withal, such a mixture of mythology and antiquity, that I al-

most despair of their being relished by any, but those who have, if not a great deal of classical learning, yet somewhat at least of an antique and classical taste.

Every reader, however, may still find in Pindar something to make amends for the loss of those beauties, which have been set at too great a distance, and in some places worn off and obliterated by time; namely, a great deal of good sense, many wise reflections, and many moral sentences, together with a due regard to religion; and from hence he may be able to form to himself some idea of Pindar as a man, though he should be obliged to take his character as a poet from others.

But that he may not for this rely altogether upon my opinion, I shall here produce the testimonies of two great poets, whose excellent writings are sufficient evidences both of their taste and judgment. The first was long and universally admired, and is still as much regretted by the present age: the latter, who wrote about seventeen hundred years ago, was the light and ornament of the politest and most learned age of Rome. And though even to him, Pindar, who lived some centuries before him, must have appeared under some of the disadvantages above mentioned, yet he had the opportunity of seeing all his works, which were extant in his time, and of which he hath given a sort of catalogue, together with their several characters: an advantage which the former wanted, who must therefore be understood to speak only of those Odes which are now remaining. And indeed he alludes to those only, in the following passage of

s Temple of Fame. Pope's works, present edit. ol. ii. p. 156.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright[6],
With heads advanced, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
Here like some furious prophet Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with the' inspiring god:
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figured games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race:
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

The other passage is from Horace, lib. iv. de 2, viz.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.

hich, for the benefit of the English reader, I ave thus translated.

He, who aspires to reach the towering height
Of matchless Pindar's heaven-ascending strain,
Shall sink, unequal to the arduous flight,
Like him, who falling named the' Icarian main:
Presumptuous youth! to tempt forbidden skies!
And hope above the clouds on waxen plumes to rise!

Pindar, like some fierce torrent swollen with showers,
Or sudden cataracts of melting snow,
Which from the Alps its headlong deluge pours,
And foams and thunders o'er the vales below,
With desultory fury borne along,
Rolls his impetuous, vast, unfathomable song.

---

[6] *Four swans sustain, &c.*] Pindar, being seated in a ariot, alludes to the horse-races he celebrated in the Grean Games. The swans are emblems of poetry: their soarg posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. eptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the lympian, games.

The Delphic laurel ever sure to gain;
Whether with lawless Dithyrambic rage
Wild and tumultuous flows the sounding strain;
Or in more order'd verse sublimely sage
To gods and sons of gods his lyre he strings,
And of fierce Centaurs slain, and dire Chimera sings,

Or whether Pisa's victors be his theme,
The valiant champion and the rapid steed;
Who from the banks of Alpheus' sacred stream,
Triumphant bear Olympia's olive meed;
And from their bard receive the tuneful boon,
Richer than sculptured brass, or imitating stone.

Or whether with the widow'd mourner's tear,
He mingles soft his Elegiac song;
With Dorian strains to deck the' untimely bier
Of some disastrous bridegroom fair and young;
Whose virtues, in his deifying lays,
Through the black gloom of death with starlike radiance blaze.

When to the clouds, along the' etherial plain,
His airy way the Theban swan pursues,
Strong rapid gales his sounding plumes sustain:
While, wondering at his flight, my timorous Muse
In short excursions tires her feeble wings,
And in sequester'd shades and flowery gardens sings.

There, like the bee, that from each odorous bloom
Each fragrant offspring of the dewy field,
With painful art, extracts the rich perfume,
Solicitous her honied dome to build;
Exerting all her industry and care,
She toils with humble sweets her meaner verse to rear.

The remainder of this Ode has no relation to the present subject, and is therefore omitted.

ODES OF PINDAR.

THE

FIRST OLYMPIC ODE.

By Mr. West.

HIS Ode is inscribed to Hiero of Syracuse, o, in the seventy-third Olympiad, obtained victory in the race of single horses.

The Argument.

he subject of this Ode being a victory obtained by Hiero in he Olympic games, Pindar sets out with showing the su- eriority and preeminence of those games over all others; mong which, he says, they hold the same rank, as water which, according to the opinion of Thales and other phi- osophers, was the original of all things) among the ele- ients, and gold among the gifts of fortune. Wherefore, continues he) O my heart! if thou art inclined to sing of ames, it would be as absurd to think of any other but the lympic games, as to look for stars in the sky, when the un is shining in his meridian glory: especially as all the uests at Hiero's table (among which number it is not im- robable that Pindar was one at this time) are singing Odes pon that subject. From the mention of Hiero, he falls into short panegyric upon his virtues, and then passes to what ave occasion to this Ode, viz. his Olympic victory; under hich head he makes honourable mention of his horse, Phe- nicus (for that was his name), who gained the victory, id spread his master's glory as far as Pisa, or Olympia, e ancient residence of Pelops the son of Tantalus: into a ng account of whom he digresses; and ridiculing, as ab-

surd and impious, the story of his having been cut to pieces by his father Tantalus, boiled and served up at an entertainment given by him to the gods, relates another story, which he thought more to the honour both of Pelops and the gods. This relation he concludes with the account of Pelops vanquishing Œnomaus, king of Pisa, in the chariot race, and by that victory gaining his daughter Hippodamia, settling at Pisa, and being there honoured as a god. From this relation the poet falls again naturally into an account of the Olympic games, and after a short reflection upon the felicity of those who gained the Olympic crown, returns to the praises of Hiero; with which, and some occasional reflections on the prosperity of Hiero, to whom he wishes a continuance of his good fortune and a long reign, he closes his Ode.

STROPHE I.

CHIEF of nature's works divine,
Water claims the highest praise:
Richest offspring of the mine,
Gold, like fire, whose flashing rays,
From afar conspicuous, gleam
Through the night's involving cloud,
First in lustre and esteem,
Decks the treasures of the proud:
So among the lists of fame
Pisa's honour'd games excel;
Then to Pisa's glorious name
Tune, O Muse, thy sounding shell!

ANTISTROPHE I.

Who along the desert air,
Seeks the faded starry train,
When the sun's meridian car
Round illumes the' etherial plain?

Who a nobler theme can choose
Than Olympia's sacred games?
What more apt to fire the Muse,
When her various songs she frames?
Songs in strains of wisdom dress'd
Great Saturnius to record,
And by each rejoicing guest
Sung at Hiero's feastful board.

EPODE I.

In pastoral Sicilia's fruitful soil
The righteous sceptre of imperial power
Great Hiero wielding, with illustrious toil
Plucks every blooming virtue's fairest flower,
His royal splendour to adorn:
Nor doth his skilful hand refuse
Acquaintance with the tuneful muse,
When round the mirthful board the harp is borne[1].

STROPHE II.

Down then from the glittering nail
Take, O Muse, thy Dorian[2] lyre;
If the love of Pisa's vale[3]
Pleasing transports can inspire,

[1] *When round the mirthful board, &c.* This, it seems, was a custom among the ancients: at their entertainments a harp was carried round the table, and presented to every guest, which if any one refused out of ignorance or unskilfulness, he was looked upon as illiterate or ill bred.

[2] The epithet Dorian is here given to the lyre, to signify that this Ode was adapted to the Dorian mood, the most solemn and pompous of the three kinds of Grecian music; the other two were the Lydian and Phrygian.

[3] *Pisa's vale.*] Pisa was a town in the territory of Elis, where the Olympic games were held; often confounded, especially by the poets, with Elis, though they were distant from each other about fifty stades.

Or the rapid-footed steed
Could with joy thy bosom move,
When unwhipp'd, with native speed
O'er the dusty course he drove!
And where, deck'd with olives, flows,
Alpheus[4], thy immortal flood,
On his lord's triumphant brows
The Olympic wreath bestow'd:

ANTISTROPHE II.

Hiero's royal brows, whose care
Tends the courser's noble breed;
Pleased to nurse the pregnant mare,
Pleased to train the youthful steed.
Now on that heroic land
His far beaming glories beat,
Where with all his Lydian band
Pelops fix'd his honour'd seat:
Pelops[5], by the god beloved,
Whose strong arms the globe embrace;
When by Jove's high orders moved
Clotho bless'd the healing vase.

EPODE II.

Forth from the caldron to new life restored,
Pleased with the lustre of his ivory arm,
Young Pelops rose; so ancient tales record,
And oft these tales unheeding mortals charm;

[4] Alpheus was a river in Elis, upon whose banks the games were celebrated. The Olympic crown was composed of olive branches, of which plant there were large groves at Olympia. Alpheus was there worshiped as a god.

[5] The fabulous story of Pelops is well known.

While gaudy fiction, deck'd with art,
And dress'd in every winning grace,
To truth's unornamented face
Preferr'd, seduces oft the human heart.

STROPHE III.

Add to these sweet poesy,
Smooth enchantress of mankind!
Clad in whose false majesty
Fables easy credit find.
But ere long the rolling year
The deceitful tale explodes;
Then, O man! with holy fear
Touch the characters of gods.
Of their heavenly nature say
Nought unseemly, nought profane,
So shalt thou due honour pay,
So be free from guilty stain.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Differing then from ancient fame,
I thy story will record:
How the gods invited came
To thy father's genial board;
In his turn the holy feast
When on Sipylus[6] he spread;
To the tables of the bless'd
In his turn with honour led.
Neptune then thy lovely face,
Son of Tantalus, survey'd,
And with amorous embrace
Far away the prize convey'd.

[6] Sipylus was a mountain, or, as some say, a town in Lydia.

EPODE III.

To the high palace of all honour'd Jove
With Pelops swift the golden chariot rolls.
There, like more ancient Ganymede, above
For Neptune he prepares the nectar'd bowls.
But for her vanish'd son in vain
When long his tender mother sought,
And tidings of his fate were brought
By none of all her much inquiring train;

STROPHE IV.

O'er the envious realm with speed
A malicious rumour flew,
That, his heavenly guests to feed,
Thee thy impious father slew:
In a caldron's seething flood
That thy mangled limbs were cast,
Thence by each voracious god
On the board in messes placed.
But shall I the bless'd abuse?
With such tales to stain her song
Far, far be it from my muse!
Vengeance waits the' unhallow'd tongue.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Sure, if e'er to man befell
Honour from the powers divine,
Who on high Olympus dwell,
Tantalus, the lot was thine.
But, alas! his mortal sense
All too feeble to digest
The delights of bliss immense,
Sicken'd at the heavenly feast.

Whence, his folly to chastise,
O'er his head with pride elate,
Jove, great father of the skies,
Hung a rock's enormous weight[7].

EPODE IV.

Now vainly labouring with incessant pains
The' impending rock's expected fall to shun,
The fourth distressful instance he remains
Of wretched man by impious pride undone;
Who to his mortal guests convey'd
The' incorruptible food of gods,
On which in their divine abodes
Himself erst feasting was immortal made.

STROPHE V.

Vain is he who hopes to cheat
The all-seeing eyes of heaven:
From Olympus' blissful seat,
For his father's theft, was driven,
Pelops, to reside once more
With frail man's swift-passing race.
Where (for now youth's blowing flower
Deck'd with opening pride his face;
And with manly beauty sprung
On each cheek the downy shade),
Ever burning for the young,
Hymen's fires his heart invade.

[7] There are many other different accounts of the punishment and the crime of Tantalus, founded on no better authority than this, viz. the word of a poet; with which, for that reason, I shall not trouble the reader. The other three persons here alluded to, are Sisyphus, Tityus, and Ixion.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Anxious then the' Elean bride[8]
From her royal sire to gain,
Near the billow-beaten side
Of the foam-besilver'd main.
Darkling and alone he stood,
Invocating oft the name
Of the trident-bearing god,
Straight the trident-bearer came:
'If the sweet delights of love,
Which from beauty's queen descend,
Can thy yielding bosom move,
Mighty god, my cause befriend!

EPODE V.

'With strong prevention let thy hand control
The brazen lance of Pisa's furious king;
And to the honours of the' Elean goal
Me with unrival'd speed in triumph bring.
Transfix'd by his unerring spear,
Already thirteen youths have died,
Yet he persists with cruel pride,
Hippodamia's nuptials to defer.

[8] Hippodamia, the daughter of Œnomaus king of Pisa, who being extremely fond of his daughter (the most beautiful woman of her time) and therefore unwilling to part with her, obliged every one who sought her in marriage, to contend with him in the chariot race; in which he doubted not of obtaining the victory, as his horses were noted for strength and swiftness. The beauty of the lady encouraged many lovers (thirteen, as Pindar says) to enter the lists, notwithstanding the terrible consequences of their being vanquished; for Œnomaus, not contented with refusing his daughter to these unsuccessful lovers, killed them with his spear when he overtook them in the race.

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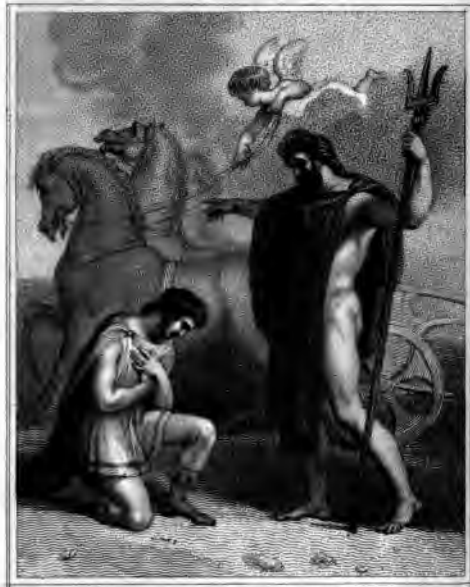

Thus he pray'd, and mov'd the God
Who his bold attempt to grace,
On the favour'd youth bestow'd
Steeds unwearied in the race:
Pope Homer Bk. Iliad

Drawn by R. Cook. Engraved by J. Landseer.

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Jan. 1, 1821.

STROPHE VI.

'In the paths of dangerous fame
Trembling cowards never tread:
Yet, since all of mortal frame
Must be number'd with the dead,
Who in dark inglorious shade
Would his useless life consume,
And with deedless years decay'd,
Sink unhonour'd to the tomb?
I that shameful lot disdain;
I this doubtful list will prove:
May my vows from thee obtain
Conquest, and the prize of love.'

ANTISTROPHE VI.

Thus he pray'd, and moved the god;
Who, his bold attempt to grace,
On the favour'd youth bestow'd
Steeds unwearied in the race;
Steeds, with winged speed endued,
Harness'd to a golden car.
So was Pisa's king subdued;
Pelops so obtain'd the fair;
From whose womb, a noble brood,
Six illustrious brothers came,
All with virtuous minds endow'd,
Leaders all of mighty fame.

EPODE VI.

Now in the solemn service of the dead,
Rank'd with immortal gods, great Pelops shares[9];
While to his altar, on the watery bed
Of Alpheus raised, from every clime repairs
The wondering stranger, to behold
The glories of the' Olympic plain:
Where, the resplendent wreath to gain,
Contend the swift, the active, and the bold.

STROPHE VII.

Happy he, whose glorious brow
Pisa's honour'd chaplets crown!
Calm his stream of life shall flow,
Shelter'd by his high renown.
That alone is bliss supreme,
Which, unknowing to decay,
Still with ever shining beam
Gladdens each succeeding day.
Then for happy Hiero weave
Garlands of Æolian strains;
Him these honours to receive
The Olympic law ordains.

[9] *Now in the solemn service of the dead,*
Rank'd with immortal gods, great Pelops shares;

We learn from the younger scholiast of Pindar, that the young men of Peloponnesus were accustomed, upon the anniversary of the funeral of Pelops, to slash themselves with scourges; offering to him by that means a kind of libation of their own blood; to which custom Pindar is here supposed to allude.

ANTISTROPHE VII.

Nor more worthy of her lay
Can the muse a mortal find;
Greater in imperial sway,
Richer in a virtuous mind;
Heaven, O king, with tender care
Waits thy wishes to fulfil.
Then ere long will I prepare,
Placed on Chronium's sunny hill[10],
Thee in sweeter verse to praise,
Following thy victorious steeds;
If to prosper all thy ways
Still thy guardian god proceeds.

EPODE VII.

Fate hath in various stations rank'd mankind:
In royal powers the long gradations end.
By that horizon prudently confined,
Let not thy hopes to further views extend.
Long mayst thou wear the regal crown,
And may thy bard his wish receive,
With thee, and such as thee to live[11],
Around his native Greece for wisdom known.

[10] This hill was near the Stadium at Olympia, so that from thence might be seen the races, &c.

[11] *With thee, and such as thee to live.*] As Pindar is said to have conversed with Hiero, I think we may, from these words, and some other expressions up and down this Ode, particularly from his calling Hiero Ξένον or host (l. 165 of the original) form no improbable conjecture, that Pindar was present at the entertainment given by Hiero on occasion of his Olympic victory. It is also probable from the 15th, 16th,

and 17th lines of the original, that there were other poets present besides Pindar; perhaps Simonides and Bacchylides, who, as well as our poet, composed a hymn upon this occasion. There is at least a fragment of an ode, made by Bacchylides, cited by the scholiast, in which this very horse of Hiero, named Pherenicus, is celebrated for having gained a victory in the Olympic games.

Hiero, in this Ode, is more than once styled king; and yet we are left in the dark as to the city or people over which he reigned at this time: all we know is, that it could not be the city of Syracuse, notwithstanding he chose to denominate himself of that city when he entered himself a candidate for the Olympic crown; for he did not come to the crown of Syracuse till after the death of his brother Gelo, which happened in the 75th Olympiad, many years after the date of the victory here celebrated by Pindar. See Pythian Ode I. note 5.

THE

SECOND OLYMPIC ODE.

By Mr. West.

THIS Ode is inscribed to Theron king of Agrigentum, who came off conqueror in the race of chariots drawn by four horses, in the seventy-seventh Olympiad.

The Argument.

The Poet, in answer to the question, what god, what hero, and what mortal he should sing? (with which words this Ode immediately begins) having named Jupiter and Hercules, not only as the first of gods and heroes, but as they were peculiarly related to his subject; the one being the protector, and the other the founder of the Olympic games; falls directly into the praises of Theron: by this method artfully insinuating, that Theron held the same rank among all mortals, as the two former did among the gods and heroes. In enumerating the many excellences of Theron, the poet, having made mention of the nobility of his family (a topic seldom or never omitted by Pindar), takes occasion to lay before him the various accidents and vicissitudes of human life, by instances drawn from the history of his own ancestors, the founders of Agrigentum; who, it seems, underwent many difficulties before they could build and settle themselves in that city: where afterwards, indeed, they made a very considerable figure, and were rewarded for their past sufferings with wealth and honour; according to which method of proceeding, the poet (alluding to some misfortunes that had befallen Theron) beseeches Jupiter to deal with their posterity, by recompensing their former afflictions with a series of peace and happiness for the fu-

ture; in the enjoyment of which they would soon lose the memory of whatever they had suffered in times past: the constant effect of prosperity being to make men forget their past adversity; which is the only reparation that can be made to them for the miseries they have undergone. The truth of this position he makes appear from the history of the same family; by the further instances of Semele, Ino, and Thersander; and, lastly, of Theron himself, whose former cares and troubles, he insinuates, are repaid by his present happiness and victory in the Olympic games: for his success in which, the poet however intimates, that Theron was no less indebted to his riches than to his virtue, since he was enabled by the one, as well as disposed by the other, to undergo the trouble and expense that was necessary to qualify him for a candidate for the Olympic crown in particular, and, in general, for the performance of any great and worthy action: for the words are general. From whence he takes occasion to tell him, that the man who possesses these treasures, viz. riches and virtue (that is, the means and the inclination of doing good and great actions), has the further satisfaction of knowing that he shall be rewarded for it hereafter; and go among the heroes into the Fortunate Islands (the Paradise of the ancients), which he here describes; some of whose inhabitants are likewise mentioned by way of inciting Theron to an imitation of their actions; as Peleus, Cadmus, and Achilles. Here the poet, finding himself, as well from the abundance of matter, as from the fertility of his own genius, in danger of wandering too far from his subject, recalls his muse, and returns to the praises of Theron; whose beneficence and generosity (he tells us) were not to be equaled; with which, and with some reflections upon the enemies and maligners of Theron, he concludes.

STROPHE I.

Ye choral hymns, harmonious lays,
Sweet rulers of the lyric string;
What god, what hero's godlike praise,
What mortal shall we sing?

With Jove, with Pisa's[1] guardian god,
Begin, O Muse, the' Olympic ode.
Alcides, Jove's heroic son,
The second honours claims;
Who, offering up the spoils from Augeas won,
Establish'd to his sire the' Olympic games;
Where bright in wreaths of conquest Theron shone.
Then of victorious Theron sing!
Of Theron hospitable, just, and great!
Famed Agrigentum's[2] honour'd king,
The prop and bulwark of her towering state;
A righteous prince! whose flowering virtues grace
The venerable stem of his illustrious race:

ANTISTROPHE I.

A race, long exercised in woes,
Ere, smiling o'er her kindred flood,
The mansion of their wish'd repose,
Their sacred city stood;
And through amazed Sicilia shone
The lustre of their fair renown.
Thence, as the milder fates decreed,
In destined order born,
Auspicious hours with smoother pace succeed,
While power and wealth the noble line adorn,
And public favour, virtue's richest meed.

[1] Pisa and Olympia have by many been mistaken for the same place; however, Olympia stood in the territory of Pisa, and not far distant from it.

[2] Agrigentum (in Greek Agragas) was a town in Sicily, situated upon a river of the same name, which I therefore call 'her kindred flood.'

O son of Rhea[3], god supreme!
Whose kingly hands the' Olympian sceptre wield!
Revered on Alpheus' sacred stream!
And honour'd most in Pisa's listed field!
Propitious listen to my soothing strain!
And to the worthy sons their father's rights maintain!

EPODE I.

Peace on their future life and wealth bestow;
And bid their present moments calmly flow.
The deed once done no power can abrogate,
Not the great sire of all things, time, nor fate.
But sweet oblivion of disastrous care,
And good succeeding, may the wrong repair.
Lost in the brightness of returning day,
The gloomy terrors of the night decay;
When Jove commands the sun of joy to rise,
And opens into smiles the cloud-envelop'd skies.

STROPHE II.

Thy hapless daughters'[4] various fate
This moral truth, O Cadmus, shows;
Who, vested now with godlike state,
On heavenly thrones repose;

[3] Rhea was the wife of Saturn, and mother of Jupiter. Alpheus was a river of Elis, upon whose banks was the Olympic Stadium, in which the games were performed.

[4] Theron was descended from Cadmus; the instances therefore of Semele and Ino, daughters to Cadmus, are extremely proper and well chosen by the poet; as they tend not only to illustrate the truth he would inculcate by these examples, but to do honour to Theron, by showing that he was related to deities.

And yet Affliction's thorny road
In bitter anguish once they trod.
But bliss superior hath erased
The memory of their woe;
While Semele, on high Olympus placed,
To heavenly zephyrs bids her tresses flow,
Once by devouring lightnings all defaced.
There, with immortal charms improved,
Inhabitant of heaven's serene abodes
She dwells, by virgin Pallas loved,
Loved by Saturnius, father of the gods;
Loved by her youthful son, whose brows divine,
In twisting ivy bound, with joy eternal shine.

ANTISTROPHE II.

To Ino, goddess of the main,
The Fates an equal lot decree,
Rank'd with old Ocean's Nereid train,
Bright daughters of the sea.
Deep in the pearly realms below,
Immortal happiness to know.
But here our days' appointed end
To mortals is unknown;
Whether distress our period shall attend,
And in tumultuous storms our sun go down,
Or to the shades in peaceful calms descend.
For various flows the tide of life,
Obnoxious still to fortune's veering gale;
Now rough with anguish, care, and strife,
O'erwhelming waves the shatter'd bark assail:
Now glide serene and smooth the limpid streams;
And on the surface play Apollo's golden beams.

EPODE II.

Thus, Fate, O Theron, that with bliss divine
And glory once enrich'd thy ancient line,
Again reversing every gracious deed,
Woe to thy wretched sires and shame decreed;
What time, encountering on the Phocian plain,
By luckless Œdipus was Laius slain.
To parricide by fortune blindly led,
His father's precious life the hero shed;
Doom'd to fulfil the oracles of Heaven,
To Thebes' ill destined king[5] by Pythian Phœbus given.

STROPHE III.

But with a fierce avenging eye
Erinnys the foul murder view'd,
And bade his warring offspring die,
By mutual rage subdued.

[5] Laius, king of Thebes, inquiring of the Delphic or Pythian Oracle about children, was told that he should have a son, but that he was destined to die by the hands of that son: for this reason, as soon as Œdipus was born, he gave him to a shepherd to be murdered; who, in execution of those orders, left him in the fields where he might be starved to death; but being found there by another shepherd, and by him presented to the wife of Polybus, king of Corinth, she bred him up for her own child. But when he grew up, and came to understand that he was not the son of Polybus, he went in search of his own father, met him by accident in Phocis, and in a tumult slew him, without knowing him indeed to be his father; but not without incurring the displeasure of the gods by so horrid a parricide, though he was predestined to it by their own decree. Erinnys, the goddess of vengeance, observed the murder (as the poet expresses it), and, to revenge it, stirred up that discord between his two sons, Eteocles and Polynices, that they slew each other in battle.

Pierced by his brother's hateful steel
Thus haughty Polynices fell.
Thersander[6], born to calmer days,
Survived his falling sire,
In youthful games to win immortal praise;
Renown in martial combat to acquire,
And high in power the' Adrastian house to raise.
Forth from this venerable root
Ænesidamus[7] and his Theron spring;
For whom I touch my Dorian flute,
For whom triumphant strike my sounding string.
Due to his glory is the' Aonian strain,
Whose virtue gain'd the prize in famed Olympia's plain.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Alone in famed Olympia's sand
The victor's chaplet Theron wore;
But with him on the' Isthmian strand,
On sweet Castalia's shore,
The verdant crowns, the proud reward
Of victory his brother[8] shared,

[6] Thersander was the son of Polynices by Argia the daughter of Adrastus, whence mention is here made of the Adrastian house, which he is said to have raised, because he afterwards revenged upon the Thebans the injuries and disgrace that his grandfather Adrastus had suffered before Thebes, when he came to the assistance of Polynices. Thersander was one of those heroes who went to the war of Troy.

[7] Ænesidamus was the father of Theron.

[8] Xenocrates. The Isthmian games were celebrated at the Isthmus of Corinth, whence they took their name; and the Pythian games were celebrated upon the banks of the river Castalia. The Isthmian crown was composed either of parsley, or the branches of the pine-tree (for they were both used at different times); and the Pythian crown was made of laurel.

Copartner in immortal praise,
As warm'd with equal zeal
The light-foot courser's generous breed to raise,
And whirl around the goal the fervid wheel,
The painful strife Olympia's wreath repays:
But wealth with nobler virtue join'd
The means and fair occasions must procure;
In glory's chase must aid the mind,
Expense, and toil, and danger to endure;
With mingling rays they feed each other's flame,
And shine the brightest lamp in all the sphere of fame.

EPODE III.

The happy mortal, who these treasures shares,
Well knows what fate attends his generous cares;
Knows, that beyond the verge of life and light,
In the sad regions of infernal night,
The fierce, impracticable, churlish mind,
Avenging gods and penal woes shall find;
Where strict inquiring justice shall bewray
The crimes committed in the realms of day.
The' impartial judge the rigid law declares,
No more to be reversed by penitence or prayers.

STROPHE IV.

But in the happy fields of light,
Where Phœbus with an equal ray
Illuminates the balmy night,
And gilds the cloudless day,
In peaceful unmolested joy,
The good their smiling hours employ.

Them no uneasy wants constrain
To vex the' ungrateful soil,
To tempt the dangers of the billowy main,
And break their strength with unabating toil,
A frail disastrous being to maintain.
But in their joyous calm abodes,
The recompense of justice they receive;
And in the fellowship of gods
Without a tear eternal ages live.
While, banish'd by the Fates from joy and rest,
Intolerable woes the impious soul infest.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

But they who, in true virtue strong,
The third purgation can endure[9];
And keep their minds from fraudful wrong,
And guilt's contagion, pure;
They through the starry paths of Jove
To Saturn's blissful seat remove:
Where fragrant breezes, vernal airs,
Sweet children of the main,
Purge the bless'd island from corroding cares,
And fan the bosom of each verdant plain:
Whose fertile soil immortal fruitage bears;
Trees, from whose flaming branches flow,
Array'd in golden bloom, refulgent beams;
And flowers of golden hue, that blow
On the fresh borders of their parent streams.

[9] Pindar in this follows the opinion of Pythagoras, who held the transmigration of the soul; according to which doctrine the several bodies, into which the soul passes successively, were so many purgatories, that served to purify and refine it by degrees, till it was at last rendered fit to enter into the Fortunate Islands; the Paradise of the ancients; as I said before; about which nothing can be written but conjectures, with which it is not necessary to trouble the reader.

These by the bless'd in solemn triumph worn,
Their unpolluted hands and clustering locks adorn.

EPODE IV.

Such is the righteous will, the high behest
Of Rhadamanthus, ruler of the bless'd;
The just assessor of the throne divine,
On which, high raised above all gods, recline,
Link'd in the golden bands of wedded love,
The great progenitors of thundering Jove.
There, in the number of the bless'd enroll'd,
Live Cadmus, Peleus, heroes famed of old;
And young Achilles, to those isles removed,
Soon as, by Thetis won, relenting Jove approved:

STROPHE V.

Achilles, whose resistless might
Troy's stable pillar overthrew,
The valiant Hector, firm in fight,
And hardy Cygnus, slew,
And Memnon, offspring of the morn,
In torrid Æthiopia born——
Yet in my well stored breast remain
Materials to supply
With copious argument my moral strain,
Whose mystic sense the wise alone descry[10],
Still to the vulgar sounding harsh and vain,

[10] From this passage it is evident, that Pindar had fallen under the lash of some critics or rivals, who, proud of their learning, had objected to him the want of it, and had censured him, in all likelihood, for his frequent using of moral sentences, historical allusions, and figurative expressions; which, together with the many and long digressions, and the sudden transition from one point to another (so observable in all his compositions), rendered them, as they pretended, intricate and obscure. The scholiast tells us, that the learned persons hinted at by Pindar in this passage, were Bacchylides and *Simonides*.

He only, in whose ample breast,
Nature hath true inherent genius pour'd,
The praise of wisdom may contest;
Not they who, with loquacious learning stored,
Like crows and chattering jays, with clamorous cries
Pursue the bird of Jove, that sails along the skies.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Come on! thy brightest shafts prepare,
And bend, O Muse, thy sounding bow;
Say through what paths of liquid air
Our arrows shall we throw?
On Agrigentum fix thine eye,
Thither let all thy quiver fly.
And thou, O Agrigentum, hear,
While with religious dread,
And taught the laws of justice to revere,
To heavenly vengeance I devote my head,
If aught to truth repugnant now I swear,
Swear, that no state, revolving o'er
The long memorials of recorded days,
Can show in all her boasted store
A name to parallel thy Theron's praise:
One to the acts of friendship so inclined,
So famed for bounteous deeds and love of humankind.

EPODE V.

Yet hath obstreperous envy sought to drown
The goodly music of his sweet renown;
While by some frantic spirits[11] borne along
To mad attempts of violence and wrong,

[11] By these 'frantic spirits,' the poet means Capys and Hippocrates, two kinsmen of Theron, from whom they had

She turn'd against him faction's raging flood,
And strove with evil deeds to conquer good.
But who can number every sandy grain
Wash'd by Sicilia's hoarse-resounding main?
Or who can Theron's generous works express,
And tell how many hearts his bounteous virtues bless!

received many obligations; but, not being able to endure the lustre of his glory and power, they made war upon him; and met with the due reward of their treachery and malice. Theron fought with them near Himera, and overthrew them.

THE

THIRD OLYMPIC ODE.

By Mr. West.

THIS Ode is likewise inscribed to Theron, king of Agrigentum, upon the occasion of another victory obtained by him in the chariot-race at Olympia; the date of which is unknown.

The Argument.

The scholiast acquaints us, that as Theron was celebrating the Theoxenia (a festival instituted by Castor and Pollux in honour of all the gods), he received the news of a victory obtained by his chariot in the Olympic games: from this circumstance the poet takes occasion to address this Ode to those two deities and their sister Helena, in whose temple (the same scholiast informs us) some people with greatest probability conjectured it was sung; at a solemn sacrifice there offered by Theron to those deities, and to Hercules also, as may be inferred from a passage in the third strophe of the translation. But there is another, and a more poetical propriety in Pindar's invoking these divinities, that is suggested in the Ode itself: for, after mentioning the occasion of his composing it, namely, the Olympic victory of Theron, and saying that a triumphal song was a tribute due to that person, upon whom the Hellanodic, or judge of the games, bestowed the sacred olive (according to the institution of their first founder Hercules), he proceeds to relate the fabulous, but legendary story, of that hero's having brought that plant originally from Scythia, the country of the Hyperboreans, to Olympia; having planted it there near the temple of Jupiter, and ordered that the victors in those games should, for the future, be crowned with the branches of this sacred tree. To this he adds, that Her-

cules, upon his being removed to heaven, appointed the twin-brothers, Castor and Pollux, to celebrate the Olympic Games, and execute the office of bestowing the olive crown upon those who obtained the victory; and now, continues Pindar, he comes a propitious guest to this sacrifice of Theron, in company with the two sons of Leda, who, to reward the piety and zeal of Theron and his family, have given them success and glory; to the utmost limits of which he insinuates that Theron is arrived; and so concludes with affirming, that it would be in vain for any man, wise or unwise, to attempt to surpass him.

STROPHE I.

WHILE to the fame of Agragas[1] I sing,
For Theron wake the' Olympic string,
And with Aonian garlands grace
His steeds unwearied in the race,
O may the hospitable twins of Jove,
And bright-hair'd Helena[2], the song approve!
For this the Muse bestow'd her aid,
As in new measures I essay'd.
To harmonize the tuneful words,
And set to Dorian airs my sounding chords.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo! the conquering steeds, whose tossing heads[3]
Olympia's verdant wreath bespreads,

[1] *Agragas.*] The Greek name for Agrigentum.

[2] Helena was sister to Castor and Pollux, and worshiped together with them, as appears from this passage. Castor and Pollux are here styled hospitable upon account of their having instituted the Theoxenia, which properly implies a festival, or feast, to which all the gods were invited.

[3] *Whose tossing heads.*] That the victorious horses, as well as the charioteer and the owner of the chariot, were honoured with an Olympic crown, I have already observed in the Dissertation.

The muse-imparted tribute claim,
Due, Theron, to thy glorious name;
And bid me temper in their master's praise
The flute, the warbling lyre, and melting lays.
Lo! Pisa too the song requires!
Elean Pisa, that inspires
The glowing bard with eager care
His heaven-directed present to prepare[4]:

EPODE I.

The present offer'd to his virtuous fame,
On whose ennobled brows
The righteous umpire of the sacred game,
The' Ætolian judge[5], bestows
The darksome olive, studious to fulfil
The mighty founder's will,
Who this fair ensign of Olympic toil
From distant Scythia's fruitful soil,
And Hyperborean Ister's[6] woody shore,
With fair entreaties gain'd, to Grecian Elis bore.

[4] *His heaven-directed present, &c.*] The poetical presents made to the Olympic conquerors are by Pindar styled heaven-directed; because, says the younger scholiast, the victories, which gave occasion to them, proceed from the direction and appointment of Heaven.

[5] *The' Ætolian judge.*] One Oxylus, an Ætolian, having conducted the Heraclidæ, when they returned into Peloponnesus, received from them, by way of recompense, the government of the Eleans, who from him were afterwards called Ætolians, as the younger scholiast informs us. '*The' Ætolian judge,*' therefore, in this place, denotes the Hellanodic, or president of the Olympic games, who was always chosen from among the Eleans.

[6] *Hyperborean Ister.*] Concerning the situation and country of the Hyperboreans, there are so many inconsistent fables among the ancients, that the modern geographers have given

STROPHE II.

The blameless servants of the Delphic god*
With joy the valued gift bestow'd;
Moved by the friendly chief to grant,
On terms of peace the sacred plant;
Destined at once to shade Jove's honour'd shrine,
And crown heroic worth with wreaths divine.
For now full orb'd the wandering moon
In plenitude of brightness shone,
And on the spacious eye of night
Pour'd all the radiance of her golden light:

ANTISTROPHE II.

Now on Jove's altars blazed the hallow'd flames,
And now were fix'd the mighty games.
Again, whene'er the circling sun
Four times his annual course had run,
Their period to renew, and shine again
On Alpheus' craggy shores and Pisa's plain;
But subject all the region lay
To the fierce sun's insulting ray,
While upon Pelops' burning vale
No shade arose his fury to repel.

over all hopes of reconciling them. Pindar here places them about the fountains or springs of the Danube; a river, in his time, almost as little known as the Hyperboreans; whom, in his tenth Pythian ode, he describes as a most happy people, subject neither to diseases nor old age. In short, this country was an ideal region, existing only in the imagination of the poets; who, for that reason, were at liberty to place it in what climate, and fill it with what people and plants they thought proper.

* Apollo.

EPODE II.

Then traversing the hills, whose jutting base
Indents Arcadia's meads,
To where the virgin goddess of the chase
Impels her foaming steeds,
To Scythian Ister he directs his way,
Doom'd by his father to obey
The rigid pleasures of Mycenæ's king,
And thence the rapid hind to bring,
Whom, sacred present for the Orthian maid,
With horns of branching gold, Täygeta array'd.

STROPHE III.

There as the longsome chase the chief pursued,
The spacious Scythian plains he view'd;
A land beyond the chilling blast,
And northern caves of Boreas cast:
There too the groves of olive he survey'd,
And gazed with rapture on the pleasing shade,
Thence by the wondering hero borne
The goals of Elis to adorn.
And now to Theron's sacred feast
With Leda's twins he comes propitious guest!

ANTISTROPHE III.

To Leda's twins (when heaven's divine abodes
He sought, and mingled with the gods)
He gave the' illustrious games to hold,
And crown the swift, the strong, and bold.
Then, Muse, to Theron and his house proclaim
The joyous tidings of success and fame,

By Leda's twins bestow'd to grace,
Emmenides, thy pious race,
Who, mindful of heaven's high behests,
With strictest zeal observe their holy feasts.

EPODE III.

As water's vital streams all things surpass,
As gold's all worship'd ore
Holds amid fortune's stores the highest class;
So to that distant shore,
To where the pillars of Alcides rise,
Fame's utmost boundaries,
Theron, pursuing his successful way,
Hath deck'd with glory's brightest ray
His lineal virtues.—Further to attain,
Wise, and unwise, with me despair: the' attempt were vain.

THE

FOURTH OLYMPIC ODE.

By Mr. Pye.

TO PSAUMIS OF CAMARINA, ON HIS VICTORY IN THE CHARIOT RACE[1].

The Argument.

The poet, after an invocation to Jupiter, extols Psaumis for his victory in the chariot race, and for his desire to honour his country. From thence he takes occasion to praise him for his skill in managing horses, his hospitality, and his love of peace; and, mentioning the history of Erginus, excuses the early whiteness of his hair.

STROPHE.

GREAT Jove! supreme immortal king!
Borne on the' unwearied thunder's wing;
Again thy hours, that roll along
Responsive to the varied song,
Awake my lyre, and send me forth
A witness of heroic worth.
The virtuous in a friend's success rejoice,
And join the' applauding herald's cheerful voice.—

[1] Psaumis of Camarina was, according to the scholiast, the son of Acron; and got the victory in the chariot race in the eighty-second Olympiad, about the time that Rome was governed by the Decemviri. Camarina was a city of Sicily, now called Camarana.

O son of Saturn! who on Ætna's brow,
The woody load of Typhon's giant breast,
Holdest thy high abode; the Graces now
Invite thee to assist the strain, address'd
To greet the victor in the' Olympic strife;
Of every virtuous deed the lustre and the life.

ANTISTROPHE.

On his proud car triumphant placed,
His brows with Pisa's olive graced,
Lo Psaumis comes! the shores around
Fair Camarina's praise resound;
For to his own illustrious name
The patriot joins his Country's fame.
O may the' immortal gods propitious hear
His future vows, and grant each pious prayer!
Well is he skill'd to train the generous steed,
Fair plenty crowns his hospitable gate,
With breast sincere he courts the placid meed
Of smiling peace, best guardian of the state:
No hues fallacious tinge my honest lay,
Experience to the world will every truth display[2].

EPODE.

This from the Lemnian dames' disgrace
Freed Clymenus'[3] victorious son,
When, clad in brazen arms, the race
With active limbs the hero won,

[2] *Experience to the world will every truth display.*] I own this transition seems to me the most abrupt and confused of any in Pindar; and the story of Erginus appears to he brought in without any apparent reason; as the poet himself makes no mention of Psaumis's gray hairs, though all his scholiasts and commentators do.

[3] Erginus.

ınd, taking from Hypsipyle[4] the crown,
[e thus the royal maid address'd—
Behold the man! nor great in speed alone!
[y hand unvanquish'd, undismay'd my breast.
hese silver tresses, lo! are spread
'ntimely, on a youthful head;
or oft capricious nature's rage
ives to the vigorous brow the hoary tint of age.'

[4] ——*Hypsipyle*——] She was daughter of Thoas, king of ɔmnos, and instituted funeral games in honour of her father, which the Argonauts were invited; amongst whom was 'ginus, the son of Clymenus, who, having white hair, was liculed by the Lemnian women, as unfit to contend for the ize; but beating Zetus and Calais, sons of Boreas, in the ɔe, their contempt was changed into admiration.

THE

FIFTH OLYMPIC ODE.

By Mr. West.

THIS Ode is inscribed to Psaumis, of Camarina (a town in Sicily), who, in the eighty-second Olympiad, obtained three victories; one in the race of chariots drawn by four horses; a second in the race of the *apené*, or chariot drawn by mules; and a third in the race of single horses.

The Argument.

The Poet begins with addressing himself to Camarina, a sea-nymph, from whom the city and lake were both named, to bespeak a favourable reception of his Ode; a present which, he tells her, was made to her by Psaumis, who rendered her city illustrious at the Olympic games; where, having obtained three victories, he consecrated his fame to Camarina, by ordering the herald, when he proclaimed him conqueror, to style him of that city. This he did at Olympia; but now (continues Pindar), upon his coming home, he is more particular, and inserts in his triumphal song the names of the principal places and rivers belonging to Camarina; from whence the poet takes occasion to speak of the rebuilding of that city, which was done about this time, and of the state of glory, to which, out of her low and miserable condition, she was now brought by the means of Psaumis, and by the lustre cast on her by his victories: 'victories (says he) not to be obtained without much labour and expense, the usual attendants of great and glorious actions; but the man who succeeded in such like undertakings was sure to be rewarded with the love and

approbation of his country.' The poet then addresses himself to Jupiter in a prayer, beseeching him to adorn the city and state of Camarina with virtue and glory; and to grant the victor Psaumis a joyful and contented old age, and the happiness of dying before his children: after which, he concludes with an exhortation to Psaumis to be contented with his condition; which he insinuates was as happy as that of a mortal could be, and it was to no purpose for him to wish to be a god.

STROPHE.

FAIR Camarina, daughter of the main,
With gracious smiles this choral song receive,
Sweet fruit of virtuous toils; whose noble strain
Shall to the' Olympic wreath new lustre give:
This Psaumis, whom on Alpheus' shore
With unabating speed
The harness'd mules to conquest bore,
This gift to thee decreed;
Thee, Camarina, whose well peopled towers
Thy Psaumis render'd great in fame,
When to the twelve Olympian powers[1]
He fed with victims the triumphal flame.
When, the double altars round,
Slaughter'd bulls bestrew'd the ground;
When on five selected days[2],
Jove survey'd the lists of praise;
While along the dusty course
Psaumis urged his straining horse,
Or beneath the social yoke
Made the well match'd coursers smoke;

[1] It was usual for the conqueror to offer a sacrifice on each of the six altars, which were consecrated by Hercules to twelve gods, who were worshiped two at each altar.

[2] The games began on the eleventh day of the month, and ended on the sixteenth.

Or around the' Elean goal
Taught his mule-drawn car to roll.
Then did the victor dedicate his fame
To thee[3], and bade the herald's voice proclaim
Thy new-establish'd walls, and Acron's honour'd name.

ANTISTROPHE.

But now return'd from where the pleasant seat
Once of Œnomaus and Pelops stood[4],
Thee, civic Pallas[5], and thy chaste retreat,
He bids me sing, and fair Oanus' flood,
And Camarina's sleeping wave,
And those sequester'd shores,
Through which the thirsty town to lave
Smooth flow the watery stores
Of fishy Hipparis[6], profoundest stream,
Adown whose wood-enveloped tide
The solid pile, and lofty beam,
Materials for the future palace, glide.
Thus by war's rude tempests torn,
Plunged in misery and scorn,
Once again, with power array'd,
Camarina lifts her head,

[3] Camarina was the country of Psaumis, and Acron was his father; both of which were constantly specified in every proclamation of victory, together with the name of the conqueror.

[4] Œnomaus, and after him Pelops, was king of Elis; so that by this periphrasis the poet means no more than that Psaumis being returned from Elis, &c,

[5] Minerva was reckoned to preside over all cities, and had, therefore, a temple built to her in the citadel, as at Athens, Sparta, and here at Camarina.

[6] This river was of great service to the citizens of Camarina, as it not only supplied them with water and fish in abundance, but with a sort of mud, which they used in *making bricks*, and with timber for rebuilding their town.

Gaily brightening in the blaze,
Psaumis, of thy hard-earn'd praise.
Trouble, care, expense, attend
Him who labours to ascend
Where, approaching to the skies,
Virtue holds the sacred prize,
That tempts him to achieve the dangerous deed:
But, if his well concerted toils succeed,
His country's just applause shall be his glorious meed.

EPODE.

O Jove! protector of mankind!
O cloud-enthroned king of gods!
Who on the Cronian mount reclined,
With honour crown'st the wide-stream'd
Of Alpheus, and the solemn gloom [floods
Of Ida's cave! to thee I come
Thy suppliant, to soft Lydian reeds,
Sweet breathing forth my tuneful prayer,
That, graced with noble, valiant deeds,
This state may prove thy guardian care:
And thou, on whose victorious brow
Olympia bound the sacred bough,
Thou whom Neptunian steeds delight,
With age, content, and quiet crown'd,
Calm mayst thou sink to endless night,
Thy children, Psaumis, weeping round.
And since the gods have given thee fame and wealth,
Join'd with that prime of earthly treasures, health;
Enjoy the blessings they to man assign,
Nor fondly sigh for happiness divine.

THE

SIXTH OLYMPIC ODE.

By Mr. B. Greene and Mr. Pye.

TO AGESIAS OF SYRACUSE, ON HIS VICTORY GAINED BY THE APENE, OR CHARIOT DRAWN BY MULES.

The Argument.

The poet, after comparing the opening of his Ode to the beautiful portico of a palace built by a skilful architect, celebrates Agesias on account of his Olympic victory; his being guardian of the altar of Jupiter; and being admitted to the rights of a citizen at Syracuse; and from these circumstances compares him to Amphiaraus. Then he mentions his ancestors; and, speaking of Pitana and Evadne, has a long digression on the birth of Iamus. The poet then returns to Agesias, and declares himself to be in some measure of the same country; and exhorts Æneas, the leader of the chorus, to exert himself; directing him to celebrate Agesias, for his being an inhabitant of Sicily, and for his friendship with Hiero, king of Syracuse; and, congratulating him on his good fortune in having two countries, concludes with a prayer to Neptune for his prosperity.

STROPHE I.

THE skilful architect, whose dædal hand
Contrives the far resplendent dome to raise,
Bids the bright porch on shapely columns stand,
That, rich with gold and polish'd marble, blaze.—
So we superbly pour along
In conscious dignity the opening song.
To him Olympia's wreath who wears,

Who guards the Thunderer's sacred fane,
And every social blessing shares,
With Syracusa's happy train;
Each friendly voice shall notes of triumph blow,
And each unenvious hand a votive wreath bestow.

ANTISTROPHE I.

In this thrice honour'd state by fortune placed [1],
The happy son of Sostratus behold!
Nor is the warrior or the seaman graced,
Till danger and till toil their worth unfold.
But Fame's eternal Pæans wait
The virtuous labours of the brave and great.—
To thee, Agesias [2], shall belong
Those genuine praises, which of old
Adrastus [3], with no flattering tongue,
On Amphiaraus, sacred seer! bestow'd:

[1] *In this thrice honour'd state by fortune placed—*] The original is

Ἶσχω γὰρ ἐν τύτῳ ποδὶ-
λῳ δαιμόνιον πόδ' ἔχων.

To stand in a person's shoes is a well known English proverbial expression. This is a striking instance of the different genius of languages; what is sublime in the Greek, would be the height of ridicule in English.

[2] Agesias, the son of Sostratus, is sometimes called of Syracuse, sometimes of Stymphalus, a city of Arcadia; and the opinion of most of the commentators seems to be, that, of his father's side he was a Syracusan, of his mother's an Arcadian: but from the tenor of the Ode itself, I rather incline to think he was a native of Stymphalus, and afterwards inhabited Syracuse: most likely drawn thither by the friendship of Hiero; and this idea I have followed in my translation.

[3] *Adrastus, with no flattering tongue,*
On Amphiaraus, sacred seer! bestow'd.]

Adrastus, son of Talaus, was king of the Argives: Polynices, son of Œdipus, married his daughter; who being killed,

What time the fatal earth, with yawning womb,
Him and his fiery steeds closed living in the tomb.

EPODE I.

Now seven funeral pyres begun
To shed a lurid blaze around,
When Talaus'* sorrowing son
Pour'd to the Theban host this mournful sound—
'O how I languish to behold
The bravest of my warrior train,
Who fate's eternal mysteries can unfold,
Or spread destruction o'er the' embattled plain!'
To him, the Syracusan youth, belong
Such praise, to whom I tune the' Olympic song.
No son of Discord, I proclaim
His worths, his triumphs are the same:
And with an oath confirm the' unerring strain,
Form'd by the favouring help of all Aönia's train.

STROPHE II.

Come then, O Phintis[4]! to the shining car
With speed, with speed the rapid coursers join;
That whirling o'er the purest paths afar,
We reach his ancestor's high-honour'd line.

Adrastus made war with the Thebans in behalf of his son Thersander; where he lost a battle before each of the seven gates of the city; and being unable to recover the dead bodies of his soldiers, he applied to Theseus, who prevailed on the Thebans to permit him to erect a funeral pile before each gate. Amphiaraus, son of Oicleus, was a celebrated augur that accompanied him, and was swallowed up by the earth at the command of Jupiter.

[4] *Come then, O Phintis*——] Φίντις, Doricè for Φίλτις, *anima*. I have chosen to keep the Greek word as a proper name.

* Adrastus.

Above the rest my coursers know,
When Pisa's olive decks the hero's brow,
To bear him o'er the sounding road
Where, far from dark oblivion's cell,
Bright honour holds her high abode,
And fame and glory ever dwell.
Now wide the gates of harmony display,
For to Eurota's shores I guide the sounding lay.

ANTISTROPHE II.

To fair Pitana sing, who whilom bore
Evadne, beauteous in her hair that flows:
Compress'd by Neptune on the silent shore,
With strictest care she hid her virgin throes[5];
But when the circling moons her pain
Maturely brought, she bade her female train,
To Æpytus' parental hands
With silent care the child convey:
Phasana's turrets who commands,
Where Alpheus pours his silver-winding way:
On whose enamel'd banks she learn'd to prove,
In great Apollo's arms, the blushing rites of love.

EPODE II.

As o'er heaven's eternal field
Roll'd the hours in circling pace,
Time to Æpytus reveal'd
The produce of the stolen embrace;
Now to Pytho's sacred shrine
Eager the anxious monarch goes,
To listening Phœbus and the powers divine,
The impious deed impatient to disclose.

[5] ——*vi: gin throes.*] In the original, παρθενίαν ὠδῖνα. The Scholiast says, Παρθένιοι δὲ λέγονται παῖδες, οἱ κρύφα τικτόμενοι παρὰ τῶν νομιζομένων παρθένων εἶναι. Those secretly produced by reputed virgins, are called maiden children.

Meantime her zone with purple texture graced[6],
Beside the silver urn Evadne placed;
Veil'd by the bowering grove from sight,
And gave the heaven-born child to light,
While on his birth the god* with golden hair
Invokes the' auspicious fates, and chaste Lucina's care.

STROPHE III.

Not long, Iamus, on the lonely glade
Unnoticed, unprotected, didst thou lie:—
For, by the gods' command, lo! through the shade
Two watchful dragons dart with azure eye,
And from the bees' transparent hoard
Thy little breast with dulcet nurture stored.
And now by rocky Pytho taught
The wandering king, return'd again,
From all his train domestic sought
The fruit of fair Evadne's pain;
For shining Phœbus from his sacred shrine
Proclaim'd Evadne's love, and own'd the boy divine.

[6] ——*her zone with purple texture graced,*
Beside the silver urn Evadne placed—]

I am obliged to Mr. Burnaby Greene for an explanation of this passage, which he obligingly communicated to me, and which he has inserted in the appendix to his translation of Pindar. I will give it in his own words, as I have the emendation of the verse, as nearly as the measure of my stanza would admit. 'The zone (according to Dr. Potter) was not only worn by virgins, but by women after marriage, as a security against the insults of men; and this zone was untied in childbirth.' *Potter's Grec. Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 292. 'No sooner was the child brought into the world, than it was washed with water.' *Ibid.* p. 325. 'It must, therefore, be concluded, that a woman in childbirth was always prepared with an urn, or vessel, which contained the water appropriated to the foregoing purpose.'

* Apollo.

ANTISTROPHE III.

And openly declared—'his future worth
Above mankind in mystic lore should shine,
And ne'er be wanting in the happy birth
Of glorious sons.'—Thus spake the voice divine!
Five days were pass'd the mother's pain,
Unfound the infant by the careful train.
Far from the reach of every eye,
Deep in the' irriguous rushes laid,
While purple violets growing by
With dewy leaves his body shade:
His mother's voice at length the place proclaim'd,
And from his fragrant couch the heavenly infant named[7].

EPODE III.

As the gently circling hours
Still their fostering influence shed,
And opening manhood's roseate flowers
Kindly crown'd his blooming head;
Descending then to Alpheus' shores,
While round his head the night-winds blow,
He calls the god who rules where ocean roars,
And Phœbus dreadful with his silver bow:
Desiring public fame, and fair renown, [crown.—
Might with their verdant wreaths his temples
Soon each paternal voice divine
Own'd him as sprung from heavenly line;
'Rise, son, and this propitious sound pursue,
Till Pisa's crowded plains rise to thy raptured view.'

[7] *And from his fragrant couch the heavenly infant named.*] Ἰαμὸς, from ἰὸς, *viola*. Scholiast.

STROPHE IV.

The hero straight the voice obey'd; and now,
Cronius, thy cliffs and rocky heights they scale;
There the kind gods the twofold art bestow
Of augury, that never knew to fail:
There, many a dreadful labour done,
At length when great Alcmena's son
Arrived, and bade the awful shrine
Sacred to potent Jove arise,
And first began those rites divine,
Where courage wins the' Olympic prize;
He raised the crowded fane's prophetic fame,
Whilst Grecia's shouting sons Iamus' worth proclaim.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Hence endless fame and happy fortunes wait
On the Iamidæ's exulting race.—
Those who in virtue's rugged ways are great
The most conspicuous paths of life shall grace.
Still glorious deeds the hero speak,
Though Envy burst her venom'd cheek,
And teach her offspring to despise
The man, on Pisa's trophied plain
Whose coursers know the' Olympic prize
In the twelve-turn'd course to gain.—
Grateful, Agesias! to the powers divine,
Were all the fervent vows of thy maternal line.

EPODE IV.

Who beneath the sacred shade
Which Cyllene's mountains shed,
Honours due for ever paid
To Hermes' venerable head;

To him who cleaves the yielding skies,
The herald of the' etherial train,
Who in the' Olympic strife appoints the prize,
And guards Arcadia's happy peopled plain.
He and his thundering sire to thee decreed,
O son of Sostratus! the glorious meed.—
A sudden thought I raptured feel,
Which, as the whetstone points the steel,
Brightens my sense, and bids me warbling raise
To the soft-breathing flute the kindred notes of praise.

STROPHE V.

From fair Arcadia too my line I bring,
From Stymphalus the bright Metopa came,
Mother of warlike Thebes, whose silver spring
I drink, and votive songs of triumph frame.
Bid your compeërs now, Æneas, raise
Their voices to Parthenian Juno's praise;
Then shall be known if we avoid
The long-borne adage of disgrace[8],
Which ancient malice has employ'd
To stigmatize Bœotia's race;
To thee the secrets of the Muse belong,
And well thou know'st to guide the far resounding song.

ANTISTROPHE V.

To Syracusa's and Ortygia's praise,
Tell them aloud to swell the' exulting strain;
Whose plains with blameless sceptre Hiero sways,
Performing sacred rites to Ceres' fane,

[8] *The long-borne adage of disgrace, &c.* a *Bœotian hog:* the expression in the original, was a proverbial phrase throughout Greece; ridiculing the national dullness of the Bœotians.

To her loved daughter, Pluto's love,
And him, the king of gods, Ætnean Jove.
Him the sounding lyre, and song,
Know, and honour as their friend;
Ne'er may time that rolls along
To his blessings give an end,
Still may he, fortune's friend, with cheerful voice
In bold Agesias' worth, and votive hymns rejoice.

EPODE V.

Stymphalus' maternal walls,
And Arcadia's fleecy glades
Leaving:—here his fortune calls
To Sicilia's fragrant shades;
Either country claims him now;
When the midnight tempests roar,
And raging loud the stormy whirlwinds blow,
Two anchors best the shatter'd vessel moor.
On each may Heaven its guardian care bestow!—
And thou who rulest where ocean's torrents flow,
Amphitrités honour'd mate,
Through the rocks and shoals of fate
Propitious guide Agesias' bark along,
And grace with livelier flowers my rapture-breathing song.

THE

SEVENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

By Mr. West.

THIS Ode is inscribed to Diagoras, the son of Damagetus, of Rhodes, who, in the seventy-ninth Olympiad, obtained the victory in the exercise of the Cæstus.

This Ode was in such esteem among the ancients, that it was deposited in a temple of Minerva, written in letters of gold.

The Argument.

The poet begins this noble song of triumph with a simile, by which he endeavours to show his great esteem for those who obtain the victory in the Olympic and other games; as also the value of the present that he makes them upon that occasion; a present always acceptable, because fame and praise is that which delights all mortals; 'wherefore the Muse (says he) is perpetually looking about for proper objects to bestow it upon;' and seeing the great actions of Diagoras, takes up a resolution of celebrating him, the isle of Rhodes his country, and his father Damagetus, according to the form observed by the herald in proclaiming the conquerors, which I mentioned in the notes upon the fifth Ode; Damagetus, and consequently Diagoras, being descended from Tlepolemus, who led over a colony of Grecians from Argos to Rhodes, where he settled, and obtained the dominion of that island. From Tlepolemus, therefore, Pin-

dar declares he will deduce his song: which he addresses to all the Rhodians in common with Diagoras, who were descended from Tlepolemus, or from those Grecians that came over with him; that is, almost all the people of Rhodes, who indeed are as much, if not more, interested in the greatest part of this Ode as Diagoras the conqueror. Pindar accordingly relates the occasion of Tlepolemus's coming to Rhodes, which, he tells us, was in obedience to an oracle, that commanded him to seek out that island; which, instead of telling us its name, Pindar, in a more poetical manner, characterizes by relating of it some legendary stories (if I may so speak) that were peculiar to the isle of Rhodes; such as the golden shower, and the occasion of Apollo's choosing that island for himself; both which stories he relates at large with such a flame of poetry, as shows his imagination to have been extremely heated and elevated with his subjects. Neither does he seem to cool in the short account that he gives, in the next place, of the passion of Apollo for the nymph Rhodos; from whom the island received its name, and from whom were descended its original inhabitants (whom, just before, the poet therefore called the sons of Apollo), and particularly the three brothers, Camirus, Lindus, and Ialysus; who divided that country into three kingdoms, and built the three principal cities, which retained their names. In this island Tlepolemus (says the poet, returning to the story of that hero) found rest, and a period to all his misfortunes; and at length grew into such esteem with the Rhodians, that they worshiped him as a god, appointing sacrifices to him, and instituting games in his honour. The mention of those games naturally brings back the poet to Diagoras, and gives him occasion, from the two victories obtained by Diagoras in those games, to enumerate all the prizes won by that famous conqueror in all the games of Greece: after which enumeration, he begs of Jupiter, in a solemn prayer, to grant Diagoras the love of his country, and the admiration of all the world, as a reward for the many virtues for which he and his family had always been distinguished, and for which their country had so often triumphed; and then, as if he had been a witness of the extravagant transports of the Rhodians (to which, not the festival only occasioned by the triumphal entry of their countryman, and the glory reflected upon them by his victories, but much more the flattering and extraordinary eulogiums bestowed upon the whole nation in this Ode,

might have given birth), the poet on a sudden changes his hand, and checks their pride by a moral reflection on the vicissitude of fortune, with which he exhorts them to moderation, and so concludes.

HEROIC STANZAS.

As when a father in the golden vase,
The pride and glory of his wealthy stores,
Bent his loved daughter's nuptial torch to grace,
The vineyard's purple dews profusely pours;

Then to his lips the foaming chalice rears,
With blessings hallow'd and auspicious vows,
And mingling with the draught transporting tears,
On the young bridegroom the rich gift bestows;

The precious earnest of esteem sincere,
Of friendly union and connubial love—
The bridal train the sacred pledge revere,
And round the youth in sprightly measures move—

He to his home the valued present bears,
The grace and ornament of future feasts;
Where, as his father's bounty he declares,
Wonder shall seize the gratulating guests—

Thus on the valiant, on the swift, and strong,
Castalia's genuine nectar I bestow;
And pouring forth the muse-descended song,
Bid to their praises the rich numbers flow.

Grateful to them resounds the' harmonic ode,
The gift of friendship and the pledge of fame,
Happy the mortal, whom the' Aonian god
Cheers with the music of a glorious name!

The Muse her piercing glances throws around,
And quick discovers every worthy deed:
And now she wakes the lyre's enchanting sound,
Now fills with various strains the vocal reed:

But here each instrument of song divine,
The vocal reed and lyre's enchanting string,
She tunes, and bids their harmony combine,
Thee and thy Rhodes, Diagoras, to sing;

Thee and thy country[1], native of the flood,
Which from bright Rhodos draws her honour'd name.
Fair nymph, whose charms subdued the Delphic god,
Fair blooming daughter of the Cyprian dame.

To sing thy triumphs in the' Olympic sand,
Where Alpheus saw thy giant temples crown'd[2];
Famed Pythia too proclaim'd thy conquering hand,
Where sweet Castalia's[3] mystic currents sound.

Nor Damagetus will I pass unsung,
Thy sire, the friend of justice and of truth;
From noble ancestors whose lineage sprung,
The chiefs who led to Rhodes the Argive youth.

[1] This, and the other particulars mentioned in this stanza, will be further explained by Pindar himself, in the sequel of this Ode.

[2] The epithet of giant belongs very justly to Diagoras, who was six feet five inches high.

[3] Castalia is a river that runs at the foot of Mount Parnassus, sacred to the Muses, whose murmurs were esteemed to be oraculous. Upon the banks of this river the Pythian games were celebrated.

There near to Asia's wide-extended strand,
Where jutting Embolus[4] the waves divides,
In three divisions they possess'd the land[5],
Enthroned amid the hoarse-resounding tides.

To their descendants will I tune my lyre,
The offspring of Alcides bold and strong,
And from Tlepolemus, their common sire,
Deduce the national historic song.

Tlepolemus of great Alcides came,
The fruits of fair Astydameia's love,
Jove-born Amyntor got the Argive dame:
So either lineage is derived from Jove.

[4] The name of a temple, or rather of a promontory, in Lycia, so called from its running out into the sea, like the head or beak of a ship.

[5] Before Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules, led a colony of Grecians to Rhodes, that island was inhabited by the children of the sun, or Apollo, and the nymph Rhodos, as we learn in this very Ode; so that there were two sorts of inhabitants, of two different races, in this island; both of which the poet has the address to interest in this song of triumph, by taking occasion from the oracle delivered to Tlepolemus, to insert several stories in honour of the old Rhodians, at the same time that he seems to apply himself more particularly to the descendants of Tlepolemus, and the Argives, who indeed were more nearly concerned, as they were originally of the same race and country with the conqueror Diagoras. It will be necessary, for the better understanding the order and connexion of the several parts of this Ode, for the reader to carry in his memory this distinction of the two races of inhabitants, that at different times composed the people of Rhodes. The division of that island into three districts seems to have been as old as the building of the three cities, Lindus, Ialysus, and Camirus, said by Pindar to have been built by the three brothers whose names they bore: but Diodorus Siculus makes Tlepolemus the author of that division, and the founder of those three cities. The history of Tlepolemus (as far as it relates to the present Ode) is so fully told by Pindar himself, that it is needless to add any thing to it.

But wrapp'd in error is the human mind,
And human bliss is ever insecure:
Know we what fortune yet remains behind?
Know we how long the present shall endure?

For lo! the founder* of the Rhodian state,
Who from Saturnian Jove his being drew,
While his fell bosom swell'd with vengeful hate,
The bastard brother of Alcmena slew.

With his rude mace, in fair Tiryntha's walls,
Tlepolemus inflicts the horrid wound:
E'en at his mother's door Licymnius falls,
Yet warm from her embrace, and bites the ground.

Passion may oft the wisest heart surprise:
Conscious and trembling for the murderous deed,
To Delphi's oracle the hero flies,
Solicitous to learn what Heaven decreed.

Him bright-hair'd Phœbus, from his odorous fane,
Bade set his flying sails from Lerna's shore,
And, in the bosom of the eastern main,
That seagirt region hasten to explore[6];

[6] *That seagirt region hasten to explore, &c.*

From the mention of this golden shower, Pindar starts into a particular relation of that and some other fables, if not invented, yet improved by him, in honour of the Rhodians. These fables, I say, were improved, in all likelihood, if not invented by Pindar; for although that part of the story, in which we are told that the Rhodians were by their father, the Sun, acquainted with the birth of Minerva, and ordered to sacrifice to her immediately, be, as Diod. Siculus informs us, mentioned by the historians who treat of the antiquities of Rhodes, and that circumstance of the Rhodians forgetting in their hurry to put fire under their victims, be, as the same author tells us, authenticated by a peculiar ceremony used in

* Tlepolemus.

That blissful island, where a wondrous cloud
Once rain'd, at Jove's command, a golden shower;
What time, assisted by the Lemnian god,
The king of heaven brought forth the virgin power.

By Vulcan's art the father's teeming head
Was open'd wide, and forth impetuous sprung,
And shouted fierce and loud, the warrior maid;
Old mother-earth and heaven affrighted rung.

Then Hyperion's son, pure fount of day,
Did to his children the strange tale reveal:
He warn'd them straight the sacrifice to slay,
And worship the young power with earliest zeal.

So would they sooth the mighty father's mind,
Pleased with the honours to his daughter paid,
And so propitious ever would they find
Minerva, warlike, formidable maid.

On staid precaution, vigilant and wise,
True virtue and true happiness depend;
But oft oblivion's darkening clouds arise,
And from the destined scope our purpose bend.

The Rhodians, mindful of their sire's behest,
Straight in the citadel an altar rear'd;
But with imperfect rites the power address'd,
And without fire their sacrifice prepared.

his time in Rhodes in their sacred mysteries, viz. the laying the victim upon the altar before the fire is laid on; yet he seems to have had no better authority for the golden shower, than a figurative expression used by Homer, to denote the flourishing state of Rhodes in the time of Tlepolemus. *Il.* 2.

Yet Jove, approving, o'er the' assembly spread
A yellow cloud, that dropp'd with golden dews;
While in their opening hearts the blue-eyed maid
Deign'd her celestial science to infuse.

Thence in all arts the sons of Rhodes excel,
Though best their forming hands the chisel guide;
This in each street the breathing marbles tell,
The stranger's wonder, and the city's pride.

Great praise the works of Rhodian artists find,
Yet to their heavenly mistress much they owe;
Since art and learning cultivate the mind,
And make the seeds of genius quicker grow.

Some say, that when by lot the' immortal gods,
With Jove these earthly regions did divide,
All undiscover'd lay Phœbean Rhodes[7],
Whelm'd deep beneath the salt Carpathian tide;

That absent on his course, the god of day
By all the heavenly synod was forgot,
Who, his incessant labours to repay,
Nor land nor sea to Phœbus did allot;

[7] This fable of Apollo's choosing for his portion the island of Rhodes, even while it yet lay at the bottom of the sea, was probably an invention of Pindar himself, founded upon an old tradition which Diod. Siculus relates, viz. That the Telchines, the first inhabitants of Rhodes, foreseeing an inundation, forsook the island, and were dispersed and scattered abroad. When the flood came, it rose so high, that besides destroying those that remained in the island, all the flat and champaign part of the country (with showers that poured down continually) was like a standing pool of water; some few that fled to the higher ground were preserved, amongst whom were the sons of Jupiter. But Sol (as the story is), falling in love with Rhoda, called the island after her name Rhodes, and cleared the island of the inundation.

That Jove reminded would again renew
The' unjust partition, but the god denied;
And said, 'Beneath yon hoary surge I view
An isle emerging through the briny tide:

'A region pregnant with the fertile seed [grain;
Of plants, and herbs, and fruits, and foodful
Each verdant hill unnumber'd flocks shall feed;
Unnumber'd men possess each flowery plain.'

Then straight to Lachesis he gave command,
Who binds in golden cauls her jetty hair;
He bade the fatal sister stretch her hand,
And by the Stygian rivers bade her swear;

Swear to confirm the Thunderer's decree,
Which to his rule that fruitful island gave,
When from the oozy bottom of the sea
Her head she rear'd above the Lycian wave.

The fatal sister swore, nor swore in vain;
Nor did the tongue of Delphi's prophet err;
Up sprung the blooming island through the main;
And Jove on Phœbus did the boon confer.

In this famed isle, the radiant sire of light,
The god whose reins the fiery steeds obey,
Fair Rhodos saw, and, kindling at the sight,
Seized, and by force enjoy'd the beauteous prey:

From whose divine embraces sprung a race
Of mortals, wisest of all humankind;
Seven sons, endow'd with every noble grace;
The noble graces of a sapient mind.

Of these Ialysus and Lindus came,
Who with Camirus shared the Rhodian lands;
Apart they reign'd, and sacred to his name
Apart each brother's royal city stands.

Here a secure retreat from all his woes[8]
Astydameia's* hapless offspring found;
Here like a god in undisturb'd repose,
And like a god with heavenly honours crown'd,
His priests and blazing altars he surveys,
And hecatombs that feed the odorous flame;
With games, memorial of his deathless praise;
Where twice, Diagoras, unmatch'd in fame,
Twice on thy head the livid poplar shone,
Mix'd with the darksome pine, that binds the brows
Of Isthmian victors, and the Nemean crown,
And every palm that Attica bestows.
Diagoras the' Arcadian vase obtain'd;
Argos to him adjudged her brazen shield;
His mighty hands the Theban tripod gain'd,
And bore the prize from each Bœotian field.
Six times in rough Ægina he prevail'd;
As oft Pellene's robe of honour won;
And still at Megara in vain assail'd,
He with his name hath fill'd the victor's stone.
O thou, who, high on Atabyrius throned[9],
Seest from his summits all this happy isle,
By thy protection be my labours crown'd;
Vouchsafe, Saturnius, on my verse to smile!

[8] Tlepolemus, becoming king of the Rhodians, led a body of them to the siege of Troy, where he was slain by Sarpedon. But the Rhodians, out of regard to his memory (as their king and the founder of their state), brought his bones back with them to Rhodes; where they also erected a temple to him, and appointed an anniversary celebration of games in his honour, the prize in which was a chaplet of white poplar. The vase, the brazen shield, the tripod, and the robe, were all prizes bestowed on the conquerors in the several games here mentioned by Pindar.

[9] Atabyrius was a mountain in Rhodes, on the top of which was a temple of Jupiter.

* Tlepolemus.

And grant to him, whose virtue is my theme,
Whose valiant heart the' Olympic wreaths proclaim,
At home his country's favour and esteem,
Abroad, eternal, universal fame.

For well to thee Diagoras is known;
Ne'er to injustice have his paths declined;
Nor from his sires degenerates the son;
Whose precepts and examples fire his mind.

Then from obscurity preserve a race[10],
Who to their country joy and glory give;
Their country, that in them views every grace,
Which from their great forefathers they receive.

Yet as the gales of fortune various blow,
To-day tempestuous, and to-morrow fair,
Due bounds, ye Rhodians, let your transports know;
Perhaps to-morrow comes a storm of care.

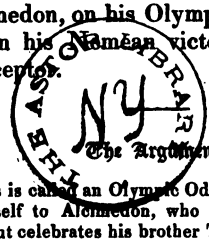
[10] Diagoras himself lived to see this prayer of his poet accomplished in the glory of his children; his three sons having, like him, obtained the Olympic crown: whose statues, together with that of their father, were erected at Olympia in the sacred grove of Jupiter. The statue of Diagoras was six feet and five inches high, as the younger scholiast of Pindar tells us: and, as the old scholiast informs us, this was the very height of Diagoras himself; so exact were the Grecian statuaries. Next to Diagoras was placed also the statue of his grandson Pisidorus, the son of Callipatira, who with his brother or cousin-german, Eucles, also had been honoured with the Olympic crown.

THE

EIGHTH OLYMPIC ODE.

By Mr. E. B. Greene, and Mr. Pye.

To Alcimedon, on his Olympic victory; Timosthenes, on his Nemean victory; and Melesias, their preceptor.



The Argument.

Though this is called an Olympic Ode, the poet does not confine himself to Alcimedon, who won the prize in those games, but celebrates his brother Timosthenes, for his success at Nemea, and Melesias, their instructor. The Ode opens with an invocation to the place where the games were held. Pindar then, after praising Timosthenes for his early victory in the Nemean games, mentions Alcimedon, and extols him for his dexterity and strength, his beauty, and his country Ægina; which he celebrates for its hospitality, and for its being under the government of the Dorians after the death of Æacus: on whom he has a long digression, giving an account of his assisting the gods in the building of Troy. Then returning to his subject, he mentions Melesias as skilled himself in the athletic exercises, and therefore proper to instruct others; and, enumerating his triumphs, congratulates him on the success of his pupil Alcimedon; which, he says, will not only give satisfaction to his living relations, but will delight the ghosts of those deceased. The poet then concludes with a wish for the prosperity of him and his family.

STROPHE I.

OLYMPIA! mother of heroic games!
Queen of true prophecy! beneath whose grove
While the red victims pile the' aspiring flames,
The augurs search the high behests of Jove:
Thence try to know on whom he'll deign to smile
Of those, who, by the means of glorious toil,
Seek on the dusty cirque with generous pain,
Virtue's immortal meed, and honour'd rest to gain.

ANTISTROPHE I.

For to the supplications of the good
He ever deigns a favouring ear to give.
O Pisa's woody shades, o'er Alpheus flood
That wave, my wreath-bestowing song receive;
Eternal fame and endless honours shine
On him whose brows thy sacred leaves entwine.—
For different pleasures different bosoms glow,
And various ways to bliss the' indulgent gods bestow.

EPODE I.

Timosthenes[1], what fair renown
Was on thy almost infant actions shed,
When genial Jove resolved with fame to crown
Thine and thy brother's youthful head!
While shouting Nemea owns thy conquering name,
And Pisa's groves Alcimedon proclaim:

[1] *Timosthenes, what fair renown.*] Though this, as an Olympic Ode, should belong chiefly to Alcimedon, the poet here first mentions his brother, and addresses himself particularly to him.

Lovely shone his form and face;
Nor did his deeds that form disgrace,
When, victor in the glorious strife,
He bade the listening woods around
Ægina's seagirt shores resound[2];
Whose regions gave him life.

STROPHE II.

There sacred Themis sits, beloved of Jove,
Her favourite people's ever watchful guard,
The crowded coasts where various nations move,
To judge with skill, and sway in peace, is hard;
By Heaven's decree, amidst the briny flood,
This isle to every stranger sacred stood
A column firm.—O ne'er may rolling time,
Or black misfortune, change the hospitable clime!

ANTISTROPHE II.

Here Dorias' warlike race their reign begun[3];
Here, after Æacus, their empire rose,
Whom potent Neptune, and Latona's son,
The friend and partner of their labour, chose;
What time, with social care, those heavenly powers
Crown'd Ilion's sacred seat with strengthen'd towers:
For even then the hostile fates decreed
Her ample fanes should fall, her hardy warriors bleed.

[2] Ægina was an island of the Ægean sea; and, according to the Scholiast, had four hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants.

[3] *Here Dorias' warlike race their reign begun.*] The Scholiast informs us, that Peleus and Telamon, having killed their half-brother Phocus, fled; one to Thessalia, the other to Salamis; and Æacus dying at Ægina without a successor, Triacus, an Argive, assembling some of his countrymen who were of the race of the Dorians, invaded the island, and took *possession* of it.

EPODE II.

When the massy work was raised,
Three azure dragons on the new made wall
With fury sprung—the people saw amazed
Two on the ground expiring fall:
The third with horrid roars the summit gain'd,
When Phœbus thus the fatal sign explain'd—
'O Æacus, the' insulting foe
Shall lay the haughty turrets low,
Which thou hast rear'd with mortal hands:
Ilion, I see thy fate decreed;
And in this omen plainly read
Immortal Jove's commands.

STROPHE III.

'Nor shall without thy race her bulwarks fall[1],
Thy sons at first shall shake the new-form'd state;
The hostile gods thy grandson's offspring call,
To seal its doom, and close the work of fate.'
Thus spoke the god, 'and straight o'er Xanthus' tide
His skilful hands the heavenly coursers guide,
Till 'midst the warrior-race his chariot stood
Of Amazonian dames, by Ister's frozen flood.

[1] *Nor shall without thy race her bulwarks fall.*] This is one of the passages of Pindar that is rather obscure. I have followed the common opinion of the Commentators, who suppose πρέσβυς to allude to Peleus and Telamon, who assisted Hercules in his war against Laomedon: and τηλεβόλος to mean Pyrrhus; who, according to Virgil, slew Priam, and was great grandson to Æacus.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Immortal Neptune's golden horses now
To seabeat Isthmus bear his rapid car:
There Æacus on Corinth's lofty brow
They leave, spectator of the sportive war.—
No bliss alike charms all[5].—The votive lays
Shall envy blast, that chant Melesias' praise?
Whose infant sinews, courting fair renown,
Add to his other wreaths the famed Nemean crown.

EPODE III.

After, with manly sinews strong,
He in the great Pancratium won the prize[6];—
To teach, more surely to the skill'd belong,
Experience fools alone despise:
Full well the hero knows above the rest
To form with precepts sage the manly breast;
To point the surest path that leads
To glorious acts, and daring deeds,
And future wreaths of fame prepare;
And well his pupil's* fair renown,
Who now has won the thirtieth crown,
Rewards his teacher's care.

[5] *No bliss alike charms all.*] The Scholiast says, the ancients were much divided in their opinions concerning this passage; some supposing it to relate to the several ways which Neptune, Apollo, and Æacus went when they parted; some to the different exploits of Alcimedon, Timosthenes, and Melesias.

[6] *He in the great Pancratium won the prize.*] The *Pancratium*, from πᾶν and κράτος, was the most laborious of the athletic exercises. Some writers have improperly confounded it with the *Pentathlon*.

* Alcimedon.

STROPHE IV.

By fortune favour'd, nor by manhood less,
Four striplings in the strife he overcame,
Bade infamy their vanquish'd limbs oppress,
And sent them home with foreheads veil'd in shame;
While to his grandsire's hoary head he brings
Triumphant joy, whence health, whence vigour springs:
For he whom fortune fans with prosperous breath,
Forgets the pains of age, and near approach of death.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Mnemosyne, awake the silver lyre,
Lo! the Blepsiadæ demand the song[7]:
Well their brave brows the flowery bands require,
To whom now six Olympic crowns belong.
Nor will the Muse forget the honour'd head,
Though sunk to earth, and number'd with the dead;
The virtuous actions of the good and brave
Shall rouse the sleeping dust, and pierce the silent grave.

[7] *Lo! the Blepsiadæ demand the song.*] According to the Scholiast, the Blepsiadæ were a particular tribe in Ægina, to which Alcimedon belonged; all of whom the poet imagines to be interested in the glory of his hero.

EPODE IV.

Iphion midst the' infernal seats
The pleasing news from Hermes' daughter hears;
He to Callimachus the tale repeats,
Who drinks it with exulting ears,
That Jove's supreme behest had deign'd to grace
With Pisa's sacred meed their happy race.
Still may he good on good bestow,
No pallid sickness let them know,
Nor Nemesis their social band
By cursed discord e'er disjoin;
But happy may they ever shine,
To bless their native land!

THE

NINTH OLYMPIC ODE.

By Mr. E. B. Greene, and Mr. Pye.

TO EPHARMOSTUS OF OPUS, ON HIS OLYMPIC AND PYTHIAN VICTORIES.

The Argument.

Pindar begins the Ode with mentioning the hymn composed by Archilochus, and indiscriminately sung before such of the Olympic victors as were not fortunate enough to have a poet to celebrate their particular exploits. He then invokes the Muses to assist him in praising Epharmostus, for his success at Olympia and Pythia, and tells them it requires no common share of genius. He then, speaking of his country, commends him for raising its honour by his skill and success in athletic exercises, and implores the assistance of the Graces; asserting, that no glory can be expected without the aid of the superior powers, by whose help, he says, Hercules was able to oppose Neptune, Apollo, and Pluto. Here he checks himself; reflecting, that it is wrong to sing of any thing that may cast dishonour on the gods; and, describing Deucalion's flood, addresses Epharmostus and the citizens of Opus, as being descendants from him and Pyrrha, by means of their daughter Protogenia, who was carried away by Jupiter, and had a son by him named Opus, who founded the city of that name. Him he celebrates for his hospitality, and, enumerating his friends, particularly mentions Menœtius. From thence he digresses to the story of his son Patroclus and Achilles attacking Telephus. The poet now, invoking again the Muses, desires to commemo-

rate the victories gained by Epharmostus and his kinsman Lampromachus, and gives an account of their various triumphs; and, asserting the superiority of native over acquired merit, and giving mental accomplishments the preference to all others, he concludes with a compliment to his hero.

STROPHE I.

THE lay Archilocus prepared[1] the meed
Of every victor on Olympia's sand,
Might have sufficed, thrice chanted, to precede
Brave Epharmostus and his social band;
But from her bow let each Aönian maid[2]
The glittering shafts of harmony prepare,
The heights of sacred Elis to invade,
Her shady forests, and her pastures fair;
Seats sacred still to thunder-bearing Jove,
Which Pelops gain'd, the dower of Hippodamia's[3] love.

[1] *The lay Archilochus prepared, &c.*] The Scholiast tells us, Archilochus composed an Ode on the victory gained by Hercules and Iolaus at Olympia, called Καλλίνικος from the first word in it; its beginning being Ὦ Καλλίνικε, χαῖρε ἄναξ Ἡράκλεες. This Ode it was customary to sing before every person who gained the prize at Olympia, if he had no poet to compose one purposely for the occasion.

[2] *But from her bow let each Aönian maid*
The glittering shafts of harmony prepare.]
This manner of expression is not uncommon with our poet; he uses it in the second Olympic Ode.

[3] ——— *Hippodamia* ———] The learned reader must again forgive me for sacrificing quantity to the genius of our verse and language. I have taken the same liberty afterwards with Protogenia.

ANTISTROPHE I.

To Pythia too one dulcet arrow send.—
Nor does the poet humble lays require
That sings the chiefs for glory who contend.—
To princely Opus now the silver lyre
Awake, and chant her son's athletic worth.
Opus, where Themis, with her daughter, reigns,
Divine Eunomia.—Mindful of his birth,
He decks the capital of Locris' plains
With every flower on Alpheus' brink that grows,
And every blooming wreath Castalia's cirque
bestows.

EPODE I.

My votive voice, in soothing lays,
Shall sing the much loved city's praise;
And, swifter than the courser scours the plain,
Or the wing'd galley cleaves the yielding main,
Will send the messenger of fame
Through all the' admiring world, her honours to
If haply my assiduous hand [proclaim.
Shall cull the flowers that deck the graces' land.
For every bliss that crowns mankind
Must from the powers superior rise;
And every plan's by them design'd,
That forms the valiant or the wise.

STROPHE II.

Favour'd by them, Alcides' nervous arm[4]
Repell'd the monarch of the briny flood:
Nor did the silver bow his heart alarm,
But, firmly, angry Phœbus' rage he stood;

[4] *Favour'd by them, Alcides' nervous arm.*] The Scholiast gives the following account of this passage: 'These were the causes which induced Hercules to make war with

Nor could stern Pluto's rod his breast dismay,
Which drives the dying to his drear abodes:—
Rash Muse, desist! nor urge the impious lay;
Hateful's the wisdom that blasphemes the gods.—
'Tis madness strength absurdly thus to boast,
And mortal might compare with heaven's triumphant host.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Let war and discord, with the ills they bring,
Be banish'd distant from the' etherial train:
Fair Protogenia's new-raised city sing[5],
Where, from Parnassus to the level plain,
Deucalion and his mate, descending first,
By Jove's command the rising dome design'd;
While from the stones their living offspring burst,
To fill the nations, and renew mankind.—
Let strains like these their pleased descendants hear;
Old wine delights the taste, new numbers charm the ear[6].

the gods. With Neptune, for assisting the Pylians, whom he attacked for this reason: having killed one Trachinius, and flying on account of the murder, he came to Neleus for his aid in expiating the crime: which being refused him, he made war on the Pylians, whom Neptune assisted, being father to Neleus and Peleas. With Apollo, because, when he consulted his oracle at Pytho, he was told that the god was absent; which enraged him so much, that he carried away the tripod. And with Pluto, on account of his bringing away Cerberus by the command of Eurystheus.'

[5] *Fair Protogenia's new-raised city sing.*] The city of Opus is here called Protogenia from the daughter of Deucalion.

[6] *Old wine delights the taste, &c.*] Perhaps the poet here means to hint to his patron, the advantage he has in having an Ode purposely composed for him, instead of having only the old one, common to all the Olympic conquerors.

EPODE II.

Of old o'er earth's involved head,
The congregated waters spread,
And o'er the wasted country urged their course;
Till Jove, relenting, check'd their ruthless force,
And bade their native beds again [plain.
The raging waves absorb, and spare the ravaged
From Pyrrha and Deucalion then
Your sires arose, a hardy race of men.
Thence your honour'd lineage springs,
The offspring of a god's embrace;
And hence, for ever native kings,
With glory reigns the warlike race.

STROPHE III.

Opus, thy daughter erst Olympic Jove[7]
To shady Mœnalus from Elis bore;
And there, compressing with impetuous love,
Restored her to her plighted lord* once more,
Her womb then teeming with the heavenly child;
Lest Fate his days without a son should claim.
The hero on the foster'd infant smiled, [name,
Pleased with his form, and gave his grandsire's
And subjects brave bestow'd, and fair domains;
Whence Opus' lofty walls, and Locris' hardy swains.

[7] *Opus, thy daughter, &c.*] This means Protogenia, daughter of Deucalion, who is mentioned before; she was married to Locrus, from whom the country took its name. Opus and Deucalion are the same person.

* Locrus.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Drawn by his virtues, to whose friendly towers,
From Argos, Thebes, and Pisa's fertile plain,
And fair Arcadia, crowd the social powers,
Menœtius, chief among the warrior train
He loved, from Actor and Ægina sprung:
Whose son, when wrong'd Atrides call'd to arms,
Was nobly found the vengeful train among;
Who, when the Greeks from Telephus' alarms[8]
Found shameful safety on the friendly flood
With Peleus' godlike son, the threatening storm withstood.

[8] *Who, when the Greeks from Telephus' alarms.*]—Telephus was son of Hercules, and, opposing the Greeks in their march to Troy, was dangerously wounded by Achilles, and afterwards healed by the rust of the same spear that gave the wound:

Telephus æternâ consumptus tabe perisset,
Si non quæ nocuit dextra tulisset opem.
Ov. Trist. L. V. El. ii.

As I have mentioned Achilles, I must beg the reader's indulgence for a digression on the story of his being rendered invulnerable, except in the heel, by being dipped in the Styx; which, though it has no foundation in any ancient writer, except Statius (of whom more hereafter), is yet so generally, and I may say* universally adopted, and has been so often said to be in Homer, that it seems almost maintaining a paradox to contradict it. The editors of the Delphin Classics assert it roundly; see the notes on Virgil's Æneid, l. i. v. 34, Ovid's Metam. l. xii. v. 606, and Horace's Epode xiii. v. 17.

Monsieur Bayle, in his Dictionary, says, speaking of Achilles, 'On a dit que sa mère l'ayant plongé dans les eaux

* I never remember to have seen this notion combated before my first publication of these notes; I have since had the pleasure of seeing it noticed by the learned and ingenious Dr. Beattie. Essay on Poetry and Music, part i. ch. iv.

EPODE III.

From hence the skilful well might find
The' impatience of Patroclus' mind:

lu Styx pour le rendre invulnérable, ne put procurer cet avantage au talon, parce qu'elle tenoit son fils par là. Fulgence au chapitre 7 du livre, et le Scholiaste d'Horace sur l'ode 13 du livre 5, marquent qu'elle le tint par le talon. Ceux qui disent qu'il mourût d'une blessure au talon, comme Hygin au chapitre 107, et Quintus Calaber au vers 62 du 3 livre, conviennent au fond avec les deux autres. Servius, sur le vers 57 du 6 livre de l'Æneide, dit en général qu'il étoit invulnérable *excepté parte quâ à matre tentus est.*' Bayle, Dict. Art. Achil.

Whatever Servius, Fulgentius, &c. may say, sure I am, that there is no word of Achilles being invulnerable, or dying by a wound in his heel, in any ancient Greek poet, nor in Virgil, Horace, or Ovid; and almost every fable of antiquity is alluded to in some or other of the writings of the last. Homer actually gives an account of his being wounded in the hand by Asteropæus, who threw two darts together, one of which was innocent:

> One razed Achilles' hand; the spouting blood
> Spun forth ——— POPE, Iliad xxi. 166.

Virgil says,

> Dardana qui Paridis direxti tela manusque
> Corpus in Æacidæ. Æneis, l. vi. 57.

The account of the battle between Cygnus and Achilles, in the twelfth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, affords a convincing proof that no such fable was extant in Ovid's time. Cygnus tells Achilles, that his own arms are useless, being himself invulnerable, and offers his naked body to his assaults. On the contrary, Achilles, instead of boasting of the same advantage, depends on his shield for security, which is nearly transfixed: (this by the way is a proof that his armour, though a gift of the gods, was not supposed impenetrable, like the enchanted armour of romance:)

> —— et æs et proxima rupit
> Terga novena boum, decimo tamen orbe moratum.

Achilles, therefore, with parental care,
Advised him ne'er alone to tempt the war.—

After Cygnus is slain, and the chiefs are talking over the exploits of the day, the having an invulnerable body is considered by them all with the greatest astonishment, and particularly by Achilles.

Hoc ipsum Æacides, hoc mirabantur Achivi.

But Nestor mentions Cæneus as having possessed the same quality formerly, in these remarkable words:

—— vestro fuit unicus ævo
Contemptor ferri, nulloque (foribilis ictu
Cygnus: at ipse olim patientem vulnera mille
Corpore non læso, Perrhæbum Cænea vidi.

Dares Phrygius, and Dictys Cretensis (or whoever wrote the books ascribed to them), make no mention of Achilles being slain by a wound in the heel (which could hardly be mortal) 'Quo Alexander, librato gladio procurrens adversus hostem (*i. e.* Achillem) per utrumque latus geminato ictu transfigit.' Dict. Cret. l. iv. ch. xi. And Dares mentions his being wounded several times, and obliged to quit the field; and describes his death thus: 'Alexander Antilochum, et Achillem, multis plagis confodit.'

Benedictus Aretius, in a comment on the third Pythian Ode, ver. 179, says: 'Homerus docet ab Alexandro occisum (*i. e.* Achillem) 'τοξευθεὶς κατὰ τῆς γαστρὸς:' though I can find no such passage in Homer.'

I have in my possession a translation of the Iliad into modern Greek, printed at Venice in the year 1526, and to which there is a book added, completing the Trojan war, where the death of Achilles is described in these words—'Paris from behind, holding a strong bow, sent a sharp (bitter) arrow against Achilles himself, and wounded him in the side: and the arrow passed quite through, and came out at the opposite part.'

The invulnerable story does not seem to have been current at the revival of literature in Europe. I think the following passage in Don Quixote shows Cervantes was ignorant of it, or he would most likely have mentioned it, as it so much resembles the story he introduces: especially as he has brought in an allusion to classical fable.

O could I soar on daring wings,
Where, in her rapid car, the muse exulting sings

Don Quixote, speaking of the various miraculous endowments of different knights, says: 'One has the gift of never being enchanted; another to have such impenetrable flesh as never to be wounded, as was the case of the famous Roldan, one of the twelve peers of France, of whom it is reported, that he was incapable of receiving a wound except in the sole of his left foot; and there it must be made with the point of a large needle, and no other weapon whatever. Therefore, when Bernardo del Carpio killed him at Roncevalles, seeing it impossible to wound him with steel, he lifted him from the ground in his arms, and strangled him, recollecting the death that Hercules gave to Antæus, that fierce giant, said to be a son of the earth.'—Don Quixote, part iii. book iv. chap. 32.

Even the writers of romance, who were fond of depreciating the heroic character of Achilles, never mentioned his being invulnerable as an advantage he had over Hector; though they represent him as using the assistance of his Myrmidons to destroy him.

I cannot help observing here, the striking difference between the ideas of feudal and heroic honour; much, in my opinion, to the honour of the former. Two of the most respectable writers of antiquity (Aristotle and Plutarch) censure Homer for not having made Achilles take those measures to destroy Hector, which the writers of romance impute to him, for the purpose of putting his courage in an inferior light to that of his enemy. See Aristotle's Poetics, chap. xiv. and Plutarch's Life of Pompey.

How the idea of Achilles being invulnerable, so contrary to his character as drawn by Homer, who always represents him as preferring glory, attended with certain and early death, to a long life of tranquillity, should have been so long and so generally conceived to have originated with Homer, and to have been the opinion of the ancient poets, and this without the least shadow of foundation, it is impossible to account for. Statius is the only writer of antiquity from whom it could be derived; but it is something singular that his authority alone should disseminate it so universally. There are two passages in his Achilleid that obviously allude to it.

—— Ad Stygios iterum fero mergere fontes.
Stat. Achil. l. i. v. 134.

(For ample power, and eager will,
Attend with duteous care her footsteps still);

and

—— Si progenitum Stygos amne severo
Armavi, (totumque utinam!) cape tuta parumper
Tegmina, nil nocitura animo.———

Achil. l. i. v. 269.

This long dissertation may perhaps seem trifling to some; but the classical reader I trust will not be displeased to see the hero of Homer, and I may add, of Pindar (for he always mentions him with particular veneration), vindicated from the absurdity of having an invulnerable body covered with impenetrable armour. How Statius would have managed this is uncertain, as only two books of his Achilleid are extant. But Homer has taken great care to make Achilles and Hector engage on equal terms, for both are in divine armour: Hector being dressed in the spoils of Patroclus, who wore the arms of Achilles, which Homer says, Iliad xviii. v. 84, were given by the gods to his father Peleus, on his marriage with Thetis.

Before I quit this subject, I must observe, that there is another hero of the Iliad, who is said to have been invulnerable. Pindar, in the sixth Isthmian Ode, says that Hercules wrapped Ajax, when a child, in the skin of the Nemean lion, and requested Jupiter to make his body as invulnerable as the hide. On which the Annotator on the Oxford Pindar observes, that Ajax was invulnerable in every part, except the sides, where the lion's skin did not touch, on account of the intervention of the quiver. Though the Greek Scholiast only supposes it to imply a wish, that the future hero may be as strong, and as intrepid as the animal whose hide he is covered by. Mr. Greene wonders who the commentator is who has conjured up this tale, and where he purloined the story? To the last of these questions, I believe I can give an answer. It is taken from the Scholia on Homer, though with some alteration, on the following passage of the Iliad, describing the combat between Ajax and Diomed:

Tydeides then the javelin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove;
But Greece, now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife.

Pope, Iliad, l. xxiii.

Thy social worth, and Isthmian prize[9],
Lampromachus, should grace my lay;
When fame beheld two trophies rise,
Congenial, in one rolling day.

STROPHE IV.

Twice, Epharmostus, too, thy matchless might
Fair Corinth saw, twice Nemea's hallow'd ground:
Argos thy manly brows with glory dight,
And Attica thy youthful forehead crown'd:
What praise thou met'st in Marathon's famed course,
Now, scorning with the beardless youth to run,
Match'd with the veteran race, thy rapid force,
Temper'd with skill, the silver goblet won;
Shout with exulting voice the friendly train,
To see the loveliest youth the fairest trophies gain.

The Scholiast observes, that Hercules, happening to be at Salamis just as Ajax was born, took the child, and wrapped him in the lion's hide, and prayed that he might become invulnerable (ἄτρωτον), and accordingly all his body became invulnerable, except the neck, which the hide happened not to cover.

Ajax I think is the only hero of any consequence, who is not wounded in the course of the Iliad.

[9] *Thy social worth, and Isthmian prize,*
Lampromachus, should grace my lay.]

The Scholia make Lampromachus a kinsman and fellow-citizen of Epharmostus. The elder Scholiast says, that some were of opinion he won the Isthmian crown the same day that his friend did the Olympic; others, that they were both Isthmian prizes; the younger Scholiast only mentions the last opinion. Indeed it was not likely that the Olympic and Isthmian games should be celebrated at the same time.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Lycæan Jove's high feast with wonder glow'd
As bold Parrhasia's sons thy form behold;
Her prize Pellene on thy strength bestow'd [10],
A guard from warring winds, and wintry cold.
Iolaus' tomb, and fair Eleusis' plain
Wash'd by the briny wave, thy deeds attest.
Though men by labour strive applause to gain,
Yet native merit ever shines the best;
Nor shall the wreaths, attain'd by toil and care,
With heaven-descended might and inborn worth compare.

EPODE IV.

Not every path extends the same,
But various are the roads to fame;
With different eye the same pursuits we view,
Nor all one wish with equal zeal pursue;
But his great fame shall highest soar,
Who climbs the arduous heights of science' sacred lore.
By which inspired, I now proclaim
My hero's heaven-born strength, and native fame;
Who, conqueror on Oïlia's plain,
Bade the bright wreath of victory twine,
Great Ajax, round thy votive fane,
And graced with wreaths the hallow'd shrine.

[10] *Her prize Pellene*——] The prize in the games celebrated at Pellene was a cloak.

THE

TENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

By Mr. E. B. Greene, and Mr. Pye.

TO AGESIDAMUS, SON OF ARCHESTRATUS, AN EPIZEPHYRIAN LOCRIAN, ON HIS VICTORY OBTAINED BY THE CÆSTUS,

The Argument.

The poet begins the Ode by apologizing to Agesidamus, for having so long delayed composing it, after promising to do it. He then compliments him upon his country, and consoles him for being worsted at the beginning of the contest, till encouraged by Ilas, by relating the same circumstance of Hercules and Patroclus. He then describes the institution of the Olympic Games by Hercules, after the victory he obtained over Augeas, and the sons of Neptune and Molione; and enumerates those who won the first prizes in the athletic exercises. He then, returning to Agesidamus, and congratulating him on having a poet to sing his exploits, though after some delay, concludes with praising him for his strength and beauty.

STROPHE I.

O MUSE, awake the' Olympic lay,
Which to Archestratus' brave son we owe;
The meed I promised to bestow,
Oblivion's icy hand had wiped away:
And thou, O Truth, the favourite maid
Of thundering Jove, vouchsafe thy aid
To quell their slanderous falsehoods, who pretend
I e'er with wilful aim deceived a trusting friend.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Full many an hour has roll'd away
Since shame has made my cheeks with crimson glow,
So long the promised meed to owe:
But now the song with interest I'll repay[1];
And as, where ocean's billows roar,
They clear from stain the pebbled shore,
So shall the breath of this my friendly strain,
To listening crowds assert my spotless faith again.

EPODE I.

Where, gently fann'd by zephyr's balmy breeze[2],
Fair truth o'er Locris' colony presides;
Her guardian, sweet Calliope, she sees,
While warlike Mars the generous care divides.—
Bold Cycnus, in the hard-fought field[3],
Forced Hercules at first to yield;

[1] *But now the song with interest I'll repay.*] Pindar, having so long delayed sending the Ode, according to his promise, accompanied it with another small one, to atone for his neglect: this is the eleventh Ode; which is from thence called Τόκος, *Interest.*

[2] *Where, gently fann'd by zephyr's balmy breeze,*
Fair truth o'er Locris' colony presides.]

There was a colony of Locrians established in that part of Italy called Magna Græcia: who, from their western situation, were styled Epizephyrian Locrians. Agesidamus was of this colony.

[3] *Bold Cycnus, in the hard-fought field,*
Forced Hercules at first to yield.]

Hercules making war with Cycnus, the son of Mars (the Cycnus slain by Achilles was a son of Neptune), on account of his cruelty, was at first defeated, though he afterwards overcame and killed him.

Agesidamus, so thy might
Was wavering in the' Olympic fight,
Till, as Achilles' friendly tongue
Patroclus' fainting limbs new strung,
Brave Ilas' words thy drooping spirits fire,
Thy slumbering virtues rouse, and godlike deeds
inspire.

STROPHE II.

When emulation warms the breast,
The youth (heaven aiding) matchless fame shall gain;
But few the envied prize obtain
By slothful luxury and lazy rest.
Now custom bids my muse proclaim
Jove's festival and solemn game[4],
With which Alcides honour'd Pelops' shrine,
When Neptune's baffled sons confess'd his power
divine.

ANTISTROPHE II.

When his triumphant arm had laid,
O blameless Cteatus! thy glory low;
And bold Eurytus felt the blow,
O'ercome by stratagem in Cleon's glade;

[4] *Jove's festival and solemn game,*
With which Alcides honour'd Pelops' shrine.]

The poet here gives an account of the first institution of the Olympic Games by Hercules, after the victory he had obtained over Augeas, and his allies Cteatus and Eurytus, sons of Neptune and Molione; with whom he made war, to obtain the reward promised him by Augeas, and to revenge the loss of his army, which had been before cut to pieces by Cteatus and Eurytus; in which were slain his brother Iphicles, and also Telamon and Calcedon.

From proud Augeas to obtain
The promised meed of toil and pain;
And wreak on Molion's sons the fatal day, [lay.
When stretch'd on Elis' plains his slaughter'd army

EPODE II.

Soon did the faithless king* his fraud repay,
He saw his country's fairest hopes expire;
Saw his exulting cities fall a prey
To vengeful slaughter, and consuming fire;
Saw desolation's iron reign
Extend o'er all his fair domain—
Vain are the' endeavours to withstand
The vengeance of a mightier hand:
A while he rashly tried to' oppose
The forceful entry of his shouting foes;
Till, seeing fell destruction round him wait,
He sought, amid the press, a voluntary fate.

STROPHE III.

On Pisa's plains the son of Jove
Assembled, with their spoils, his conquering band;
And bade for ever sacred stand
To his eternal sire this hallow'd grove;
Bade sacred fences straight surround
The Altis' consecrated ground[5]; [gleam,
Whilst round the festive seats with splendour
And crown the verdant brink of Alpheus' honour'd stream.

[5] *The Altis' consecrated ground.*] The Altis was a grove near the Olympic stadium, sacred to Jupiter; in which were placed the statues of the Olympic conquerors.

* Augeas.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Alpheus, who, with the' imperial train[6]
Of high Olympus, shares the sacrifice;
Where the Saturnian summits rise,
With site conspicuous from the trophied plain:
There, erst when Œnomaus sway'd,
In snow was wrapp'd the' unnoticed glade.
On the first rites propitious smiled the fates;
And Time, on whom e'en truth for confirmation waits:

EPODE III.

He, rolling on with never ceasing course,
To the succeeding race of men declares,
How the rich spoils of war's resistless force
The godlike hero midst his army shares;
And bids the festive games still cheer
Again each fifth revolving year.—
Who in the contests, now ordain'd,
The first Olympic wreath obtain'd?
Whose coursers in the rattling car,
Or limbs exerted in the sportive war,
Or feet inured to urge the rapid race,
Snatch'd from their baffled foes the matchless olive's grace?

[6] *Alpheus, who, with the' imperial train*
Of high Olympus, shares the sacrifice.]

There were six altars erected by Hercules to twelve of the principal gods: the first was dedicated to Jupiter and Neptune; the second to Juno and Minerva: the third to Mercury and Apollo; the fourth to Bacchus and the Graces; the fifth to Diana and Alpheus; the sixth to Saturn and Rhea.

STROPHE IV.

On the long Stadium's even course[7],
Œonus, great Licymnius' valiant son,
The prize with active footsteps won,
Who brought from Midia's plains his friendly force:
Resplendent with the wrestler's oil,
Fair victory crown'd the Tegean's* toil:
While brave Doryclus, from Tirynthe's shore,
The cœstus' manly prize from all his rivals bore.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Conspicuous on his conquering car,
The muse Mantinian Semus' coursers sings;
Phrastor the' unerring javelin flings;
While, by Eniceus' sinews hurl'd, afar
Beyond the rest the discus flies.—
Resound the shores with friendly cries;
While lovely Luna pours her argent light
Full-orb'd, and cheers with rays the gloomy shades of night.

EPODE IV.

The echoing woods, and vaulted temples round,
Ring with the jocund shouts and festive strain.
Following their great example, we resound
Their glories who the' Olympic olive gain:
And in the far resounding verse
The manly victor's praise rehearse,

[7] *On the long Stadium's even course.*] The poet here gives the names of the conquerors at the first institution of the Olympic Games, in the six different exercises, *viz.* the Foot Race; the Pale, or Wrestling; the Cæstus; the Chariot Race; Darting; and throwing the Discus.

* Echemus.

And tune the hymn to awful Jove;
Who, mid the sapphire plains above,
Bids the bright gleaming lightning fly,
And darts the thunder through the trembling sky.
Breathed to soft flutes sweet sounds the lingering lay,
Which, form'd on Dircé's brink, though long deferr'd, we pay[8].

STROPHE V.

As grateful comes the long-hoped air;
As to the' expecting sire, whom age and pain
To second childhood bend again,
The happy offspring of a legal heir:
The joyful tidings straight impart
New vigour to his sinking heart;
For wealth itself the dying breast offends,
When to a stranger's hand the envied gift descends.

ANTISTROPHE V.

So he who at dread Pluto's gate
Arrives unsung;—though worth and fair renown
His every word and action crown,
What shining honour shall that worth await?
Thy ears, the lyre, the dulcet flute,
Agesidamus! shall salute;
O'er thy fair fame distil mellifluous lays,
And all Pieria's choir afford thee ample praise.

[8] ——*form'd on Dircé's brink*——] Dircé was the name of a fountain near Thebes, supposed to have been wife to Lycus, king of Thebes, and transformed into a fountain by Jupiter, after having been torn to pieces by horses, for her cruelty to Antiope.

EPODE V.

And on his country too we must bestow
The faithful tribute of a votive verse;
On Locris' race the honied stream shall flow,
While their victorious Son my lays rehearse;
Whom, by Olympia's awful shrine,
My eyes beheld, with strength divine,
In the stern conflict bear away
The envied trophies of the day.
Lovely his form, while youth's soft grace
Shed smiling beauty o'er his face;
Youth's bloom divine, which, join'd to potent love,
The ruthless arm of death from Ganymedes drove.

THE

ELEVENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

By Mr. West.

THIS Ode is inscribed to Agesidamus of Locris, who, in the seventy-fourth Olympiad, obtained the victory in the exercise of the Cæstus, and in the class of boys.

The preceding Ode is inscribed to the same person; and in that we learn, that Pindar had for a long time promised Agesidamus an Ode upon his victory, which he at length paid him; acknowledging himself to blame for having been so long in his debt. To make him some amends for having delayed payment so long, he sent him, by way of interest, together with the preceding Ode, which is of some length, the short one that is here translated, and which in the Greek title is for that reason styled Τόκος, or *Interest.*

The Argument.

The poet, by two comparisons, with which he begins his Ode, insinuates how acceptable to successful merit those songs of triumph are, which gave stability and duration to their fame: then declaring that these songs are due to the Olympic conquerors, he proceeds to celebrate the victory of Agesidamus, and the praises of the Locrians, his countrymen, whom he commends for their having been always reputed a brave, wise, and hospitable nation: from whence

he insinuates, that their virtues being hereditary and innate, there was no more likelihood of their departing from them, than there was of the fox and lion's changing their natures.

STROPHE.

To wind-bound mariners most welcome blow
The breezy zephyrs through the whistling shrouds:
Most welcome to the thirsty mountains flow
Soft showers, the pearly daughters of the clouds;
And when on virtuous toils the gods bestow
Success, most welcome sound mellifluous odes,
Whose numbers ratify the voice of fame,
And to illustrious worth insure a lasting name.

ANTISTROPHE.

Such fame, superior to the hostile dart
Of canker'd envy, Pisa's chiefs attends.
Fain would my muse the immortal boon impart,
The' immortal boon which from high heaven descends,
And now inspired by heaven thy valiant heart,
Agesidamus, she to fame commends:
Now adds the ornament of tuneful praise,
And decks thy olive crown with sweetly sounding lays.

EPODE.

But while thy bold achievements I rehearse,
Thy youthful victory in Pisa's sand,
With thee partaking in the friendly verse,
Not unregarded shall thy Locris[1] stand.

[1] *Locris.*] There were three colonies of Locrians; one of *which* was in Italy, called from their western situation, the *Epizephyrian* Locrians, the people here celebrated by Pindar.

Then haste, ye Muses, join the choral band
Of festive youths upon the Locrian plain;
To an uncivilized and savage land
Think not I now invite your virgin train,
Where barbarous ignorance and foul disdain
Of social virtue's hospitable lore
Prompts the unmanner'd and inhuman swain
To drive the stranger from his churlish door.
A nation shall ye find, renown'd of yore
For martial valour, and for worthy deeds;
Rich in a vast and unexhausted store
Of innate wisdom[2], whose prolific seeds
Spring in each age. So nature's laws require:
And the great laws of nature ne'er expire.
Unchanged the lion's valiant race remains,
And all his father's wiles the youthful fox retains.

[2] The thought contained in these three verses is rather hinted than expressed in the original: but how beautiful, or rather how excusable soever such a conciseness may appear in the Greek language, I was afraid the literal translation of this passage would seem too harsh and abrupt to an English reader; and for that reason have endeavoured to draw out and open the sense of Pindar in this and the two following verses: a liberty which a translator of this author must sometimes take with him, if he would render his translation intelligible, or at least palatable, to the generality of readers.

THE

TWELFTH OLYMPIC ODE.

By Mr. West.

THIS Ode is inscribed to Ergoteles, the son of Philanor of Himera, who, in the seventy-seventh Olympiad, gained the prize in the foot-race, called Dolichos, or the long Course.

The Argument.

Ergoteles was originally of Crete; but being driven from thence by the fury of a prevailing faction, he retired to Himera, a town of Sicily, where he was honourably received, and admitted to the freedom of the city; after which he had the happiness to obtain, what the Greeks esteemed the highest pitch of glory, the Olympic crown. Pausanias says, he gained two Olympic crowns; and the same number in each of the other three sacred games, the Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean. From these remarkable vicissitudes of Fortune in the life of Ergoteles, Pindar takes occasion to address himself to that powerful directress of all human affairs, imploring her protection for Himera, the adopted country of Ergoteles. Then, after describing in general terms the universal influence of that deity upon all the actions of mankind, the uncertainty of events, and the vanity of hope, ever fluctuating in ignorance and error, he assigns a reason for that vanity; *viz.* That the gods have not given to mortal men any certain evidence of their future fortunes, which often happen to be the very reverse both of their hopes and fears. 'Thus (says he) it happened to Ergoteles, whose very misfortunes were to him the occasion of happiness and glory; since, had he not been banished from his country, he had probably passed his life

in obscurity, and wasted in domestic broils and quarrels that strength and activity, which his more peaceful situation at Himera enabled him to improve and employ for the obtaining the Olympic crown.

This Ode, one of the shortest, is, at the same time, in its order and connexion, the clearest and most compact of any to be met with in Pindar.

STROPHE.

DAUGHTER of Eleutherian Jove[1],
To thee my supplications I prefer!
For potent Himera my suit I move;
Protectress Fortune, hear!
Thy deity along the pathless main
In her wild course the rapid vessel guides;
Rules the fierce conflict on the' embattled plain,
And in deliberating states presides.
Toss'd by thy uncertain gale
On the seas of error sail

[1] After the victory obtained at Platæa by the Grecians over Mardonius, the general of Xerxes, the Greeks, to commemorate their delivery from that terrible attack upon their liberty, erected a temple to Jupiter, called upon that occasion Eleutherios, or the guardian of liberty. Why Pindar styles Fortune 'the daughter of Eleutherian Jupiter,' I cannot guess, unless it be to insinuate, that liberty is the true source of prosperity. Some say, that by making Fortune the daughter of Jupiter, Pindar means to let us know, that what we mortals (ignorant of the true causes of all events) style fortune, is really and truly the directing providence of heaven. I could easily admit of this interpretation, had the poet called Fortune simply the daughter of Jupiter; but I am apt to believe, that by adding the epithet Eleutherian to Jupiter, he alluded to some particular circumstances in the worship or mythology of that goddess, unknown to us; to some altar, or perhaps statue, erected to her in the temple of Eleutherian Jove; as such kinds of allusions are frequently to be met with in this poet.

Human hopes, now mounting high
On the swelling surge of joy;
Now with unexpected woe
Sinking to the depths below.

ANTISTROPHE.

For sure presage of things to come
None yet on mortals have the gods bestow'd;
Nor of futurity's impervious gloom
Can wisdom pierce the cloud.
Oft our most sanguine views the' event deceives,
And veils in sudden grief the smiling ray:
Oft, when with woe the mournful bosom heaves,
Caught in a storm of anguish and dismay,
Pass some fleeting moments by,
All at once the tempests fly:
Instant shifts the clouded scene;
Heaven renews its smiles serene;
And on joy's untroubled tides
Smooth to port the vessel glides.

EPODE.

Son of Philanor*! in the secret shade
Thus had thy speed unknown to fame decay'd;
Thus, like the crested bird of Mars†, at home
Engaged in foul domestic jars,
And wasted with intestine wars,
Inglorious hadst thou spent thy vigorous bloom;
Had not sedition's civil broils
Expell'd thee from thy native Crete,
And driven thee with more glorious toils
The Olympic crown in Pisa's plain to meet,

* Ergoteles. † The cock.

With olive now, with Pythian laurels, graced,
And the dark chaplets of the Isthmian pine,
In Himera's adopted city[2] placed,
To all, Ergoteles, thy honours shine,
And raise her lustre by imparting thine.

[2] *In Himera's adopted city.*] Ergoteles, as I said before, was originally of Crete; but flying from thence, he was honourably entertained at Himera, and admitted to the freedom of the city; in return for which favour he caused himself, upon his obtaining the Olympic crown, to be styled, 'of Himera;' signifying that he had now chosen that city for his country. For this reason I have ventured to call Himera his adopted city.

THE

THIRTEENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

By Mr. E. B. Greene, and Mr. Pye.

TO XENOPHON OF CORINTH, ON HIS VICTORY IN THE STADIC COURSE, AND PENTATHLON, AT OLYMPIA.

The Argument.

The poet begins his Ode by complimenting the family of Xenophon, on their successes in the Olympic games, and their hospitality; and then celebrates their country, Corinth, for its good government, and for the quick genius of its inhabitants, in the invention of many useful and ornamental arts. He then implores Jupiter to continue his blessings on them, and to remain propitious to Xenophon; whose exploits he enumerates, together with those of Thessalus and Ptæodorus, his father and grandfather. He then launches out again in praise of Corinth and her citizens, and relates the story of Bellerophon. He then, checking himself for digressing so far, returns to his hero, relates his various success in the inferior games of Greece, and concludes with a prayer to Jupiter.

STROPHE I.

WHILST I rehearse the' illustrous house's praise[1]
Thrice victor in Olympia's sportive war,
To friends and strangers open; let my lays
The fame of happy Corinth bear afar:

[1] —— *the' illustrious house,*
Thrice victor in Olympia's sportive war.

The poet here alludes to the several prizes gained by Xeno-

Which as a gate to Neptune's Isthmus stands,
Proud of her blooming youth and manly bands;
There, fair Eunomia, with her sister train,
Bless'd peace and justice, hold their steady reign;
Who wealth and smiling ease on mortals shower,
From Themis' genial care drawing their natal hour.

ANTISTROPHE I.

But bloated insolence and fell disdain
Far from their peaceful seats they drive away.
Now lovely deeds inspire my sounding strain;
And honest boldness swells my rising lay;
When native worth the generous bosoms feel,
'Tis hard the shining virtues to conceal.
Corinth, on thee the blooming hours bestow
The envied wreaths from manly deeds that flow;
And teach thy dædal sons with careful heart,
First to explore the way of many a useful art.

EPODE I.

Who bade the bullock sacred bleed
To Bacchus in the Dithyrambic rite?
Who first with reins the generous steed
Directed in his rapid flight?
And bade the sculptured bird of Jove[2]
The temple's massy roofs above,

phon, his father Thessalus, and his grandfather Ptœodorus; all which are mentioned in the Ode, and not to three prizes won by Xenophon alone, as some Commentators have imagined.

[2] *And bade the sculptured bird of Jove, &c.*] This is rather an obscure passage, and relates to a particular ornament of the Grecian temple, *viz.* the Aëtoma, or figure of an eagle

For ever fix'd on either end,
His ornamental wings extend?
While the sweet Muse her silver sounds inspires,
And Mars with glorious flame the warrior's bosom fires.

STROPHE II.

Olympia's honour'd patron! potent Jove!
Whose sovereign mandates o'er the world extend,
O with propitious ear my strain approve,
And to fair Corinth's virtuous sons a friend,
On Xenophon let gales propitious breathe,
And take with hand benign the victor wreath
He won: surpassing, when on Pisa's shore[3],
What mortal valour had perform'd before;
The Stadic course reecho'd his renown,
And with knit limbs he gain'd the Pentathletic crown.

placed there, the invention of which the poet here ascribes to the Corinthians. The Scholiast adds, it was called double, from its form; or rather from their being one placed at each end of the temple.

[3] *Surpassing, when on Pisa's shore, &c.*] The mention only of two prizes here confirms, I think, my opinion of the passage spoken of in the first note. The Pentathlon consisted of five different exercises, *viz.* Leaping, Running, Quoiting, Darting, and Wrestling. What made it so extraordinary for the Pentathlete to succeed in any of the other exercises, was the great application, and strict and peculiar regimen, necessary to be observed in the attaining perfection in any one of the gymnastic exercises; which care the Pentathlete was obliged to divide amongst so many.

ANTISTROPHE II.

And twice conspicuous on the trophied course
The' Isthmian parsley graced his victor brow[4];
Nor Nemea's cirque contemn'd the hero's force.—
And where the sacred waves of Alpheus flow
His father Thessalus the olive wore
By swiftness gain'd, and since on Pythia's shore,
One sun beheld his might, mid wondering eyes,
Obtain the Stadic and Diaulic prize[5];
And the same month to grace his lovely brow,
The third triumphal wreath did Attica bestow.

EPODE II.

Seven times Hellotia crown'd his force,
And since on Isthmus' seaencircled plain,
Victors in Neptune's sacred course,
He and his sire the prize obtain.
The swelling joy, the sounding song,
Still follow as they go along;

[4] *The Isthmian parsley graced his victor brow.*] The prizes in the four sacred games are enumerated in the following line:

Ἆθλα δὲ τῶν Κότινος, Μῆλα, Σέλινα, Πίτυς.

The latter of which, *i. e.* a garland made of the leaves of the wild pine, was the reward given in the Isthmian games. But Pindar's Scholiast informs us, that σέλινα, the parsley, was also sometimes given at the Isthmian games, as well as the Nemean; only with this difference, that the Isthmian parsley was dried, and the Nemean green. The third question of the fifth book of Plutarch's Symposiacs assigns the reasons for changing the pine branch for the parsley, and afterwards restoring the pine again.

[5] ——*Diaulic prize.*] The Diaulus was a foot race twice the length of the Stadic, consisting of two stadia, as that did of one stadium.

What wreaths! what honours! too, they bore
From Pythia's and from Nemea's shore!—
He who recounts their various crowns, as well
May number all the sands where ocean's billows swell.

STROPHE III.

Some medium though will every praise beseem,—
Which 'tis the first of wisdom still to know.—
While, with no alien voice, the much loved theme,
The fame of Corinth, from my lips shall flow;
And I her chiefs and prudent sires rehearse,
No sounds fallacious shall disgrace my verse.
There Sisyphus arose, whose wiles could shine
With matchless force and lustre near divine;
Medea[6] there, whom Venus' flames inspire
The Grecian ship to save, and cheat her cruel sire.

ANTISTROPHE III.

When warr'd the Greeks on Phrygia's hostile strand,
On either side her sons embattled stood,
Though to bear Helen from the' ill fated land,
Her warriors with the' Atridæ cross'd the flood;
Yet some, who those with vengeful spears repell'd
From Corinth's race their honour'd lineage held;

[6] ———*Medea*———] Aloes, and Æetes the father of Medea, were sons of Apollo and Antiope; and Apollo gave Arcadia to Aloes, and Corinth to Æetes; who, not being satisfied with his dominion, went and settled at Colchis in Scythia.

For Lycian Glaucus to the' Achaian host[7],
Trembling before his lance, would often boast
His sire's abode, and wealth, and wide domain,
Where fair Pirene's waves enrich the fertile plain.

EPODE III.

Who by the silver fountain's side
Much labour found, and much affliction knew,
While winged Pegasus he tried
Medusa's offspring to subdue;
Till, sleeping on his native plains,
Minerva gave the golden reins;
'Awake, Æolian king! awake!
This sacred gift with transport take;
Show it to Neptune, potent god of steeds,
While at his hallow'd shrine the votive bullock
bleeds.'

STROPHE IV.

The ægis-bearing maid Minerva spoke,
While midnight slumbers closed his heavy eyes;
Straight from the dull embrace of sleep he broke,
And seized with eager hand the glittering prize:
Cæranus' son he sought, the neighbouring seer,
And pour'd the wondrous tidings in his ear;
That, as in awful Pallas' holy fane,
Sleep o'er his temples spread his leaden reign,
Before him stood confess'd the warlike maid,
And by his side at once the golden bridle laid.

[7] *For Lycian Glaucus to the' Achaian host, &c.*] Glaucus was king of Lycia, great great grandson to Bellerophon; though Pindar says Πατρὸς ἀρχὰν, κ. τ. λ.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

The wondering augur bade him straight obey
Each mystic mandate of the dream divine:
To Neptune first the votive bullock pay,
Then to equestrian Pallas rear a shrine:
Beyond his hopes the gods with favouring will
The object of his wishes soon fulfil;
For brave Bellerophon, with joyful look,
The sacred present of the' immortals took;
Threw it with ease about his arching head,
And peaceful in his hand the' etherial courser led.

EPODE IV.

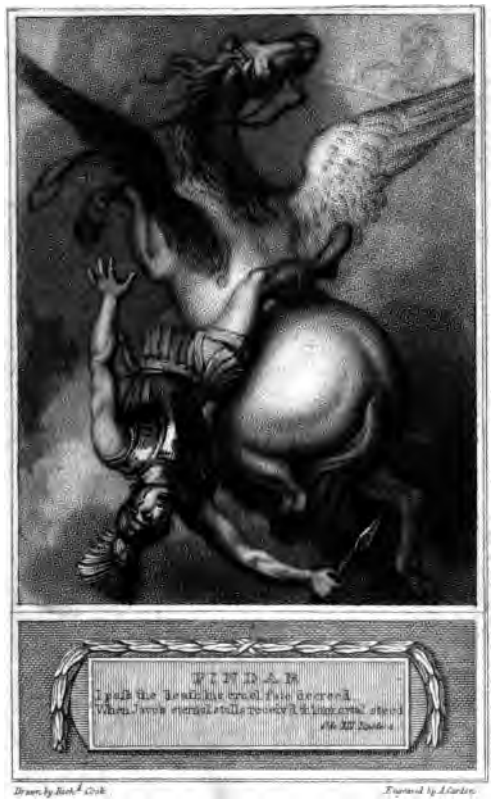
Now, shining in refulgent arms,
The winged Pegasus his limbs bestrode;
And, seeking war's severe alarms,
To Amazonia's plains he rode;
And midst the chilling reign of frost,
O'ercame the female archer host.
His arms Chimera's flames subdue;
The dauntless Solymi he slew.—
I pass the death his cruel fate decreed, [steed.
When Jove's eternal stalls received the' immortal

STROPHE V.

While thus the shafts of harmony I throw[8],
Let me not aim too wide with erring hand;
The Muses now command the strain to flow
To Oligæthidæ's triumphant band[9];

[8] *While thus the shafts of harmony I throw.*] This is another instance of that manner of expression I have taken notice of in the note upon the fifth line of the ninth Ode.

[9] *To Oligæthidæ's triumphant band.*] The Oligæthidæ were a tribe or division of the people, at Corinth, to which



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Recount the early praise and young renown,
On Isthmus' and on Nemea's cirque they won;
In verse concise stupendous deeds display,
And with an oath confirm the wondrous lay;
On either course alike their skill was famed,
For sixty victor wreaths the herald's voice proclaim'd.

ANTISTROPHE V.

How oft their brows the' Olympic olive graced,
To fame already have my numbers given;
What future crowns shall on their heads be placed,
Though we may hope, is only known to Heaven:
Yet if new strifes their genius bids them prove,
We trust the' event to Mars and mighty Jove.
Oft from Parnassus' heights[10] the meed they bore,
And Argos' fields, and Thebes' resounding shore;
And in Lycæan Jove's imperial fane
Recorded stand their toils on fair Arcadia's plain.

Xenophon belonged. The Scholiast says, the number of their prizes was equal in each of the games, *viz*, thirty in the Isthmian, and thirty in the Nemean.

[10] *Oft from Parnassus' heights, &c.*] The poet here, as in several of his other Odes, enumerates the exploits of his patron and his family, in those inferior festivals which were held in almost every city throughout Greece; and where the same exercises were performed, though the prizes were not so honourable as in the four principal ones, *viz*. the Olympic, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian: which were called by way of eminence, *sacred*.

EPODE V.

Pellene's fields, and Sicyon's coast;
Megara, and the' Æacides' domain;
Eleusis' cirque, and freedom's boast,
Fair Marathon's triumphant plain;
Proud Ætna, and Eubœa green,
Have their victorious trophies seen.
Through Grecia's realms their large amount
Of wreaths in vain the Muse would count.—
Assist, immortal Jove! my soaring lays,
And crown with honour'd ease my calm revolving days.

THE

FOURTEENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

By Mr. West.

THIS Ode is inscribed to Asopichus, the son of Cleodemus of Orchomenus; who in the seventy-sixth Olympiad, gained the victory in the simple foot race, and in the class of boys.

The Argument.

Orchomenus, a city of Bœotia, and the country of the victor Asopichus, being under the protection of the Graces, her tutelary deities, to them Pindar addresses this Ode; which was probably sung in the very temple of those goddesses, at a sacrifice offered by Asopichus on occasion of his victory. The poet begins this invocation with styling the Graces, queens of Orchomenus, and guardians of the children of Minyas, the first king of that city; whose fertile territories, he says, were by lot assigned to their protection. Then, after describing in general the properties and operations of those deities, both in earth and heaven, he proceeds to call upon each of them by name to assist at the singing of this Ode; which was made, he tells them, to celebrate the victory of Asopichus, in the glory of which Orchomenus had her share. Then addressing himself to Echo, a nymph that formerly resided on the banks of Cephisus, a river of that country, he charges her to repair to the mansion of Proserpine, and impart to Cleodemus, the father of Asopichus (who from hence appears to have been dead at that time), the happy news of his son's victory, and so concludes.

MONOSTROPHIC.

STROPHE I.

YE powers o'er all the flowery meads,
Where deep Cephisus rolls his lucid tide,
Allotted to preside,
And haunt the plains renown'd for beauteous
Queens of Orchomenus the fair, [steeds,
And sacred guardians of the ancient line
Of Minyas divine,
Hear, O ye Graces, and regard my prayer!
All that's sweet and pleasing here
Mortals from your hands receive:
Splendour ye and fame confer,
Genius, wit, and beauty give.
Nor, without your shining train,
Ever on the' etherial plain
In harmonious measures move
The celestial choirs above:
When the figured dance they lead,
Or the nectar'd banquet spread.
But with thrones immortal graced,
And by Pythian Phœbus placed[1],
Ordering through the bless'd abodes
All the splendid works of gods,

[1] *By Pythian Phœbus placed.*] Pindar, in this passage, alludes to some statues of these goddesses placed in the temple of Delphi, near the statue of Apollo. Apollo in some pictures was represented as holding the Graces in his right hand, and his bow and arrows in his left; to signify, says Macrobius, that the divinity is more inclined to save than to destroy.

Sit the sisters in a ring,
Round the golden-shafted king:
And with reverential love
Worshiping the' Olympic throne,
The majestic brow of Jove
With unfading honours crown.

STROPHE II.

Aglaia, graceful virgin, hear!
And thou Euphrosyne, whose ear,
Delighted listens to the warbled strain!
Bright daughters of Olympian Jove,
The best, the greatest power above;
With your illustrious presence deign[2]
To grace our choral song!
Whose notes to victory's glad sound
In wanton measures lightly bound.
Thalia, come along!
Come, tuneful maid, for lo! my string
With meditated skill prepares
In softly soothing Lydian airs
Asopichus to sing;
Asopichus, whose speed by thee sustain'd,
The wreath for his Orchomenus obtain'd.

[2] From this passage, and some expressions up and down this Ode, I conclude it was sung in the temple of the Graces at the time when Asopichus, having entered Orchomenus in triumph, was come to return thanks to those goddesses, by whose assistance he and his country Orchomenus had obtained the honour of an Olympic victory. I look upon this Ode, therefore, as a kind of hymn or thanksgiving song; in which light if we consider it, we shall not be surprised to find so little mention made of Asopichus, on the occasion of whose victory it was composed.

Go then, sportive Echo, go,
To the sable dome below,
Proserpine's black dome, repair,
There to Cleodemus bear
Tidings of immortal fame:
Tell, how in the rapid game
O'er Pisa's vale his son victorious fled;
Tell, for thou saw'st him bear away
The winged honours of the day[3];
And deck with wreaths of fame his youthful head.

[3] *The winged honours, &c.*] The Scholiasts, and from them all the Annotators, say, that πτερὰ (which literally signifies wings) is used in this place figuratively to denote the Olympic crowns; whose property, say they, it is to elevate, like wings, and raise the glory of the conquerors. I rather think the word πτερὰ, wings, should be here taken in its literal signification; as I imagine from this passage, and one in Plutarch, that to the Olympic crowns, &c. were superadded some emblematical ornaments, to distinguish perhaps the victors in the several kinds of exercises; or to denote in general their constancy and perseverance. Wings were the usual emblem of swiftness, and might therefore have been very properly worn by the conquerors in the foot race. The epithet youthful, in the next verse, is used with great propriety, since it appears by the Greek inscription or title of this Ode, that Asopichus was a boy.

THE

FIRST PYTHIAN ODE.

By Mr. West.

THIS Ode is inscribed to Hiero of Ætna, king of Syracuse, who, in the twenty-ninth Pythiad (which answers to the seventy-eighth Olympiad) gained the victory in the chariot race.

The Argument.

The poet, addressing himself in the first place to his harp, launches out immediately into a description of the wonderful effects produced in heaven by the enchanting harmony of that divine instrument, when played upon by Apollo, and accompanied by the Muses: these effects (says he) are to celestial minds delight and rapture; but the contrary to the wicked, who cannot hear, without horror, this heavenly music. Having mentioned the wicked, he falls into an account of the punishment of Typhœus, an impious giant; who, having presumed to defy Jupiter, was by him cast into Tartarus, and then chained under Mount Ætna, whose fiery eruptions he ascribes to this giant, whom he therefore styles 'Vulcanian monster.' The description of these eruptions of Mount Ætna he closes with a short prayer to Jupiter, who had a temple upon that mountain; and from thence passes to, what indeed is more properly the subject of this Ode, the Pythian victory of Hiero. This part of the poem is connected with what went before by the means of Ætna, a city built by Hiero, and named after the mountain in whose neighbourhood it stood. Hiero had ordered himself to be styled 'of Ætna' by the Herald

who proclaimed his victory in the Pythian games; from which glorious beginning (says Pindar) the happy city presages to herself all kinds of glory and felicity for the future. Then addressing himself to Apollo, the patron of the Pythian games, he beseeches him to make the citizens of Ætna great and happy; all human excellences being the gifts of Heaven. To Hiero, in like manner, he wishes felicity and prosperity for the future, not to be disturbed by the return or remembrance of any past afflictions. The toils indeed and troubles which Hiero had undergone, before he and his brother Gelo obtained the sovereignty of Syracuse, having been crowned with success, will doubtless, says Pindar, recur often to his memory with great delight: and then taking notice of the condition of Hiero, who (it seems), being at that time troubled with the stone, was carried about in the army in a litter, or chariot, he compares him to Philoctetes: this hero having been wounded in the foot by one of Hercules' arrows, stayed in Lemnos to get cured of his wound; but it being decreed by the Fates, that Troy should not be taken without those arrows, of which Philoctetes had the possession, the Greeks fetched him from Lemnos, lame and wounded as he was, and carried him to the siege. As Hiero resembles Philoctetes in one point, may he also (adds the poet) resemble him in another, and recover his health by the assistance of a divinity. Then addressing himself to Dinomenes, the son of Hiero, whom that prince intended to make king of Ætna, he enters into an account of the colony which Hiero had settled in that city: the people of this colony, being originally descended from Sparta, were, at their own request, governed by the laws of that famous commonwealth. To this account Pindar subjoins a prayer to Jupiter, imploring him to grant that both the king and people of Ætna may, by answerable deeds, maintain the glory and splendour of their race; and that Hiero, and his son Dinomenes, taught to govern by the precepts of his father, may be able to dispose their minds to peace and unity. For this purpose (continues he) do thou, O Jupiter! prevent the Carthaginians and the Tuscans from invading Sicily any more, by recalling to their minds the great losses they had lately sustained from the valour of Hiero and his brothers; into a more particular detail of whose courage and virtue Pindar insinuates he would gladly enter, was he not afraid of being too prolix and tedious; a fault which is apt to breed in the reader satiety and disgust; and though, continues

he, excessive fame produces often the same effects in envious minds, yet do not thou, O Hiero! upon that consideration, omit doing any great or good action; it being far better to be envied than to be pitied. With this, and some precepts useful to all kings in general, and others more peculiarly adapted to the temper of Hiero, whom, as he was somewhat inclined to avarice, he encourages to acts of generosity and munificence, from the consideration of the fame accruing to the princes of that character, and the infamy redounding to tyrants, he concludes; winding up all with observing, that the first of all human blessings consists in being virtuous; the second in being praised; and that he who has the happiness to enjoy both these at the same time, is arrived at the highest point of earthly felicity.

DECADE I.

HAIL, golden lyre! whose heaven-invented string
To Phœbus and the black-hair'd Nine belongs;
Who in sweet chorus round their tuneful king
Mix with their sounding chords their sacred songs.
The dance, gay queen of pleasure, thee attends;
Thy jocund strains her listening feet inspire:
And each melodious tongue its voice suspends
'Till thou, great leader of the heavenly quire,
With wanton art preluding givest the sign—
Swells the full concert then with harmony divine.

DECADE II.

Then, of their streaming lightnings all disarm'd,
The smouldering thunderbolts of Jove expire:
Then, by the music of thy numbers charm'd,
The birds' fierce monarch* drops his vengeful ire;

* The eagle.

Perch'd on the sceptre[1] of the' Olympian king,
The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
While gentle sleep his closing eyelid seals;
And o'er his heaving limbs in loose array
To every balmy gale the ruffling feathers play.

DECADE III.

E'en Mars, stern god of violence and war,
Sooths with thy lulling strains his furious breast,
And, driving from his heart each bloody care,
His pointed lance consigns to peaceful rest.
Nor less enraptured each immortal mind
Owns the soft influence of enchanting song,
When, in melodious symphony combined,
Thy son, Latona, and the tuneful throng
Of Muses, skill'd in wisdom's deepest lore,
The subtle powers of verse and harmony explore.

DECADE IV.

But they, on earth, or the devouring main,
Whom righteous Jove with detestation views,
With envious horror hear the heavenly strain,
Exiled from praise, from virtue, and the muse.

[1] *Perch'd on the sceptre.*] If Pindar did not take this circumstance of the eagle's perching on the sceptre of Jupiter from some statue or picture of that god, we may venture to affirm that Phidias, in all probability, borrowed it from Pindar; since, in the description which Pausanias has given us of the famous statue of Jupiter at Olympia, made by that eminent statuary, we find an eagle represented sitting upon his sceptre. Poets, painters, and statuaries, often took hints from one another.

Such is Typhœus[2], impious foe of gods,
Whose hundred-headed form Cilicia's cave
Once foster'd in her infamous abodes;
Till, daring with presumptuous arms to brave
The might of thundering Jove, subdued he fell,
Plunged in the horrid dungeon of profoundest hell.

DECADE V.

Now under sulphurous Cuma's seabound coast
And vast Sicilia lies his shaggy breast;
By snowy Ætna, nurse of endless frost,
The pillar'd prop of heaven, for ever press'd:
Forth from whose nitrous caverns issuing rise
Pure liquid fountains of tempestuous fire,
And veil in ruddy mists the noonday skies,
While wrapp'd in smoke the eddying flames aspire,
Or gleaming through the night with hideous roar
Far o'er the reddening main huge rocky fragments pour.

[2] *Such is Typhœus, &c.*] I shall not trouble the reader with the many different accounts of this fabulous giant, whom (with the historian Artemon, and Pindar's Scholiast, who derives his name from τύφειν, signifying to burn) I take to be an allegorical personage, invented by the poets to denote the unknown cause of those fiery eruptions which proceeded from several mountains in different parts of the earth; each of which, says Artemon, is supposed to be set on fire by Typhœus. According to which notion he is, a little lower, styled by Pindar a Vulcanian monster,

who to the clouds
The fiercest, hottest inundations throws.

DECADE VI.

But he, Vulcanian monster, to the clouds
The fiercest, hottest inundations throws,
While with the burden of incumbent woods,
And Ætna's gloomy cliffs, o'erwhelm'd he glows,
There on his flinty bed outstretch'd he lies,
Whose pointed rock his tossing carcass wounds;
There with dismay he strikes beholding eyes,
Or frights the distant ear with horrid sounds.
O, save us from thy wrath, Sicilian Jove!
Thou, that here reign'st, adored in Ætna's sacred grove.

DECADE VII.

Ætna, fair forehead of this fruitful land!
Whose borrow'd name adorns the royal town
Raised by illustrious Hiero's generous hand,
And render'd glorious with his high renown.
By Pythian heralds were her praises sung,
When Hiero triumph'd in the dusty course,
When sweet Castalia with applauses rung,
And glorious laurels crown'd the conquering horse.
The happy city for her future days
Presages hence increase of victory and praise.

DECADE VIII.

Thus when the mariners to prosperous winds,
The port forsaking, spread their swelling sails;
The fair departure cheers their jocund minds
With pleasing hopes of favourable gales,

While o'er the dangerous deserts of the main,
To their loved country they pursue their way.
E'en so, Apollo, thou, whom Lycia's plain,
Whom Delos, and Castalia's springs, obey,
These hopes regard, and Ætna's glory raise
With valiant sons, triumphant steeds, and heavenly lays!

DECADE IX.

For human virtue from the gods proceeds;
They the wise mind bestow'd, and smooth'd the tongue
With elocution, and for mighty deeds
The nervous arm with manly vigour strung.
All these are Hiero's; these to rival lays
Call forth the bard: arise then, Muse, and speed
To this contention; strive in Hiero's praise,
Nor fear thy efforts shall his worth exceed;
Within the lines of truth secure to throw[3],
Thy dart shall still surpass each vain attempting foe.

DECADE X.

So may succeeding ages, as they roll,
Great Hiero still in wealth and bliss maintain,
And joyous health recalling, on his soul[4]
Oblivion pour of life-consuming pain.

[3] The metaphor here made use of by Pindar is borrowed from one of the five exercises of the Pentathlon, *viz.* Darting, in which he who threw his dart furthest, within certain lines, or limits, was deemed the conqueror; as he, whose dart wandered beyond those lines, lost the victory.

[4] The works of the greatest part of the Sicilian historians being lost, the accounts we have of Hiero, and the affairs of Sicily in his time, are so short and defective, that we must

Yet may thy memory with sweet delight
The various dangers and the toils recount,
Which in intestine wars and bloody fight
Thy patient virtue, Hiero, did surmount:

content ourselves with what lights the Scholiast of Pindar furnishes us for the illustration of this and some other passages in this Ode. Pindar has inscribed no less than four Odes to Hiero, *viz.* the first Olympic Ode, and first, second, and third Pythian Odes. In each of which, however, are many passages not sufficiently cleared up by the Scholiast: for instance, in the first Olympic Ode, written upon occasion of a victory obtained by Hiero in the seventy-third Olymp. (if the date be right) Hiero is styled king; and yet it is certain that he did not succeed to the throne of Syracuse till after the death of his brother Gelo, which happened in the 75th Olymp. It should seem therefore, from what Pindar says, that he was king of some other city of Sicily, while his brother reigned in Syracuse; but of this we have no account, neither from history, nor from the Scholiast. In the same ignorance and uncertainty are we left with regard to the times, circumstances, and persons alluded to in this and the following stanza. We may however venture to determine, that by these verses,

What time, by Heaven above all Grecians crown'd,
The prize of sovereign sway with thee thy brother found,

Pindar meant to allude to that famous decree, by which the people of Syracuse voluntarily settled the sovereignty of their city upon Gelo and his brothers, Hiero and Thrasybulus. A decree no less singular and honourable; no Grecian, that I know of, having obtained the sovereignty in a free state, by the voluntary appointment of the people, which shows the propriety of the two verses above quoted.

As to the following verses,

Then like the son of Pæan didst thou war,
Smit with the arrows of a sore disease;
While as along slow rolls thy sickly car,
Love and amaze the haughtiest bosoms seize.

We are told by the Scholiast, that Hiero, being afflicted with the stone or gravel, was carried about with his army in a litter or chariot; which two particulars I have, for the sake of illustrating what follows, transplanted out of the notes into the text, though Pindar makes no mention of either.

What time, by Heaven above all Grecians crown'd,
The prize of sovereign sway with thee thy bro-
[ther* found.

DECADE XI.

Then like the son of Pæan didst thou war,
Smit with the arrows of a sore disease;
While as along slow rolls thy sickly car,
Love and amaze the haughtiest bosoms seize.
In Lemnos pining with the' envenom'd wound
The son of Pæan, Philoctetes, lay:
There, after tedious quest, the heroes found,
And bore the limping archer thence away;
By whom fell Priam's towers (so Fate ordain'd)
And the long-harass'd Greeks their wish'd repose obtain'd.

DECADE XII.

May Hiero too, like Pæan's son, receive
Recover'd vigour from celestial hands!
And may the healing god proceed to give
The power to gain whate'er his wish demands.
But now, O Muse, address thy sounding lays
To young Dinomenes, his virtuous heir.
Sing to Dinomenes[5] his father's praise;
His father's praise shall glad his filial ear.

[5] *Sing to Dinomenes his father's praise;*
His father's praise shall glad his filial ear.]

Dinomenes (named after his grandfather) was the son of Hiero by the daughter of Nicocles of Syracuse. Pindar in the next stanza tells us, that Hiero founded the city of Ætna for his son Dinomenes, whom he therefore styles the future king of Ætna; but the event did not answer either Hiero's intention, or the poet's expectation. For the old inhabitants

* Gelo.

For him hereafter shalt thou touch the string,
And chant in friendly strains fair Ætna's future king.

DECADE XIII.

Hiero for him the' illustrious city rear'd,
And fill'd with sons of Greece her stately towers,
Where by the free-born citizen revered
The Spartan laws exert their virtuous powers.
For by the statutes, which their fathers gave,
Still must the restive Dorian youth be led;
Who dwelling once on cold Eurotas' wave,
Where proud Taygetus exalts his head,
From the great stock of Hercules divine
And warlike Pamphilus derived their noble line.

of Catano, upon whose ruins the city of Ætna was built, returning immediately after the death of Hiero, expelled from thence the people settled there by Hiero, burned his sepulchre, and took possession once more of their native city, from whence they had been driven by that monarch. Hiero, however, in his lifetime, appointed his son governor or general of this colony, which, it seems, being composed of people descended originally from Sparta (as Pindar himself tells us), was left by Hiero to enjoy their liberty, and be governed by the laws of their mother country: which laws, according to the opinion of some people, as we learn from the Scholiast, were the famous laws of Lycurgus. This, however, is somewhat uncertain. I shall add here, for the information of the unlearned reader, that Amyclæ, mentioned in the following verses, was the old name of Sparta or Lacedæmon, which stood near the river Eurotas and the mountain Taygetus, and that Ætna (the city) was built on the banks of the river Amena. That Pindar was not mistaken in what he says of Dinomenes, viz. '*His father's praise shall glad his filial ear,*' may be inferred from the rich monuments of his father's Olympic victories, erected by him at Olympia: which, as Pausanias informs us, lib. vi. were a chariot made by Onatus of Ægina, and two horses with boys upon them, the workmanship of Calamis.

DECADE XIV.

These, from Thessalian Pindus rushing down,
The walls of famed Amyclæ once possess'd,
And rich in fortune's gifts and high renown,
Dwelt near the twins of Leda, while they press'd
Their milky coursers, and the pastures o'er
Of neighbouring Argos ranged, in arms supreme.
To king and people on the flowery shore
Of lucid Amena, Sicilian stream,
Grant the like fortune, Jove, with like desert
The splendour of their race and glory to assert.

DECADE XV.

And do thou aid Sicilia's hoary lord
To form and rule his son's obedient mind;
And still in golden chains of sweet accord,
And mutual peace, the friendly people bind.
Then grant, O son of Saturn[6], grant my prayer!
The bold Phœnician on his shore detain;
And may the hardy Tuscan never dare
To vex with clamorous war Sicilia's main;

[6] *Then grant, O son of Saturn, grant my prayer!*
The bold Phœnician, &c.]

From these verses we learn a particular not taken notice of by any of those historians whose works are now remaining; namely, that Hiero, in conjunction with his brethren Gelo, Thrasybulus, and Polyzelus, obtained a naval victory over the Carthaginians, as well as that by land mentioned by Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus. Whoever attentively considers this passage of Pindar can make no doubt but that the battle

Remembering Hiero, how on Cuma's coast
Wreck'd by his stormy arms their groaning
fleets were lost.

and victory here spoken of were both naval. The only question is, whether this passage refers to the above mentioned victory obtained by Gelo and his brothers, Hiero, &c. over the Carthaginians, or to that gained afterwards by Hiero over the Tuscan pirates near Cuma, mentioned by Diodorus, lib. xi. To determine us to apply it to the former, I must observe; first, that the Carthaginians are here joined with the Tuscans or Tyrrhenians, which was the case when Gelo, &c. engaged them; whereas the victory afterwards won by Hiero was only over the Tuscan or Tyrrhenian pirates: secondly, the consequences of this victory are by Pindar represented to be no less than the delivering Greece from slavery; an expression very applicable to the victory obtained by Gelo and his brothers over the joint forces of the Carthaginians and Tuscans; but very extravagant and unjustifiable, if applied to that gained by Hiero over a few pirates: thirdly, this victory is, in the verses immediately following, compared with the two famous victories gained by the Athenians and Spartans, at Salamis and Platææ, over the Persians; by virtue of an alliance with whom, the Carthaginians at the same time invaded the Greeks settled in Sicily; fourthly, Pindar mentions the sons of Dinomenes, as partaking in the glory of this victory, which is true of that gained by Gelo, &c. in memory of which, the Scholiast tells us, Gelo, who lived well with his brothers, dedicated some golden tripods to Jupiter, on which were inscribed four Greek verses; importing, that Gelo, Hiero, Thrasybulus, and Polyzelus, the sons of Dinomenes, dedicated those tripods, on occasion of a victory obtained by them over the Barbarians, against whom they assisted the Greeks in the defence of their liberty. By this inscription it appears, that all the sons of Dinomenes were concerned in this action, which makes it more proper to apply the words of Pindar, παῖδεσσι Δεινομένευς, 'the sons of Dinomenes,' to this action, than to that of Hiero before mentioned, at the time of which Gelo was dead.

From all these considerations I think it clear, that the victory here spoken of, was gained by Gelo, &c. over the Carthaginians. See also Universal History, the Ancient Part, vol. vii. 1st edit. 8vo.

DECADE XVI.

What terrors! what destruction them assail'd!
Hurl'd from their riven decks what numbers died!
When o'er their might Sicilia's chief prevail'd,
Their youth o'erwhelming in the foamy tide;
Greece from impending servitude to save.
Thy favour, glorious Athens! to acquire
Would I record the Salaminian wave
Famed in thy triumphs: and my tuneful lyre
To Sparta's sons with sweetest praise should tell,
Beneath Cithæron's shade what Medish archers fell.

DECADE XVII.

But on fair Himera's wide-water'd shores
Thy sons, Dinomenes, my lyre demand,
To grace their virtues with the various stores
Of sacred verse, and sing the illustrious band
Of valiant brothers, who from Carthage won
The glorious meed of conquest, deathless praise!
A pleasing theme: but censure's dreaded frown
Compels me to contract my spreading lays.
In verse conciseness pleases every guest,
While each, impatient, blames and loathes a tedious feast.

DECADE XVIII.

Nor less distasteful is excessive fame
To the sour palate of the envious mind;
Who hears with grief his neighbour's goodly name,
And hates the fortune that he ne'er shall find.

Yet in thy virtue, Hiero, persevere!
Since to be envied is a nobler fate
Than to be pitied: let strict justice steer
With equitable hand the helm of state,
And arm thy tongue with truth. O king, beware
Of every step: a prince can never lightly err.

DECADE XIX.

O'er many nations art thou set, to deal
The goods of fortune with impartial hand;
And, ever watchful of the public weal,
Unnumber'd witnesses around thee stand.
Then would thy virtuous ear for ever feast
On the sweet melody of well earn'd fame,
In generous purposes confirm thy breast,
Nor dread expenses that will grace thy name;
But, scorning sordid and unprincely gain,
Spread all thy bounteous sails, and launch into the main.

DECADE XX.

When in the mouldering urn the monarch lies,
His fame in lively characters remains,
Or graved in monumental histories,
Or deck'd and painted in Aönian strains.
Thus fresh, and fragrant, and immortal, blooms
The virtue, Crœsus, of thy gentle mind:
While Fate to infamy and hatred dooms
Sicilia's tyrant, scorn of humankind;
Whose ruthless bosom swell'd with cruel pride,
When in his brazen bull the broiling wretches died.

DECADE XXI.

Him therefore nor in sweet society
The generous youth conversing ever name;
Nor with the harp's delightful melody
Mingle his odious inharmonious fame.
The first, the greatest bliss on man conferr'd
Is in the acts of virtue to excel;
The second, to obtain their high reward,
The soul-exalting praise of doing well:
Who both these lots attains is bless'd indeed,
Since fortune here below can give no richer meed!

THE

FIRST NEMEAN ODE.

By Mr. West.

THIS Ode is inscribed to Chromius, of Ætna (a city of Sicily), who gained the victory in the chariot race, in the Nemean games.

The Argument.

From the praises of Ortygia (an island near Sicily, and part of the city of Syracuse, to which it was joined by a bridge) Pindar passes to the subject or occasion of this Ode; *viz.* the victory obtained by Chromius in the Nemean games; which, as it was the first of that kind gained by him, the poet styles the basis of his future fame, laid by the co-operation of the gods, who assisted and seconded his divine virtues; and (adds he), if fortune continues to be favourable, he may arrive at the highest summit of glory. By which is meant chiefly, though not solely, the gaining more prizes in the great or sacred games (particularly the Olympic), where the Muses constantly attend to celebrate and record the conquerors. From thence, after a short digression to the general praise of Sicily, he comes to an enumeration of the particular virtues of Chromius; *viz.* his hospitality, liberality, prudence in council, and courage in war. Then returning to the Nemean victory, he takes occasion, from so auspicious a beginning, to promise Chromius a large increase of glory; in like manner as Tiresias, the famous poet and prophet of Thebes (the country of Pindar), upon viewing the first exploit of Hercules, which was killing in his cradle the two serpents sent by Juno to devour him, foretold the subsequent achievements of that hero; and the great reward he should receive for all his labours, by being admitted into the number of the gods, and married to Hebe; with which story he concludes the Ode.

STROPHE I.

SISTER of Delos[1]! pure abode
Of virgin Cynthia, goddess of the chase!
In whose recesses rests the' emerging flood
Of Alpheus, breathing from his amorous race!

[1] *Sister of Delos! &c.*] Ortygia is by Pindar styled the sister of Delos; either because Diana was worshiped particularly in those two islands, or because she was born in the former, as her brother Apollo was in the latter, according to Homer, in his Hymns. For both which reasons also, he styles it the place of abode or residence of Diana. The fable of the river Alpheus' pursuing the fountain Arethusa from Peloponnesus under the sea, and rising again in Ortygia, is well known. But there is some difficulty in accounting for Pindar's choosing to usher in the praises of Chromius with celebrating those of Ortygia, which seem to have at best but a very distant relation to his subject. The learned reader may find several reasons assigned in the Scholiast upon the place; but as none of them appear satisfactory to me, I shall pass them over, and beg leave to offer a conjecture of my own; after premising that Pindar, who was a native of Thebes in Bœotia, commonly resided there, though he sometimes undoubtedly visited other parts of Greece, and even Sicily, where Hiero is said to have enjoyed and profited by his conversation; that he commonly assisted at the four great or sacred festivals (as they are called) of Greece, the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian games, is also very probable, and may be inferred from several circumstances and expressions observable in the Odes he composed for the conquerors in those games; particularly in the fourth Olympic Ode, which was apparently made and sung at Olympia, immediately after the victory then obtained by Psaumis. See above the note on the inscription of Olymp. Ode V. At these festivals those of the conquerors, who had a mind to have their victories celebrated by Pindar, applied to him for an Ode, which they carried with them to their respective countries; where they caused it to be sung by a chorus in the processions, or at the sacrifices (which were made with great pomp and solemnity at their return to their native countries) or to those countries or cities of which they chose to be denominated, at the time of their entering themselves candidates for any of

Divine Ortygia! to thy name
The Muse preluding tunes her strings,
Pleased with the sweet preamble of thy fame,
To usher in the verse that sings
Thy triumphs, Chromius; while Sicilian Jove
Hears with delight through Ætna's sounding grove
The gratulations of the hymning choir,
Whom thy victorious car and Nemea's palms inspire.

those crowns. These several points being premised, I observe, that Ortygia (which was a small island so near the main land of Sicily, that it made part of the city of Syracuse, to which it was joined by a bridge), Ortygia, I say, was probably the place where the chariots and horses of Chromius, as well as those people who brought this Ode of Pindar from Argos (the city where the Nemean games were celebrated), first landed. Pindar, therefore, by addressing himself to Ortygia, may be considered as saluting, by his representative, the Ode or the Chorus, the island of Sicily, immediately upon his arrival, and beginning his song of triumph at the very place where, in all probability, Chromius began his triumphal procession. He seems to have set out with Chromius from Ortygia, and to have attended him quite to Ætna, which being some miles distant from Ortygia, where they first landed, furnished him with an opportunity of surveying, and thereby with an occasion of celebrating the fertility, riches, populousness, &c. of Sicily, whose praises he accordingly dwells upon in the Antistrophe and Epode. Upon this supposition it is evident, that many of the topics insisted on by Pindar, which seem to have but little relation to his subject, took their rise from the places where the Ode was to be sung: an observation which will help us to account for many of those long digressions, and sudden transitions, which have been censured by many, and have contributed to give a very ill impression of Pindar, and his manner of writing; as if he himself was little better than a madman, and his composition mere rhapsodies of shining thoughts indeed, and poetical expressions, but wild and irregular, without method, without connexion.

ANTISTROPHE I.

The basis of his future praise
Assisted by the gods hath Chromius laid;
And to its height the towering pile may raise,
If Fortune lends her favourable aid:
Assured that all the' Aonian train
Their wonted friendship will afford,
Who with delight frequent the listed plain,
The toils of virtue to record.
Meantime, around this isle, harmonious Muse!
The brightest beams of shining verse diffuse:
This fruitful island, with whose flowery pride
Heaven's awful king endow'd great Pluto's beauteous bride.

EPODE I.

Sicilia, with transcendent plenty crown'd,
Jove to Proserpina consign'd;
Then with a nod his solemn promise bound,
Still further to enrich her fertile shores
With peopled cities, stately towers,
And sons in arts and arms refined;
Skill'd to the dreadful works of war
The thundering steed to train;
Or mounted on the whirling car
Olympia's all-prized olive to obtain.——
Abundant is my theme; nor need I wrong
The fair occasion with a flattering song.

STROPHE II.

To Cromius no unwelcome guest
I come, high sounding my Dircæan chord;
Who for his poet hath prepared the feast,
And spread with luxury his friendly board;

For never from his generous gate
Unentertain'd the stranger flies.
While envy's scorching flame, that blasts the great,
Quench'd with his flowing bounty, dies.
But envy ill becomes the human mind;
Since various parts to various men assign'd
All to perfection and to praise will lead,
Would each those paths pursue which Nature bids him tread.

ANTISTROPHE II.

In action thus heroic might,
In council shines the mind sagacious, wise,
Which to the future casts her piercing sight,
And sees the train of consequences rise.
With either talent Chromius bless'd
Suppresses not his active powers.
I hate the miser, whose unsocial breast
Locks from the world his useless stores:
Wealth by the bounteous only is enjoy'd,
Whose treasures, in diffusive good employ'd,
The rich returns of fame and friends procure;
And 'gainst a sad reverse a safe retreat insure.

EPODE II.

Thy early virtues, Chromius, deck'd with praise,
And these firstfruits of fame inspire
The Muse to promise for thy future days
A large increase of merit and renown.
So when of old Jove's mighty son,
Worthy his great immortal sire,

Forth from Alcmena's teeming bed
With his twin brother came,
Safe through life's painful entrance led
To view the dazzling sun's reviving flame,
The' imperial cradle Juno quick survey'd,
Where slept the twins in saffron bands array'd.

STROPHE III.

Then, glowing with immortal rage,
The gold-enthroned empress of the gods,
Her eager thirst of vengeance to assuage,
Straight to her hated rival's cursed abodes
Bade her vindictive serpents haste.
They through the opening valves with speed
On to the chamber's deep recesses pass,
To perpetrate their murderous deed:
And now in knotty mazes to infold
Their destined prey, on curling spires they roll'd,
His dauntless brow when young Alcides rear'd,
And for their first attempts his infant arms prepared.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Fast by the azure necks he held
And griped in either hand his scaly foes;
Till from their horrid carcasses expell'd,
At length the poisonous soul unwilling flows.
Meantime intolerable dread
Congeal'd each female's curdling blood,
All who attendant on the genial bed
Around the languid mother stood.

She, with distracting fear and anguish stung,
Forth from her sickly couch impatient sprung;
Her cumbrous robe regardless off she threw,
And to protect her child with fondest ardour flew.

EPODE III.

But, with her shrill distressful cries alarm'd,
In rush'd each bold Cadmean lord,
In brass refulgent, as to battle arm'd;
With them Amphitryon, whose tumultuous breast
A crowd of various cares infest:
High brandishing his gleaming sword,
With eager anxious step he came;
A wound so near his heart
Shook with dismay his inmost frame,
And roused the active spirits in every part.
To our own sorrows serious heed we give;
But for another's woe soon cease to grieve.

STROPHE IV.

Amazed the trembling father stood,
While doubtful pleasure, mix'd with wild surprise,
Drove from his troubled heart the vital flood:
His son's stupendous deed with wondering eyes
He view'd, and how the gracious will
Of Heaven to joy had changed his fear,
And falsified the messengers of ill.
Then straight he calls the' unerring seer,
Divine Tiresias, whose prophetic tongue
Jove's sacred mandates from the tripod sung;

Who then to all the' attentive throng explain'd
What fate the' immortal gods for Hercules ordain'd.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

What fell despoilers of the land,
The prophet told, what monsters of the main
Should feel the vengeance of his righteous hand:
What savage, proud, pernicious tyrant, slain,
To Hercules should bow his head,
Hurl'd from his arbitrary throne,
Whose glittering pomp his cursed ambition fed,
And made indignant nations groan.
Last, when the giant sons of earth shall dare
To wage against the gods rebellious war,
Pierced by his rapid shafts on Phlegra's plain
With dust their radiant locks the haughty foe shall stain.

EPODE IV.

Then shall his generous toils for ever cease,
With fame, with endless life, repaid;
With pure tranquillity and heavenly peace:
Then led in triumph to his starry dome,
To grace his spousal bed shall come,
In beauty's glowing bloom array'd,
Immortal Hebe, ever young.
In Jove's august abodes
Then shall he hear the bridal song,
Then in the bless'd society of gods
The nuptial banquet share, and rapt in praise
And wonder round the glittering mansion gaze.

THE

ELEVENTH NEMEAN ODE.

By Mr. West.

THIS Ode is inscribed to Aristagoras, upon occasion of his entering on his office of president or governor of the island of Tenedos; so that, although it is placed among the Nemean Odes, it has no sort of relation to those games, and is indeed properly an Inauguration Ode, composed to be sung by a chorus at the sacrifices and the feast made by Aristagoras and his colleagues, in the town hall, at the time of their being invested with the magistracy; as is evident from many expressions in the first Strophe and Antistrophe.

The Argument.

Pindar opens this Ode with an invocation to Vesta (the goddess who presided over the courts of Justice, and whose statue and altar were for that reason placed in the town halls, or prytaneums, as the Greeks called them), beseeching her to receive favourably Aristagoras and his colleagues, who were then coming to offer sacrifices to her, upon their entering on their office of prytanes or magistrates of Tenedos; which office continuing for a year, he begs the goddess to take Aristagoras under her protection during that time, and to conduct him to the end of it without trouble or disgrace. From Aristagoras Pindar turns himself, in the next place, to his father Arcesilas, whom he pronounces happy; as well upon account of his son's merit and honour, as upon his own great endowments and good fortune; such

as beauty, strength, courage, riches, and glory, resulting from his many victories in the games. But lest he should be too much puffed up with these praises, he reminds him, at the same time, of his mortality; and tells him that his clothing of flesh is perishable, and that he must ere long be clothed with earth, the end of all things; and yet (continues he) it is but justice to praise and celebrate the worthy and deserving, who from good citizens ought to receive all kinds of honour and commendation; as Aristagoras, for instance, who hath rendered both himself and his country illustrious, by the many victories he hath obtained, to the number of sixteen, over the neighbouring youth, in the games exhibited in and about his own country. From whence, says the poet, I conclude he would have come off victorious even in the Pythian and Olympic games, had he not been restrained from engaging in those famous lists by the too timid and cautious love of his parents: upon which he falls into a moral reflection upon the vanity of men's hopes and fears, by the former of which they are oftentimes excited to attempts beyond their strength, which accordingly issue in their disgrace; as, on the other hand, they are frequently restrained by unreasonable and ill grounded fears from enterprises in which they would, in all probability, have come off with honour. This reflection he applies to Aristagoras, by saying it was very easy to foresee what success he was like to meet with, who both by father and mother was descended from a long train of great and valiant men. But here again, with a very artful turn of flattery to his father Arcesilas (whom he had before represented as strong and valiant, and famous for his victories in the games), he observes that every generation, even of a great and glorious family, is not equally illustrious, any more than the fields and trees are every year equally fruitful; that the gods had not given mortals any certain tokens, by which they might foreknow when the rich years of virtue should succeed; whence it comes to pass, that men out of self-conceit and presumption are perpetually laying schemes, and forming enterprises, without previously consulting prudence or wisdom, whose streams (says he) lie remote, and out of the common road. From all which he infers, that it is better to moderate our desires, and set bounds to our avarice and ambition; with which moral precept he concludes the Ode.

STROPHE I.

DAUGHTER of Rhea! thou whose holy fire
Before the awful seat of justice flames!
Sister of heaven's almighty sire!
Sister of Juno, who coequal claims
With Jove to share the empire of the gods!
O Virgin Vesta! to thy dread abodes,
Lo! Aristagoras directs his pace:
Receive and near thy sacred sceptre place
Him and his colleagues, who with honest zeal
O'er Tenedos preside, and guard the public weal.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo! with frequent offerings they adore
Thee, first invoked in every solemn prayer!
To thee unmix'd libations pour,
And fill with odorous fumes the fragrant air.
Around in festive songs the hymning choir
Mix the melodious voice and sounding lyre.
While still prolong'd with hospitable love,
Are solemnized the rites of genial Jove:
Then guard him, Vesta, through his long career,
And let him close in joy his ministerial year.

EPODE I.

But hail, Arcesilas! all hail
To thee! bless'd father of a son so great!
Thou, whom on fortune's highest scale
The favourable hand of heaven hath set;
Thy manly form with beauty hath refined,
And match'd that beauty with a valiant mind.

Yet let not man too much presume,
Though graced with beauty's fairest bloom;
Though for superior strength renown'd;
Though with triumphal chaplets crown'd:
Let him remember that, in flesh array'd,
Soon shall he see that mortal vestment fade;
Till last, imprison'd in the mouldering urn,
To earth, the end of all things, he return.

STROPHE II.

Yet should the worthy from the public tongue
Receive their recompense of virtuous praise;
By every zealous patriot sung, [lays,
And deck'd with every flower of heavenly
Such retribution in return for fame,
Such, Aristagoras, thy virtues claim; [brows
Claim from thy country, on whose glorious
The wrestler's chaplet still unfaded blows;
Mix'd with the great pancratiastic crown,
Which from the neighbouring youth thy early valour won.

ANTISTROPHE II.

And (but his timid parents' cautious love,
Distrusting ever his too forward hand,
Forbade their tender son to prove
The toils of Pythia, or Olympia's sand)
Now by the gods I swear, his valorous might
Had scaped victorious in each bloody fight;
And from Castalia[1], or where dark with shade
The Mount of Saturn rears its olive head,

[1] Castalia was a river, upon whose banks the Pythian games were exhibited; and the Mount of Saturn was a small hill planted with olives, that overlooked the Stadium at Olympia.

Great and illustrious home had he return'd;
While, by his fame eclipsed, his vanquish'd foes
had mourn'd.

EPODE II.

Then his triumphal tresses bound [grove,
With the dark verdure of the' Olympic
With joyous banquets had he crown'd
The great quinquennial festival of Jove;
And cheer'd the solemn pomp with choral lays:
Sweet tribute, which the Muse to virtue pays.
But such is man's preposterous fate!
Now with o'erweening pride elate
Too far he aims his shaft to throw,
And, straining, bursts his feeble bow.
Now pusillanimous, depress'd with fear,
He checks his virtue in the mid career,
And, of his strength distrustful, coward flies
The contest, though empower'd to gain the prize.

STROPHE III.

But who could err in prophesying good
Of him, whose undegenerating breast
Swells with a tide of Spartan blood,
From sire to sire in long succession traced
Up to Pisander; who in days of yore
From old Amyclæ to the Lesbian shore
And Tenedos, colleagued in high command
With great Orestes, led the' Æolian band?
Nor was his mother's race less strong and
brave, [wave[2].
Sprung from a stock that grew on fair Ismenus'

[2] *Ismenus' wave.*] Ismenus was a river of Bœotia, of which country was Menalippus, the ancestor of Aristagoras by his mother's side.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Though for long intervals obscured, again
Ofttimes the seeds of lineal worth appear.
For neither can the furrow'd plain
Full harvests yield with each returning year:
Nor in each period will the pregnant bloom
Invest the smiling tree with rich perfume.
So, barren often and inglorious pass
The generations of a noble race;
While nature's vigour, working at the root,
In after ages swells, and blossoms into fruit.

EPODE III.

Nor hath Jove given us to foreknow
When the rich years of virtue shall succeed;
Yet bold and daring on we go,
Contriving schemes of many a mighty deed:
While hope, fond inmate of the human mind,
And self-opinion, active, rash, and blind,
Hold up a false illusive ray,
That leads our dazzled feet astray
Far from the spring, where calm and slow
The secret streams of wisdom flow.
Hence should we learn our ardour to restrain;
And limit to due bounds the thirst of gain.
To rage and madness oft that passion turns,
Which with forbidden flames despairing burns.

THE

SECOND ISTHMIAN ODE,

By Mr. West.

THIS Ode was written upon occasion of a victory obtained in the chariot race by Xenocrates of Agrigentum in the Isthmian games; it is, however, addressed not to Xenocrates himself, but to his son Thrasybulus; from whence, and from Pindar's always speaking of Xenocrates in the perfect tense, it is most probable it was written after the death of Xenocrates; and for this reason it has by some been reckoned among the θρῆνοι, or elegies, of Pindar.

The Argument.

The introduction contains a sort of an apology for a poet's taking money for his compositions; a thing (says Pindar) not practised formerly by the servants of the Muses, who drew their inspiration from love alone, and wrote only from the heart: but as the world is grown interested, so are the poets become mercenary; observing the truth of that famous saying of Aristodemus the Spartan, 'money makes the man:' a truth, he says, which he himself experienced, having with his riches lost all his friends; and of this truth (continues Pindar) you, Thrasybulus, are not ignorant, for you are a wise man; I shall therefore say no more about it,

but proceed to celebrate the victories of Xenocrates: after an enumeration of which, he passes on to the mention of the virtues of Xenocrates, whom he praises for his benevolence, his public spirit, his devotion to the gods, and his constant uninterrupted course of hospitality in all changes of fortune. These virtues of his father he encourages Thrasybulus not to conceal, through the fear of exciting the envy of mankind, and bids Nicasippus (by whom this Ode was sent to Thrasybulus) to tell him to publish it; concluding with observing, that a poem is not made to continue always like a mute and motionless statue in one place.

STROPHE I.

THEY, Thrasybulus, who in ancient days
Triumphant mounted in the Muses' car,
Tuning their harps to soft and tender lays,
Aim'd their sweet numbers at the young and fair;
Whose beauties, ripe for love, with rapturous fires
Their wanton hearts inflamed, and waken'd strong desires.

ANTISTROPHE I.

As yet the Muse, despising sordid gain,
Strung not for gold her mercenary lyre:
Nor did Terpsichore adorn her strain
In gilded courtesy and gay attire,
With fair appearances to move the heart,
And recommend to sale her prostituted art.

EPODE I.

But now she suffers all her tuneful train
Far other principles to hold[1];
And with the Spartan sage maintain,
That man is worthless without gold[2].
This truth himself by sad experience proved,
Deserted in his need by those he loved.

[1] The apology which Pindar here makes for a poet's taking money for his compositions, however well founded it may seem to be in the general corruption of mankind, will doubtless appear somewhat extraordinary; since poets, though often poor, are seldom fond of acknowledging that they write with mercenary views, because such a confession is not only inconsistent with the inspiration they commonly pretend to, but must also naturally tend to render the praises they bestow upon their patrons suspected, and consequently diminish their value. Yet, if we consider the occasions upon which these Odes were composed, as well as the persons to whom they were inscribed, we ought not, I think, to censure Pindar for taking money for them. A victory obtained in the games commonly gave birth to these songs of triumph; and they were, as it may be supposed, generally written at the solicitation of the victors themselves, who procured them to be set to music, and caused them to be sung by a chorus during the public rejoicings, which were made by their respective cities, in which, doubtless, their Odes were no inconsiderable part of the entertainment; and as the greatest number of the conquerors celebrated by Pindar were of countries and cities often very remote from and no way related to Thebes the country of Pindar, it is evident he could have no manner of concern in their victories; and consequently no inducement, either public or private, to write upon such subjects, without being rewarded for his trouble. And if it was no disgrace in Pindar (as in my opinion it was not) to take money upon these occasions, there was no reason for his being ashamed of owning it; on the contrary, it must have been esteemed a piece of false modesty and ridiculous affectation in him to endeavour to conceal it; especially as the fact could not but have been public and notorious.

[2] *That man is worthless without gold.*] In the original it is χρήματα, χρήματ' ἀνήρ, i. e. *money, money, is the man;*

Nor to thy wisdom is this truth unknown;
No longer therefore shall the muse delay
To sing the rapid steeds and Isthmian crown,
Which the great monarch of the briny flood[3]
On loved Xenocrates bestow'd,
His generous cares with honour to repay.

STROPHE II.

Him too[4], his Agrigentum's brightest star,
Latona's son with favourable eyes
At Crisa view'd, and bless'd his conquering car;
Nor, when, contending for the noble prize,

or, according to our English proverb, 'Money makes the man.' The name of this Spartan sage was Aristodemus: the Scholiast informs us, that Andron of Ephesus reckoned this Spartan philosopher among the seven wise men of Greece.

[3] *Which the great monarch of the briny flood, &c.*] The Isthmian games were sacred to Neptune, who also, according to the Greek mythology, was the inventor or creator of horses; for both which reasons, the victory obtained by Xenocrates is here said to be the gift of Neptune.

[4] *Him too—Latona's son—at Crisa view'd, &c.*] In these and the following verses, Pindar enumerates the victories obtained by Xenocrates in several games; as in the Pythian, in some games exhibited at Athens, and in the Olympic. In the second Olympic Ode, inscribed to Theron the brother of Xenocrates, Pindar takes notice of the Isthmian and Pythian crowns gained by the two brothers, whom he therefore styles copartners in immortal praise; but says, that Theron alone gained the victory at Olympia: from whence it is evident that this Ode, in which mention is made of an Olympic crown obtained by Xenocrates, was written upon occasion of another Isthmian victory gained by Xenocrates, subsequent to that mentioned by Pindar in his Ode to Theron; and consequently that the present Ode was written some time after that, and another (the sixth Pythian Ode) composed by Pindar on occasion of Xenocrates having come off victorious in the Pythian games. The date however of this Ode is uncertain; it is probable, as has been observed, that it was written after the death of Xenocrates.

Nicomachus, on Athens' craggy plain,
With dexterous art controll'd the chariot-steering rein,

ANTISTROPHE II.

Did Phœbus blame the driver's skilful hand;
But with Athenian palms his master graced:
His master, greeted in the' Olympic sand;
And evermore with grateful zeal embraced
By the great priests, whose herald voice proclaims
The' Elean feasts of Jove, and Pisa's sacred games.

EPODE II.

Him, on the golden lap of victory
Reclining his illustrious head,
They hail'd with sweetest melody;
And through the land his glory spread,
Through the famed Altis of Olympic Jove[5];
Where in the honours of the sacred grove

[5] *Through the famed Altis of Olympic Jove, &c.*] The sacred grove of Jupiter, at Olympia, was named *Altis*. This Altis, as we learn from Pindar himself (Olymp. Ode x.) and his Scholiast, was set apart by Hercules for a banqueting place for those who contended, or rather conquered, in the Olympic games; by those words, therefore,

Where in the honours of the sacred grove
The children of Ænesidamus shared;

Pindar means to say, that Theron and Xenocrates, the sons of Ænesidamus, gained the Olympic crown: and by the following,

For not unknown to victory and praise, &c.

he alludes to the Odes and music usually composed and sung on those occasions.

The children of Ænesidamus shared;
For not unknown to victory and praise,
Oft, Thrasybulus, hath thy mansion heard
The pleasing concerts of the youthful choir,
Attemper'd to the warbling lyre,
And the sweet mixture of triumphal lays.

STROPHE III.

In smooth and flowery paths the' encomiast treads,
When to the mansions of the good and great
In pomp the nymphs of Helicon he leads:
Yet thee, Xenocrates, to celebrate,
Thy all-surpassing gentleness to sing
In equal strains, requires an all-surpassing string.

ANTISTROPHE III.

To all benevolent, revered, beloved,
In every social virtue he excell'd;
And with his conquering steeds at Corinth proved
How sacred the decrees of Greece he held[6];
With equal zeal the' immortals he adored,
And spread with frequent feasts his consecrated board.

[6] *And with his conquering steeds at Corinth proved*
How sacred the decrees of Greece he held;]

We are told in the Latin notes upon this passage, that Aretius affirms that there was a general law in Greece, requiring all, who were able, to breed horses; which, considering how scarce that useful animal was in Greece, even after the time of Pindar, is not improbable. The several kinds of horse races in the games were certainly instituted with this view.

EPODE III.

Nor did he e'er, when rose a stormy gale,
Relax his hospitable course,
Or gather in his swelling sail:
But finding ever some resource
The fierce extremes of fortune to allay,
Held on with equal pace his constant way.
Permit not then, through dread of envious tongues,
Thy father's worth to be in silence lost;
Nor from the public keep these choral songs.
Not in one corner is the poet's strain
Form'd, like a statue, to remain,
This, Nicasippus, tell my honour'd host.

END OF PINDAR.

THE

ODES AND EPIGRAMS

OF

Anacreon.

THE

LIFE OF ANACREON.

ANACREON was born at Teos, a seaport town of Ionia. Who were his parents is uncertain; though it is conjectured, from good authority, that his family was noble. The time of his birth, according to Barnes, was in the second year of the 55th Olympiad, about the beginning of the reign of Cyrus, in the year of Rome 194, and the 554th before Christ. According to this account, he was about eighteen years of age when Harpagus, the general of Cyrus, came with an army against the confederate cities of the Ionians and Æolians. The Teians, finding themselves too weak to withstand the enemy, rather chose to abandon their country than their liberty, and therefore transported themselves and their families to the city of Abdera, in Thrace; where they had not been long settled, before the Thracians, jealous of their new neighbours, endea-

voured to give them disturbance. It is probable that, in these conflicts, Anacreon lost those friends whom he laments in some of his epigrams.

We cannot expect many particulars of the life of this poet, because he seems to have been a professed despiser of business and the cares of the world. It is certain, that wine, love, and the muse, had the disposal of all his hours.

From Abdera he went to the court of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, at that time one of the most gay and flourishing in Asia. A person of Anacreon's character must undoubtedly meet with a welcome reception, wherever wit and pleasure were esteemed: accordingly we find that he was so highly honoured by Polycrates as not only to be admitted into a share of his friendship, but even into his most secret counsels. How long he continued at Samos is uncertain; but it is probable that the friendship of Polycrates, and the splendour of his court, had influence enough to detain him there the greatest part of his reign. This opinion also seems confirmed by Herodotus, who assures us that Anacreon was with that prince in his chamber when he received a message from Orœtes, governor of Sardis, by whose treachery Polycrates was soon after betrayed, and inhumanly crucified[2].

[2] See Universal History. Vol. viii. 8vo. page 271.

A little before this remarkable incident Anacreon left Samos, and removed to Athens, having been invited thither by Hipparchus, the eldest son of Pisistratus, one of the most virtuous and learned princes of his time; who (as Plato assures us) sent the most obliging letters, with a vessel of fifty oars, to convey him over the Ægean. The same philosopher who relates this does Anacreon the honour to style him 'the wise Anacreon;' which is the foundation of Monsieur Fontenelle's ingenious dialogue, where he introduces Anacreon and Aristotle disputing the prize of wisdom, and gives the advantage to our poet.

Hipparchus being assassinated, he returned to his native country Teos; for, after the death of Cyrus, the Teians had been suffered to reinhabit their country unmolested. Here he remained, as Suidas informs us, till another commotion in the state obliged him once more to fly to Abdera; where he died in the 85th year of his age.

The manner of his death was very extraordinary; for we are told that he was choked with a grape-stone, as he was regaling on some new wine: which has afforded Mr. Cowley a subject for a fine elegy, the conclusion of which is very happy:

> It grieves me, when I see what fate
> Does on the best of mankind wait,

Poets or lovers let them be;
'Tis neither love nor poesy
Can arm against death's smallest dart
The poet's head, or lover's heart.
But when their life in its decline
Touches the' inevitable line,
All the world's mortal to them then,
And wine is aconite to men.
Nay, in death's hand the grape-stone proves
As strong as thunder is in Jove's.

A small part only of his works has escaped the malice of time; for, besides the odes and epigrams that still remain, he composed elegies, hymns, and iambics. Some writers honour him with the invention of the lyre. How much he was the delight both of the ancients and moderns, appears sufficiently from those extravagant praises which they have bestowed on him. Horace mentions him with honour:

Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas ——————
Lib. iv. Ode 9.

—— blithe Anacreon's sportive lay
Still lives in spite of time's destructive sway.
DUNCOMBE.

Anacreon had a delicate genius, and there are inexpressible charms and graces in his poetry. 'His chief excellence (says Madame Dacier) consists in imitating nature, and following reason: he presents no images to the mind but what are noble and natural.'—'The

Odes of Anacreon (says Rapin) are flowers, beauties, and perpetual graces: it is familiar to him to write what is natural. He has an air so delicate, easy, and graceful, that among all the ancients, there is nothing comparable to the method he took, nor to that kind of writing he followed. He flows soft and easy, every where diffusing the joy and indolence of his mind through all his compositions, and turning his harp to the pleasant and happy temper of his soul.'

But no one has given us a juster character of his writings than that little god who inspired them, as Mr. Cowley has made him speak;

> All thy verse is softer far
> Than the downy feathers are
> Of my wings, or of my arrows,
> Of my mother's doves, or sparrows;
> Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,
> All with Venus' girdle bound.

I cannot better conclude this account of Anacreon than with the following epitaph, as it is translated in the Spectator, No. 551.

ON ANACREON. BY ANTIPATER.

> This tomb be thine, Anacreon; all around
> Let ivy wreath, let flowerets deck the ground;
> And from its earth, enrich'd by such a prize,
> Let wells of milk and streams of wine arise:
> So will thine ashes yet a pleasure know,
> if any pleasure reach the shades below.

To which let me add a fine stanza from Dr. Akenside's Ode on Lyric Poetry, in honour of our poet:

I see Anacreon smile and sing:
His silver tresses breathe perfume;
His cheek displays a second spring
Of roses, taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away!
And let me listen to his lay,
While flowery dreams my soul employ;
While, turtle-wing'd, the laughing hours
Lead hand in hand the festal powers,
Lead youth, and love, and harmless joy.

INTRODUCTION.

It may be necessary to inform the reader, that many of the following Odes were translated several years ago, at college, for the author's amusement, without any intention of making them public. But being encouraged by the partiality of friends, and allowed to insert those Odes of Anacreon[1], which are elegantly translated by the late Dr. Broome and a few others[2], he determined to give an entire version of the Teian bard, as no one of this nation had hitherto done it. Mr. John Addison's translation is incomplete; and, excepting a few odes, harsh and crude, and far from being well done. What the late ingenious and learned Mr. West says of Cowley's Pindar may be applied to his Odes of Anacreon: 'That they have not the least resemblance to the *manner* of the author whom they pretend to imitate; or, if any, it is such a resemblance only as is expressed by the Italian word *caricatura*, a monstrous and distorted likeness.'

It may be thought a bold undertaking to attempt Sappho, after the high encomiums which

[1] Dr. Broome's Odes were printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the name of Charles Chester, M. D.

[2] *Viz.* Odes 2, 11, 45, 49, and 51.

Mr. Addison, in the Spectator, has passed on Philips's translation of her two odes. But, with deference to the authority of so good a judge, besides what the reader will find observed with regard to Mr. Philips's mistaking the true sense of his author, the three first lines are amazingly rough and awkward.

> Bless'd as the' immortal gods is *he*,
> *The youth* who fondly sits by thee,
> And hears and sees thee *all the while*, &c.

It is surprising that such unpoetical expressions as those here marked should escape the censure of the accurate Mr. Addison; unless we suspect that the partiality of the friend biased the judgment of the critic.

It is equally surprising that the beautiful Idylliums of Bion and Moschus, which charm every reader in the original, should scarce ever have been attempted in English. The translator, therefore, may justly claim some merit in endeavouring to make these elegant Greek writers speak his native language.

He cannot conclude this short introduction without returning his thanks to an ingenious and worthy friend (whose name would do honour to the title-page) for his revisal and correction of this little work, and for those excellent translations of the Idylliums of Moschus, marked D.

ODES OF ANACREON.

With roses crown'd, on flowers supinely laid,
Anacreon blithe the sprightly lyre essay'd,
In light fantastic measures beat the ground,
Or dealt the mirth-inspiring juice around:
No care, no thought, the tuneful Teian knew,
But mark'd with bliss each moment as it flew.
Progress of Poetry. *By a Lady.*

I.

ON HIS LYRE.

'WAKE, O lyre, thy silent strings,
Celebrate the brother-kings,
Sons of Atreus, famed afar,
Cadmus and the Theban war.'
Rapt I strike the vocal shell——
Hark—the trembling chords rebel;
All averse to arms they prove,
Warbling only strains of love.
Late I strung anew my lyre—
'Heavenly muse, my breast inspire,
While the swelling notes resound
Hercules for toils renown'd.'
Still the chords rebellious prove,
Answering only strains of love!
Farewell, heroes, farewell, kings!
Love alone shall tune my strings.

II.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

ON WOMEN.

NATURE gives all creatures arms,
Faithful guards from hostile harms;
Jaws, the lion to defend,
Horrid jaws that wide distend!
Horns, the bull, resistless force!
Solid hoofs, the vigorous horse;
Nimble feet, the fearful hare;
Wings to fly, the birds of air;
Fins to swim, the watery kind;
Man, the bold undaunted mind!
Nature, lavishing her store,
What for woman had she more?
Helpless woman! *to be fair;*
Beauty fell to woman's share.
She that's beauteous needs not fear
Sword, or flame, or shield, or spear:
Beauty stronger aid affords,
Stronger far than flames or swords,
Stronger far than swords or shields;
Man himself to beauty yields.

III.

CUPID BENIGHTED.

THE sable night had spread around
This nether world a gloom profound;
No silver moon nor stars appear,
And strong Boötes urged the Bear;

The race of man, with toils oppress'd,
Enjoy'd the balmy sweets of rest;
When from the heavenly court of Jove
Descended swift the god of love,
(Ah me! I tremble to relate)
And loudly thunder'd at my gate.
'Who's there? (I cried) Who breaks my door
At this unseasonable hour?'
The god, with well dissembled sighs,
And moan insidious thus replies—
'Pray ope the door, dear Sir——'tis I,
A harmless, miserable boy;
Benumb'd with cold and rain I stray
A long, uncomfortable way——
The winds with blustering horror roar——
'Tis dismal dark—Pray ope the door.'
Quite unsuspicious of a foe,
I listen'd to the tale of woe,
Compassion touch'd my breast, and straight
I struck a light, unbarr'd the gate;
When, lo! a winged boy I spied,
With bow and quiver at his side:
I wonder'd at his strange attire;
Then friendly placed him near the fire.
My heart was bounteous and benign,
I warm'd his little hands in mine,
Cheer'd him with kind assiduous care,
And wrung the water from his hair.
Soon as the fraudful youth was warm,
'Let's try (says he) if any harm
Has chanced my bow this stormy night;
I fear the wet has spoil'd it quite.'
With that he bent the fatal yew,
And to the head an arrow drew:

Loud twang'd the sounding string, the dart
Pierced through my liver and my heart.
Then laugh'd amain the wanton boy,
And, Friend (he cried), I wish thee joy;
Undamaged is my bow, I see;
But what a wretch I've made of thee.'

IV.

ON HIMSELF.

RECLINED at ease on this soft bed,
With fragrant leaves of myrtle spread
And flowery lote, I 'll now resign
My cares, and quaff the rosy wine.
In decent robe behind him bound,
Cupid shall serve the goblet round:
For fast away our moments steal,
Like the swift chariot's rolling wheel;
The rapid course is quickly done,
And soon the race of life is run;
Then, then, alas! we droop, we die,
And sunk in dissolution lie;
Our frame no symmetry retains;
Nought but a little dust remains.
Why on the tomb are odours shed?
Why pour'd libations to the dead?
To me far better while I live
Rich wines and balmy fragrance give;
Now, now the rosy wreath prepare,
And hither call the lovely fair.
Now, while I draw my vital breath,
Ere yet I lead the dance of death,
For joy my sorrows I'll resign,
And drown my cares in rosy wine.

V.

ON THE ROSE.

To make the beverage divine,
Mingle sweet roses with the wine;
Delicious will the liquor prove,
For roses are the flowers of love:
And while with wreaths of roses crown'd,
Let laughter and the cup go round.
Hail, lovely rose! to thee I sing,
Thou sweetest daughter of the spring:
All mortals prize thy beauties bright;
In thee the Powers above delight.
Gay Cupid, with the graces bland,
When lightly bounding hand in hand,
With nimble feet he beats the ground,
Shows his bright locks with roses crown'd.
Here then the flowery garland bring:
With numbers sweet I 'll wake the spring,
And crown'd with roses, heavenly flowers
Admitted, Bacchus, to thy bowers,
With snowy-bosom'd Sappho gay
I'll dance the feather'd hours away.

VI.

THE PARTY OF PLEASURE.

WHILE roses round our temples twine,
We'll gaily quaff the sparkling wine:
And, lo! the love-alluring fair
Her Thyrsus brandishes in air,
With clustering ivy wreath'd around,
Whose branches yield a rustling sound;

With graceful ease her steps she suits
To notes of soft Ionian lutes.
A youth, whose hair luxuriant flows
In curls, with breath ambrosial blows
The well pair'd pipes, and sweetly clear,
Pours melting music on the ear.
Here Cupid too with golden hair,
And Bacchus, ever young and fair,
With Cytherea, who inspires
Delightful thoughts and warm desires,
Gay-smiling join the festive train,
And make an old man young again.

VII.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Love, waving awful in his hand
His hyacinth-encircled wand,
Forced me, averse, with him to run;
In vain I strove the task to shun.
Swift o'er the plain our course we plied,
Through foaming floods, o'er forests wide,
O'er hills where rocks impending hung,
Till me, alas! a serpent stung:
Sore heaved my heart with dire dismay,
My spirits sunk—I died away—
Pleased Cupid caught my trembling hand,
My face with his soft pinions fann'd,
And cried, 'Since now my power you prove
Dare you still boast you will not love?'

VIII.

THE DREAM.

As on a purple bed supine,
Rapt in the pleasing joys of wine,
I lull'd my weary limbs to rest,
Methought, with nymphs supremely bless'd,
A beauteous band, I urged the chase,
Contending in the rapid race;
While fairest youths, with envy stung,
Fair as Lyæus ever young,
With jealous leer, and bitter jest,
Their keen malevolence express'd.
Intent on love, I strive to greet
The gamesome girls with kisses sweet,
And, as on pleasure's brink I seem,
Wake, and, behold! 'tis all a dream,
Vex'd to be thus alone in bed,
My visionary charmers fled,
To dream once more I close my eyes:
Again, ye soft illusions, rise!

IX.

THE DOVE.

'TELL me, dear, delightful dove,
Emblematic bird of love,
On your waving wings descending,
Whence you come, and whither tending!
Tell me whence your snowy plumes
Breathe such fragrance of perfumes?
And what master you obey,
Gentle bird of Venus, say!'

'Blithe Anacreon, the wise
(Thus the feather'd page replies),
Sends me o'er the meads and groves
To Bathyllus whom he loves,
To Bathyllus, beauteous boy,
Men's delight, and maidens' joy.
For a sonnet terse and trim,
Which the poets call a hymn,
Venus, in her sweet regard,
Sold me to the gentle bard:
Happy in his easy sway,
All his mandates I obey;
Often through the fields of air
Song or billet-doux I bear.
If you serve me well, says he,
I will shortly make you free.
He may free me, if he will,
Yet I'll stay and serve him still:
For what comfort can I know
On the mountain's barren brow?
Or in deserts left alone,
There to murmur and to moan?
Or in melancholy wood,
Pecking berries, nauseous food!
Now I eat delicious bread,
By my liberal master fed;
Now I drink of his own bowl,
Rosy wine that cheers my soul;
Sometimes dance, and sometimes play,
Ever easy, ever gay;
Or my fragrant pinions spread,
Hovering o'er my master's head:
When my limbs begin to tire,
Then I perch upon his lyre;

Soothing sounds my eyelids close,
Sweetly lulling my repose.
'Now I've told you all I know,
Friend, adieu——'tis time to go:
You my speed so long delay,
I have chatter'd like a jay.'

X.

CUPID IN WAX.

A RUSTIC brought, of curious mould,
A waxen Cupid to be sold;
'What price (I cried), ingenuous say,
For this small image shall I pay?'
'Small is the price (replied the clown),
Take it, e'en take it at your own:—
To tell you all without a lie,
I make no images, not I;
But dare not in my mansion trust
This patron of unbounded lust.'
'If so, then for this little coin
(Said I) the deity is mine.'—
And now, great god, my breast inspire,
There kindle all thy gentle fire:
But if thou fail'st to favour me,
I swear I'll make a fire of thee.

XI.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

ON HIMSELF.

OFT, with wanton smiles and jeers,
Women tell me, I'm in years;
I, the mirror when I view,
Find, alas! they tell me true;
Find my wrinkled forehead bare,
And regret my falling hair;
White and few, alas! I find
All that time has left behind.
But my hairs, if thus they fall,
If but few, or none at all,
Asking not, I'll never share
Fruitless knowledge, fruitless care.
This important truth I know,
If indeed in years I grow,
I must snatch what life can give;
Not to love is not to live.

XII.

ON A SWALLOW.

SAY, chattering bird, that darest invade
My slumbers with thy serenade,
And steal'st my visionary bliss,
How shall I punish thee for this?
Say, shall I clip thy soaring wing;
Or, like stern Tereus, Thracian king,
To swallows name of dire dismay,
Tear by the roots thy tongue away?

For, with thy execrable scream,
Thou wakest me from a golden dream;
And from my arms hast snatch'd away
Phyllis the fair, the young, the gay.

XIII.

ON ATYS.

As o'er the mountains, o'er the plains,
Unmanly Atys, in loud strains
Great Cybele invoking, mourn'd,
His love to sudden madness turn'd.
Some to the Clarian fountains throng
Of laurel'd Phœbus, god of song;
And, with prophetic draughts inspired,
Enraptured rave, with frenzy fired;
I too, inspired with generous wine,
While round me breathe perfumes divine,
And with fair Chloe bless'd, will prove
The sweetest madness—wine and love.

XIV.

LOVE IRRESISTIBLE.

Yes, I yield—thy sovereign sway,
Mighty Cupid, I'll obey.
Late with soft persuasive art
Love essay'd to win my heart:
I, inflamed with rebel pride,
His omnipotence defied——
With revengeful fury stung,
Straight his bow he bent, he strung,

Snatch'd an arrow wing'd for flight,
And provoked me to the fight.
I, disdaining base retreat,
Clad in radiant arms complete,
Like Achilles, boldly wield
Glittering spear and ample shield;
Thus equipp'd, resolve to prove
The terrific power of love.
From his bow the arrows sped;
I, alas! inglorious fled——
When the quiver at his side
Feather'd shafts no more supplied,
Love, transform'd into a dart,
Pierced, like lightning, through my heart,
Of my vitals made his prey,
And dissolved my soul away,
Now, alas! in vain I wield
Glittering spear and ample shield;
Victory in vain dispute;
Love, I find, is absolute:
All defence to folly turns
When within the battle burns.

XV.

BY DR. BROOME.

HAPPY LIFE.

THE wealth of Gyges I despise;
Gems have no charms to tempt the wise;
Riches I leave, and such vain things,
To the low aim and pride of kings.

Let my bright hair with unguents flow,
With rosy garlands crown my brow:
This sun shall roll in joy away;
To-morrow is a distant day.
Then while the hour serenely shines,
Toss the gay die, and quaff thy wines;
But ever, in the genial hour,
To Bacchus the libation pour,
Lest death in wrath approach, and cry,
Man—taste no more the cup of joy!

XVI.

BY DR. BROOME.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

Some sing of Thebes, and some employ
Their numbers on the siege of Troy.
I mourn, alas! in plaintive strains,
My own captivity and chains.
No navy, ranged in proud array,
No foot, no horseman arm'd to slay,
My peace alarm: far other foes,
Far other hosts, create my woes;
Strange dangerous hosts, that ambush'd lie
In every bright, love-darting eye!
Such as destroy, when beauty arms
To conquer dreadful in its charms!

XVII.

THE SILVER BOWL.

MULCIBER, this silver take,
And a curious goblet make;
Let thy utmost skill appear
Not in radiant armour there;
Let me there no battles see;
What are arms or wars to me?
Form it with a noble sweep,
Very wide, and very deep.
Carve not there the northern Team,
Nor Orion's dreadful beam;
Pleiads, Hyads, Bears, displease;
What have I to do with these?
Why should slow Boötes roll,
Why should horrid monsters prowl
On the margin of my bowl?
Draw me, what I value more,
Vines, with purple clusters store,
Bacchus, ever young and fair,
Cupid with the golden hair,
Gay Bathyllus too be there.
See that, beautiful and bold,
All these figures rise in gold:
In the wine-press let them join
Hand in hand to tread the wine.

XVIII.

ON THE SAME.

CONTRIVE me, artisan, a bowl
Of silver, ample as my soul;
And in the bright compartments bring
The sweet profusion of the spring;
Let that fair season, rich in flowers,
Shed roses in ambrosial showers;
Yet simply plain be thy design,
A festive banqueting of wine;
No hieroglyphics let it have,
No foreign mysteries engrave:
Let no blood-thirsty heroes wield
Rough armour in the silver field;
But draw me Jove's delightful boy,
Bacchus the god of wine and joy:
Let Venus with light step advance,
And with gay Hymen lead the dance.
Beneath the leaf-embellish'd vine,
Full of young grapes that promise wine,
Let Love, without his armour, meet
The meek-eyed Graces laughing sweet.
And on the polish'd plain display
A group of beauteous boys at play;
But no Apollo, god of day.

XIX.

WE OUGHT TO DRINK.

THE thirsty earth sucks up the showers
Which from his urn Aquarius pours;
The trees, which wave their boughs profuse,
Imbibe the earth's prolific juice;

The sea, in his prodigious cup,
Drinks all the rain and rivers up;
The sun too thirsts, and strives to drain
The sea, the rivers, and the rain;
And nightly, when his course is run,
The merry moon drinks up the sun.
Then give me wine, and tell me why,
My friends, should all things drink but I?

XX.

BY DR. BROOME.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

THE gods o'er mortals prove their sway,
And steal them from themselves away.
Transform'd by their almighty hands,
Sad Niobe an image stands;
And Philomel, upborne on wings,
Through air her mournful story sings.
Would Heaven, indulgent to my vow,
The happy change I wish allow;
Thy envied mirror I would be,
That thou mightst always gaze on me;
And, could my naked heart appear,
Thou'dst see thyself—for thou art there!
Or were I made thy folding vest,
That thou mightst clasp me to thy breast!
Or, turn'd into a fount, to lave
Thy naked beauties in my wave!
Thy bosom-cincture I would grow,
To warm those little hills of snow:

Thy ointment, in such fragrant streams
To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs;
Thy chain of shining pearl, to deck
And close embrace thy graceful neck:
A very sandal I would be,
To tread on—if trod on by thee.

XXI.

SUMMER.

FILL, fill, sweet girls, the foaming bowl,
And let me gratify my soul:
I faint with thirst—the heat of day
Has drank my very life away.
O! lead me to yon cooling bowers,
And give me fresher wreaths of flowers;
For those that now my temples shade,
Scorch'd by my burning forehead, fade:
But, O my heart, what can remove,
What winds, what shades, this heat of love?
These are all vain, alas! I find;
Love is a fever of the mind.

XXII.

BY E. B. GREENE, ESQ.

THE BOWER.

HERE, my Chloe, charming maid,
Here, beneath the genial shade,
Shielded from each ruder wind,
Lovely Chloe, lie reclined!

Lo! for thee the balmy breeze
Gently fans the waving trees!
Streams, that whisper through the grove,
Whisper low the voice of love,
Sweetly bubbling wanton sport,
Where persuasion holds her court.
  Ye who pass'd the' enamel'd grove
Through the rustling shade who rove,
Sure my bliss your breast must fire!
Can you see, and not admire?

XXIII.

THE VANITY OF RICHES.

If the treasured gold could give
Man a longer term to live,
I'd employ my utmost care
Still to keep, and still to spare;
And, when Death approach'd, would say,
'Take thy fee, and walk away.'
But since riches cannot save
Mortals from the gloomy grave;
Why should I myself deceive,
Vainly sigh, and vainly grieve?
Death will surely be my lot,
Whether I am rich or not.
  Give me freely, while I live,
Generous wines; in plenty give
Soothing joys my life to cheer,
Beauty kind, and friends sincere:
Happy! could I ever find
Friends sincere, and beauty kind,

XXIV.

ENJOYMENT.

SINCE I'm born a mortal man,
And my being's but a span;
'Tis a march that I must make;
'Tis a journey I must take:
What is pass'd I know too well;
What is future, who can tell?
Teasing Care, then set me free,
What have I to do with thee?
Ere I die, for die I must,
Ere this body turns to dust,
Every moment I'll employ
In sweet revelry and joy,
Laugh and sing, and dance and play,
With Lyæus young and gay.

XXV.

WINE BANISHES CARES.

WHEN gay Bacchus cheers my breast,
All my cares are lull'd to rest:
Griefs that weep, and toils that tease,
What have I to do with these?
No solicitudes can save
Mortals from the gloomy grave.
Shall I thus myself deceive?
Shall I languish? shall I grieve?
Let us quaff the generous juice;
Bacchus gave it for our use.
For when wine transports the breast,
All our cares are lull'd to rest.

XXVI.

THE TRANSPORTS OF WINE.

When gay Bacchus fills my breast,
All my cares are lull'd to rest,
Rich I seem as Lydia's king,
Merry catch or ballad sing;
Ivy wreaths my temples shade,
Ivy that will never fade:
Thus I sit in mind elate,
Laughing at the farce of state,
Some delight in fighting fields,
Nobler transports Bacchus yields:
Fill the bowl—I ever said,
'Tis better to lie drunk than dead.

XXVII.

THE PRAISE OF BACCHUS.

Bacchus, Jove's delightful boy,
Generous god of wine and joy,
Still exhilarates my soul
With the raptures of the bowl;
Then with feather'd feet I bound,
Dancing in a festive round:
Then I feel, in sparkling wine,
Transports delicate, divine;
Then the sprightly music warms,
Song delights, and beauty charms:
Debonair, and light, and gay,
Thus I dance the hours away.

XXVIII.

FROM THE GUARDIAN.

HIS MISTRESS'S PICTURE.

BEST and happiest artisan,
Best of painters, if you can,
With your many-coloured art
Paint the mistress of my heart.
Describe the charms you hear from me
(Her charms you could not paint and see),
And make the absent nymph appear
As if her lovely self were here.
First draw her easy-flowing hair,
As soft and black as she is fair;
And, if your art can rise so high,
Let breathing odours round her fly.
Beneath the shade of flowing jet,
The ivory forehead smoothly set,
With care the sable brows extend,
And in two arches nicely bend;
That the fair space which lies between
The meeting shade may scarce be seen.
The eye must be uncommon fire,
Sparkle, languish, and desire;
The flames unseen must yet be felt,
Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.
The rosy cheeks must seem to glow
Amidst the white of new-fallen snow.
Let her lips persuasion wear,
In silence elegantly fair;
As if the blushing rivals strove,
Breathing and inviting love.

Below her chin be sure to deck
With every grace her polish'd neck;
While all that's pretty, soft, and sweet,
In the swelling bosom meet.
The rest in purple garments veil,
Her body, not her shape conceal.
Enough!——the lovely work is done;
The breathing paint will speak anon.

XXIX.

BATHYLLUS.

Now, illustrious artisan,
Paint the well proportion'd man;
Once again the tints prepare,
Paint Bathyllus young and fair.
Draw his tresses soft and black,
Flowing graceful down his back,
Auburn be the curl'd extremes,
Glowing like the solar beams;
Let them negligently fall,
Easy, free, and artless all.
Let his bright cerulean brow
Grace his forehead white as snow.
Let his eyes, that glow with fire,
Gentlest, mildest love inspire:
Steal from Mars his radiant mien,
Softness from the' Idalian queen;
This with hope the heart to bless,
That with terror to depress.
Next, his cheeks with roses crown,
And the peach's dubious down;

And, if art can this bestow,
Let the blush ingenuous glow.
But description would be faint,
Teaching you his lips to paint:
There let fair persuasion dwell,
Let them gently softly swell,
Seem in sweetest sounds to break
Willing air, and silent speak.
Now you've finish'd high the face,
Draw his ivory neck with grace;
All the charms and beauty add,
Such as fair Adonis had.
Let me, next, the bosom see,
And the hands of Mercury;
But I'll not presume to tell,
Artist, you who paint so well,
How the foot should be express'd,
How to finish all the rest.
I the price you ask will give,
For the picture seems to live:
Gold's too little, view this piece,
'Tis the pictured pride of Greece;
This divine Apollo take,
And from this Bathyllus make.
When to Samos you repair,
Ask for young Bathyllus there,
Finest figure eye e'er saw,
From Bathyllus Phœbus draw.

XXX.

CUPID TAKEN PRISONER.

LATE the Muses Cupid found,
And with wreaths of roses bound,
Bound him fast, as soon as caught,
And to blooming beauty brought.
Venus, with large ransom, strove
To release the god of love.
Vain is ransom, vain is fee,
Love refuses to be free.
Happy in his rosy chain,
Love with beauty will remain.

XXXI.

THE PLEASING FRENZY.

INDULGE me, Stoics, with the bowl,
And let me gratify my soul;
Your precepts to the schools confine,
For I'll be nobly mad with wine.
Alcmæon and Orestes grew
Quite mad when they their mothers slew:
But I no man, no mother kill'd,
No blood but that of Bacchus spill'd,
Will prove the virtues of the vine,
And be immensely mad with wine.
When Hercules was mad, we know
He grasp'd the Iphitean bow;

The rattling of his quiver spread
Astonishment around, and dread.
Mad Ajax, with his sevenfold shield,
Tremendous stalk'd along the field,
Great Hector's flaming sword he drew,
And hosts of Greeks in fancy slew.
But I with no such fury glow,
No sword I wave, nor bend the bow:
My helmet is a flowery crown;
In this bright bowl my cares I'll drown,
And rant in ecstasies divine,
Heroically mad with wine.

XXXII.

THE NUMBER OF HIS MISTRESSES.

WHEN thou canst fairly number all
The leaves on trees, that fade and fall;
Or count the foaming waves that roar,
Or tell the pebbles on the shore;
Then mayst thou reckon up the names
Of all my beauties, all my flames.
At Athens, flames that still survive,
First count me only thirty-five.
At Corinth next tell o'er the fair,
Tell me a whole battalion there.
In Greece the fairest nymphs abound,
And worse than banner'd armies wound.
Count all that make their sweet abodes
At Lesbos, or delightful Rhodes.
Then Carian and Ionian dames,
Write me at least two thousand flames.

What! think'st thou this too large a sum?
Egypt and Syria are to come.
And Crete, where love his sway maintains,
And o'er a hundred cities reigns.
Yet still unnumber'd, still remain
The nymphs of Persia and of Spain,
And Indians, scorch'd by Titan's ray,
Whose charms have burn'd my heart away.

XXXIII.

THE SWALLOW.

LOVELY swallow, once a year,
Pleased you pay your visit here;
When our clime the sunbeams gild,
Here your airy nest you build;
And, when bright days cease to smile,
Fly to Memphis or the Nile:
But, alas! within my breast
Love for ever makes his nest.
There the little Cupids lie,
Some prepare their wings to fly;
Some unhatch'd, some form'd in part,
Lie close nestling at my heart,
Chirping loud; their ceaseless noise
All my golden peace destroys:
Some, quite fledged and fully grown,
Nurse the younglings as their own;
These, when feather'd, others feed,
And thus propagate their breed.
Dreadful torment I sustain;
What, alas! can ease my pain?
The vast flocks of loves that dwell
In my breast, no tongue can tell.

XXXIV.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

THOUGH cold winter o'er my brow
Sheds a scatter'd shower of snow,
Waving locks of silver hair;
Fly me not, capricious fair!
Though the spring's enlivening power
Blossoms in your beauty's flower,
Fly me not, nor slight my love;
In this chaplet, lo! are wove
Lucid colours, blending bright
Roses red and lilies white:
We, methinks, resemble those;
I the lily, you the rose.

XXXV.

ON THE PICTURE OF EUROPA.

THIS pictured bull is mighty Jove,
Who meditates some prank of love;
On his broad back, with pleasing care,
He safely bears the Tyrian fair.
Lo! buoyant on the foaming tide,
He throws the circling winds aside,
Securely steering through the sea:
No other daring bull but he
Would leave his heifers on the plain
To tempt the dangers of the main.

XXXVI.

BY DR. BROOME.

LIFE SHOULD BE ENJOYED.

TALK not to me of pedant rules,
I leave debates to learned fools,
Who solemnly in form advise;
At best, impertinently wise.
To me more pleasing precepts give,
And teach the science—how to live;
To bury in the friendly draught
Sorrows that spring from too much thought;
To learn soft lessons from the fair,
How life may glide exempt from care.
Alas! I'm old—I see my head
With hoary locks by time o'erspread:
Then instant be the goblet brought,
To make me young—at least in thought.
Alas! incessant speeds the day,
When I must mix with common clay;
When I must tread the dismal shore,
And dream of love and wine no more.

XXXVII.

BY DR. BROOME.

THE SPRING.

SEE! winter's pass'd; the seasons bring
Soft breezes with returning spring;
At whose approach the Graces wear
Fresh honours in their flowing hair;

ANACREON.

When I sink the bowl profound,
Richest fragrance flowing round,
And some lovely Nymph detain,
Venus then inspires the strain. Ode 28

Drawn by H.Whitell R.A. Engraved by T.W. Dodson

Published by Ansell, Bremner & C° London.
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Mix the grape's rich blood, my page;
We in drinking will engage.
Yes, I'm old; yet with the gay
I can be as brisk as they;
Like Silenus midst his train,
I can dance along the plain.

XXXIX.

ON HIMSELF.

When I drain the rosy bowl,
Joy exhilarates my soul:
To the Nine I raise my song,
Ever fair and ever young.
When full cups my cares expel,
Sober counsels, then farewell:
Let the winds that murmur sweep
All my sorrows to the deep.
When I drink dull time away,
Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
Leads me to delightful bowers,
Full of fragrance, full of flowers.
When I quaff the sparkling wine,
And my locks with roses twine;
Then I praise life's rural scene,
Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.
When I sink the bowl profound,
Richest fragrance flowing round,
And some lovely nymph detain,
Venus then inspires the strain.
When from goblets deep and wide
I exhaust the generous tide,

Drawn by H.Howell, R.A. Engraved by J.W. Cook, jun.

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All my soul unbends—I play
Gamesome with the young and gay.
When the foaming bowl I drain,
Real blessings are my gain;
Blessings which my own I call:
Death is common to us all.

XL.

CUPID WOUNDED.

ONCE as Cupid, tired with play,
On a bed of roses lay,
A rude bee, that slipp'd unseen
The sweet-breathing buds between,
Stung his finger, cruel chance!
With its little pointed lance.
Straight he fills the air with cries,
Weeps, and sobs, and runs, and flies;
Till the god to Venus came,
Lovely laughter-loving dame;
Then he thus began to plain;
'Oh! undone—I die with pain——
Dear mamma, a serpent small,
Which a bee the ploughmen call,
Imp'd with wings, and arm'd with dart,
Oh!—has stung me to the heart.'
Venus thus replied, and smiled—
'Dry those tears, for shame! my child;
If a bee can wound so deep,
Causing Cupid thus to weep;
Think, O think! what cruel pains
He that's stung by thee sustains.'

XLI.

THE BANQUET OF WINE.

Now let us gaily drink, and join
To celebrate the god of wine,
Bacchus, who taught his jovial throng
The dance, and patronized the song;
In heart, in soul, with love the same,
The favourite of the Cyprian dame.
Revelry he named his heir;
The Graces are his daughters fair:
Sadness in Lethe's lake he steeps;
Solicitude before him sleeps.
When in large bowls fair boys produce
The heart-exhilarating juice,
Then all our sorrows are resign'd,
They fly and mingle with the wind.
The generous bowl then let us drain,
Dismissing care, forgetting pain:
For life, what pleasure can it give,
If with anxiety we live?
And what hereafter may betide
No living casuist can decide.
The days of man are fix'd by Fate,
Dark and obscure, though short the date.
Then let me, warm with wine, advance,
And revel in the tipsy dance;
Or, breathing odours, sport and play
Among the fair, among the gay.
As for those stubborn fools that will
Be wretched, be they wretched still.
But let us gaily drink, and join
To celebrate the god of wine.

XLII.

ON HIMSELF.

WHEN Bacchus, jolly god, invites,
In sprightly dance my heart delights;
When with blithe youths I drain the bowl,
The lyre can harmonize my soul:
But when, indulging amorous play,
I frolic with the fair and gay,
With hyacinthine chaplet crown'd,
Then, then the sweetest joys abound;
My honest heart nor envy bears,
Nor envy's poison'd arrows fears:
By rankling malice never stung,
I shun the venom-venting tongue,
And at the jovial banquet hate
Contentions, battles, and debate:
When to the lyre's melodious sound
With Phyllis in the dance I bound,
The blooming fair, the silver lyre,
Should only dance and love inspire:
Then let us pass life's peaceful day
In mirth and innocence away.

XLIII.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

THEE, sweet grasshopper, we call
Happiest of insects all,
Who from spray to spray canst skip,
And the dew of morning sip:

Little sips inspire to sing;
Then thou 'rt happy as a king.
All, whatever thou canst see,
Herbs and flowers belong to thee;
All the various seasons yield,
All the produce of the field.
Thou, quite innocent of harm,
Lovest the farmer and the farm;
Singing sweet when summer's near,
Thou to all mankind art dear;
Dear to all the tuneful Nine
Seated round the throne divine;
Dear to Phœbus, god of day,
He inspired thy sprightly lay,
And with voice melodious bless'd,
And in vivid colours dress'd.
Thou from spoil of time art free;
Age can never injure thee.
Wisest daughter of the earth!
Fond of song, and full of mirth;
Free from flesh, exempt from pains,
No blood riots in thy veins:
To the bless'd I equal thee;
Thou 'rt a demideity.

XLIV.

THE DREAM.

I DREAM'D that late I pinions wore,
And swiftly seem'd through air to soar;
Me fleeter Cupid, quick as thought,
Pursued, and in an instant caught,

igh at his feet hung weights of lead:
iat can this vision mean,' I said?
iystic sense I thus explain:
ho erewhile have worn the chain
iany a fair one for a day,
i flung the flowery band away,
now involved and fetter'd fast
nks that will for ever last.

XLV.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

CUPID'S DARTS.

he god of manual arts
ed at Lemnos missile darts,
s of steel for Cupid's bow,
ce of joy, and source of woe:
is, fast as Vulcan wrought,
ed them in a honey'd draught;
her son in bitter gall
ed them, doubly tinged them all.
, released from war's alarms,
rs the fierce god of arms;
ther led by will or chance,
he shakes his weighty lance.
d's shafts with scornful eyes
ght he views, and straight decries:
s is slight, and that a toy,
or children to employ.'
se (said Cupid) I admit
indeed, for children fit:
if I divine aright,
it———this is not so slight.'

XLIX.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

TO A PAINTER.

WHILE you my lyre's soft numbers hear,
Ingenious painter, lend an ear,
And, while it charms your ravish'd heart,
Display the wonders of your art.
First draw a nation blithe and gay,
Laughing and sporting life away;
Let them in sprightly dances bound,
While their shrill pipes the Bacchæ sound;
And, if you can perfection give,
Bid every breathing figure live:
And then, lest life insipid prove,
To make them happy, bid them love.

L.

BY DR. BROOME.

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF WINE.

SEE! see! the jolly god appears,
His hand a mighty goblet bears;
With sparkling wine full charged it flows,
The sovereign cure of human woes.
Wine gives a kind release from care,
And courage to subdue the fair;
Instructs the cheerful to advance,
Harmonious in the sprightly dance.
Hail, goblet! rich with generous wines!
See! round the verge a vine branch twines.
See! how the mimic clusters roll,
As ready to refill the bowl.

Wine keeps its happy patients free
From every painful malady;
Our best physician all the year;
Thus guarded, no disease we fear,
No troublesome disease of mind,
Until another year grows kind,
And loads again the fruitful vine,
And brings again our health—new wine.

LI.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

ON A DISK, REPRESENTING VENUS.

RARE artist, whose inventive skill
Could this orb with wonders fill!
Where the mimic ocean glides
Soft with the well dissembled tides;
The waves seem floating, and above
Shines the beauteous queen of love:
The workman's fancy mounted high,
And stole the' idea from the sky.
Transporting sight!—the waves conceal—
But what 'twere impious to reveal!
She, like some flower all-blossom'd gay,
Shines along the smiling way.
The amorous waters, as she swims,
Crowd to embrace her snowy limbs;
Then, proudly swelling to be press'd,
Beneath her snowy fragrant breast,
Ambitiously uprise on high,
And lift the goddess to the sky:
And, while her lucid limbs they lave,
She brightens the transparent wave;

So violets enlighten'd glow,
Surrounded by the lily's snow.
But see! a lovely smiling train,
Conspicuous o'er the limpid main,
The queen attends! in triumph moves
Gay Cupid with his laughing loves.
On dolphins borne, in state they ride,
And beautify the silver tide:
Dancing around in shoals they play,
And humble adoration pay.
Rare art, that life to phantoms gives!
See! see! a second Venus lives.

LII.

BY DR. BROOME.

GRAPES, OR THE VINTAGE.

Io! the vintage now is done!
And purpled with the' autumnal sun:
The grapes gay youths and virgins bear,
The sweetest product of the year!
In vats the heavenly load they lay,
And swift the damsels trip away:
The youths alone the wine press tread,
For wine's by skilful drunkards made.
Meantime the mirthful song they raise,
Io! Bacchus, to thy praise!
And viewing the bless'd juice, in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.
Gaily through wine the old advance,
And doubly tremble in the dance:
In fancied youth they chant and play,
Forgetful that their locks are gray.

Through wine the youth completes his loves;
He haunts the silence of the groves:
Where, stretch'd beneath the' embowering shade,
He sees some love-inspiring maid;
On beds of rosy sweets she lies,
Inviting sleep to close her eyes:
Fast by her side his limbs he throws,
Her hand he presses—breathes his vows;
And cries, 'My love, my soul, comply
This instant, or, alas! I die.'
In vain the youth persuasion tries!
In vain!—her tongue at least denies:
Then, scorning death through dull despair,
He storms the' unwilling willing fair;
Blessing the grapes that could dispense
The happy, happy impudence.

LIII.

BY DR. BROOME.

THE ROSE.

COME, lyrist, tune thy harp, and play
Responsive to my vocal lay;
Gently touch it, while I sing
The rose, the glory of the spring.
To heaven the rose in fragrance flies,
The sweetest incense of the skies.
Thee, joy of earth, when vernal hours
Pour forth a blooming waste of flowers,
The gaily-smiling Graces wear
A trophy in their flowing hair:
Thee, Venus, queen of beauty, loves;
And, crown'd with thee, more graceful moves.

In fabled song, and tuneful lays,
Their favourite rose the Muses praise:
To pluck the rose the virgin train
With blood their pretty fingers stain;
Nor dread the pointed terrors round,
That threaten and inflict a wound:
See! how they wave the charming toy,
Now kiss, now snuff the fragrant joy.
The rose the poets strive to praise,
And for it would exchange their bays;
O! ever to the sprightly feast
Admitted, welcome, pleasing guest!
But chiefly when the goblet flows,
And rosy wreaths adorn our brows!
Lovely smiling rose, how sweet
All objects where thy beauties meet!
Aurora, with a blushing ray,
And rosy fingers, spreads the day:
The graces more enchanting show,
When rosy blushes paint their snow;
And every pleased beholder seeks
The rose in Cytherea's cheeks.
When pain afflicts, or sickness grieves,
Its juice the drooping heart relieves;
And, after death, its odours shed
A pleasing fragrance o'er the dead;
And when its withering charms decay,
And sinking, fading, die away;
Triumphant o'er the rage of time,
It keeps the fragrance of its prime.
Come, lyrist, join to sing the birth
Of this sweet offspring of the earth!
When Venus from the ocean's bed
Raised o'er the waves her lovely head;

When warlike Pallas sprung from Jove,
Tremendous to the powers above,
To grace the world the teeming earth
Gave the fragrant infant birth;
And, 'This (she cried), I this ordain
My favourite, queen of flowers to reign.'
But first, the' assembled gods debate
The future wonder to create:
Agreed at length, from heaven they threw
A drop of rich nectareous dew:
A bramble stem the drop receives,
And straight the rose adorns the leaves.
The gods to Bacchus gave the flower,
To grace him in the genial hour.

LIV.

BY DR. BROOME.

GROWN YOUNG.

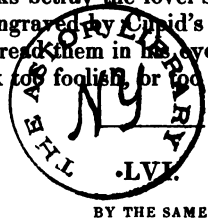
WHEN sprightly youth my eyes survey,
I too am young, and I am gay;
In dance my active body swims,
And sudden pinions lift my limbs.
Haste, crown, Cybeba, crown my brows
With garlands of the fragrant rose!
Hence, hoary age!—I now am young,
And dance the mirthful youths among.
Come then, my friends, the goblet drain!
Bless'd juice!—I feel thee in each vein!
See! how with active bounds I spring!
How strong, and yet how sweet I sing!
How bless'd am I, who thus excel
In pleasing arts of trifling well!

LV.

BY DR. BROOME.

THE MARK.

THE stately steed expressive bears
A mark imprinted on his hairs:
The turban, that adorns the brows
Of Asia's sons, the Parthian shows:
And marks betray the lover's heart,
Deeply engraved by Cupid's dart:
I plainly read them in his eyes,
That look too foolish, or too wise.



BY THE SAME.

OLD AGE.

ALAS! the powers of life decay!
My hairs are fallen, or turn'd to gray;
The smiling bloom, and youthful grace,
Is banish'd from my faded face:
Thus man beholds, with weeping eyes,
Himself half dead before he dies.
For this and for the grave I fear,
And pour the never ceasing tear:
A dreadful prospect strikes my eye,
I soon must sicken, soon must die.
For this the mournful groan I shed,
I dread—alas! the hour I dread!

What eye can steadfastly survey
Death, and its dark tremendous way?
For soon as Fate has closed our eyes,
Man dies—for ever, ever dies;
All pale all senseless in the urn!
Never, ah! never to return.

LVII.

THAT WE SHOULD DRINK WITH MODERATION.

BRING hither, boy, a mighty bowl,
And let me quench my thirsty soul;
Fill two parts water, fill it high;
Add one of wine, for I am dry:
Thus let the limpid stream allay
The jolly god's too potent sway.
Quick, boy, dispatch—My friends, no more,
Thus let us drinking rant and roar;
Such clamorous riot better suits
Unpolish'd Scythia's barbarous brutes:
Let us, while music tunes the soul,
Mix temperance in the friendly bowl.

LVIII.

THE LOVE DRAUGHT.

As late of flowerets fresh and fair
I wove a chaplet for my hair,
Beneath a rose, gay summer's pride,
The wanton god of love I spied;

I seized him, resolute of soul,
And plunged him in my flowing bowl,
Resolved to have a draught divine,
And fairly swallow'd him in wine:
E'er since his fluttering wings impart
Strange titillations to my heart.

LIX.

TO A SCORNFUL BEAUTY.

WHY thus with scornful look you fly,
Wild Thracian filly, tell me why?
Think'st thou that I no skill possess,
And want both courage and address?
Know, that whenever I think fit
To tame thee with a galling bit,
Just where I please, with tighten'd rein,
I'll urge thee round the dusty plain;
Now on the flowery turf you feed,
Or lightly bound along the mead,
So wild, so wanton, and untried,
You want some youth to mount and ride.

LX.

EPITHALAMIUM ON THE MARRIAGE OF STRATOCLES AND MYRILLA.

VENUS, fair queen of gods above,
Cupid, thou mighty power of love,
And Hymen bland, by Heaven design'd
The fruitful source of humankind;

To you, as to the lyre I sing,
Flows honour from the sounding string;
Propitious to the numbers prove,
O, Venus, Hymen, god of love.
View, gentle youth, with rapture view
This blooming bride, ordain'd for you:
Rise quick, and feast on all her charms,
Lest, like a bird, she fly your arms.
O happy youth! by Venus bless'd,
But happier on Myrilla's breast:
See how the fair one, sweetly coy,
All soft confusion, meets the joy,
Blooming as health, fresh as May flowers,
And bright as radiant noontide hours.
Of all the flowers upon the plains,
The rose unmateh'd in beauty reigns;
Myrilla thus in charms excels,
She shines the rose among the belles.
O may, bless'd youth, the god of day
The pleasing toils of love survey:
And may a beauteous blooming boy
Crown your soft vows with lasting joy!

LXI.

ON GOLD.

When gold, that fugitive unkind,
With pinions swifter than the wind,
Flies from my willing arms away
(For gold with me will never stay),
With careless eyes his flight I view,
Who would perfidious foes pursue?

I seized him, resolute of soul,
And plunged him in my flowing bowl,
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With pinions swifter than the wind,
Flies from my willing arms away
(For gold with me will never stay),
With careless eyes his flight I view,
Who would perfidious foes pursue?

Melt to love the yielding fair,
Teach her not to give despair:
Thou my passion must approve,
Melt the yielding fair to love.

LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

IDALIAN god, with golden hair,
O Cupid! ever young and fair,
Fly to my aid, and safely shroud
Me in a purple-beaming cloud,
And on thy painted wings convey
A faithful lover on his way.
Thy blandishments disturb my rest,
And kindle tumults in my breast;
The pleasing poison was convey'd
Late from the lovely Lesbian maid;
Her sun-bright eye discharged a dart,
That rankling preys upon my heart:
In sparkling wit beyond compare,
She slights, alas! my silver hair,
Regardless of my heartfelt pain,
And fondly loves some happier swain.

LXV.

ON HIMSELF.

I LATELY thought, delightful theme!
Anacreon saw me in a dream,
The Teian sage, the honey'd bard,
Who call'd me with a sweet regard;

I, pleased to meet him, ran in haste,
And with a friendly kiss embraced.
'Tis true, he seem'd a little old,
But gay and comely to behold;
Still bow'd to Cytherea's shrine,
His lip was redolent of wine:
He reel'd as if he scarce could stand,
But Cupid led him by the hand.
The poet, with a gentle look,
A chaplet from his temples took,
That did of sweet Anacreon breathe;
And smiling gave to me the wreath.
I from his brow the flowery crown
Received, and placed it on my own:
Thence all my woes unnumber'd flow,
E'er since with raging love I glow.

LXVI.

BY DR. BROOME.

ON APOLLO.

ONCE more, not uninspired, the string
I waken, and spontaneous sing:
No Pythic laurel-wreath I claim,
That lifts ambition into fame:
My voice unbidden tunes the lay;
Some god impels and I obey.
Attend, ye groves! the Muse prepares
A sacred song in Phrygian airs;
Such as the swan expiring sings,
Melodious, by Cayster's springs,

Where listening winds in silence hear
And to the gods the music bear.
Celestial Muse! attend and bring
Thy aid, while I thy Phœbus sing;
To Phœbus and the Muse belong
The laurel, lyre, and Delphic song.
Begin, begin the lofty strain!
How Phœbus loved, but loved in vain
How Daphne fled his guilty flame,
And scorn'd a god that offer'd shame.
With glorious pride his vows she hear
And Heaven, indulgent to her prayers
To laurel changed the nymphs, and ga
Her foliage to reward the brave.
Ah! how, on wings of love convey'
He flew to clasp the panting maid!
Now, now o'ertakes! but Heaven dec
His hope—he seizes only leaves.
Why burns my raptured breast? ah
Ah! whither strives my soul to fly?
I feel the pleasing frenzy strong,
Impulsive to some nobler song:
Let, let the wanton fancy play,
But guide it, lest it devious stray.
But, O! in vain—my Muse denies
Her aid, a slave to lovely eyes;
Suffice it to rehearse the pains
Of bleeding nymphs and dying swains
Nor dare to wield the shafts of love
That wound the gods, and conquer Jo
I yield! Adieu the lofty strain!
Anacreon is himself again:
Again the melting song I play,
Attemper'd to the vocal lay.

! see! how, with attentive ears,
youths imbibe the nectar'd airs!
l quaff, in bowery shades reclined,
precepts, to regale the mind.

LXVII.

ON LOVE.

love I wake the silver string,
l of his soft dominion sing:
vreath of flowers adorns his brow,
sweetest, fairest flowers that blow:
mortals own his mighty sway,
l him the gods above obey.

LXVIII.

THE SUPPLICATION.

EEN of the woodland chase, whose darts
erring pierce the mountain harts,
na chaste, Jove's daughter fair,
pliant to thee I breathe my prayer.
icend, propitious to my vow,
where the streams of Lethe flow:
ity aid a hapless race,
ght goddess of the woodland chase;
h holy awe they own thy sway,
l meek in reverence obey.

LXIX.

ARTEMON,

A FRAGMENT.

Now Artemon, a favourite name,
Inspires Eurypyle with flame:
An upstart of ignoble blood,
Who plodded late in shoes of wood;
And round his waist, instead of vest,
Wore a cow's stinking hide undress'd,
Which might, on fit occasion, yield
Rank covering for a rotten shield.
This wretch, with other wretches vile,
Lived hard by drudgery and toil;
Oft sentenced cruel pains to feel
At whipping-post, or racking-wheel:
But now, conspicuous from afar,
He rides triumphant in his car;
With golden pendants in his ears,
Aloft the silken reins he bears,
Proud, and effeminately gay:
His slaves an ivory skreen display,
To guard him from the solar ray.

LXX.

TO HIS BOY.

Boy, while here I sit supine,
Bring me water, bring me wine;
Bring me, to adorn my brow,
Wreaths of flowers that sweetly blow:
Love invites——O! let me prove
The joys of wine, the sweets of love!

THE

EPIGRAMS OF ANACREON.

I.

ON TIMOCRITUS.

THE tomb of great Timocritus behold!
Mars spares the base, but slays the brave and bold.

II.

ON AGATHON.

FOR Agathon, in fighting fields renown'd,
Abdera mourns his funeral pile around;
For him she mingles tears with bright applause,
Who nobly suffer'd in his country's cause;
No youth so brave, unknowing how to yield,
E'er perish'd in the thunder of the field.

III.

ON THE SON OF CLEENOR.

THEE, Cleënorides, the bold, the brave,
Stern Neptune sunk beneath the whelming wave:
Thy country's love so nobly fill'd thy mind,
Thou daredst to trust, too credulous, the wind:
The fair, though faithless, season urged thy doom,
And wrapp'd thy beauties in a watery tomb.

IV.

ON A PICTURE REPRESENTING THREE BACCHÆ.

FIRST, Heliconias with a Thyrsus pass'd,
Xanthippe next, and Glauca is the last;
Lo! dancing down the mountains they repair,
And grateful gifts to jolly Bacchus bear;
Wreaths of the rustling ivy for his head,
With grapes delicious, and a kid well fed.

V.

ON MYRON'S COW.

FEED, gentle swain, thy cattle far away,
Lest they too near the cow of Myron stray,
And thou, if chance fallacious judgment err'd,
Drive home the breathing statue with the herd

VI.

ON THE SAME.

THIS heifer is not cast, but rolling years
Harden'd the life to what it now appears:
Myron unjustly would the honour claim,
But Nature has prevented him in fame.

The following Epigrams were collected by Barnes, and first added to his Edition of our Poet: the first five on the authority of a Manuscript Anthologia at Paris; the rest on the credit of a Heidelberg Manuscript.

VII.

ON COMPANY.

I NE'ER can think his conversation good,
Who o'er the bottle talks of wars and blood;
But his whose wit the pleasing talk refines,
And lovely Venus with the Graces joins.

VIII.

A DEDICATION TO JUPITER, IN THE NAME OF PHIDOLA.

PHIDOLA, as a monument of speed,
This mare, at Corinth bred, to Jove decreed.

IX.

TO APOLLO IN THE NAME OF NAUCRATES.

GOD of the silver bow and golden hair,
Hear Naucrates's vows, and grant his prayer!

X.

ANOTHER DEDICATION.

LYCÆUS' son, Praxagoras, bestow'd
This marble statue to his guardian god:
View well the whole—what artist can surpass
The finish'd work of Anaxagoras?

XI.

ANOTHER.

MINERVA'S grove contains the favour'd shield
That guarded Python in the bloody field.

XII.

ANOTHER. BY LEOCRATES.

WHEN Hermes' bust, Leocrates, you raised,
The Graces bland the beauteous image praised
The joyful academe extoll'd your name;
The speaking bust shall eternize your fame.

XIII.

ON THE SON OF ARISTOCLES.

To Aristoclides, the best of friends,
This honorary verse the Muse commends:
Bold and adventurous in the martial strife,
He saved his country; but he lost his life.

XIV.

PRAXIDICE this flowery mantle made,
  Which fair Dyseris first design'd;
Mark how the lovely damsels have display'd
  A pleasing unity of mind.

XV.

UNDER A STATUE.

CALLITELES first fix'd me on this base,
Fair rising to the view:
His sons gave ornament and grace;
To them your thanks are due.

XVI.

ANOTHER.

THIS trophy Areiphilus' son
To Bacchus consecrates, for battles won.

XVII.

ANOTHER.

THESSALIA'S monarch, Echecratides,
Has fix'd me on this base,
Bacchus, the jolly god of wine, to please,
And give the city grace.

XVIII.

To Mercury your orisons address,
That Timonactes meet with wish'd success,
Who fix'd these porticoes, my sweet abode,
And placed me sacred to the herald-god.
All who the bright-eyed sciences revere,
Strangers and citizens, are welcome here.

XIX.

GREAT Sophocles, for tragic story prais
These altars to the gods immortal raised

XX.

O MERCURY! for honours paid to thee
May Tlæas live in calm security;
Years of serenest pleasure may he gain,
And o'er the' Athenian race a long and reign.

NOTES ON THE ODES.

ODE I.

THE best masters of antiquity have copied this excellent original. Horace had it in view, Ode xii. Book 2. Ovid has imitated it in several of his elegies. In the following distich he seems to have comprehended the substance of the whole Ode. *Eleg.* xii. *Book* 3.

Cum Thebæ, cùm Troja forent, cùm Cæsaris acta;
Ingenium movit sola Corinna meum.

Though Thebes and Troy remain, and Cæsar's praise,
Illustrious themes that might my fancy raise,
Corinna only can inspire my lays.

Bion of Smyrna has beautifully imitated this Ode at the end of the fourth Idyllium.

To praise a hero, when I strike the lyre,
Or nobly daring to some god aspire,
In strains more languid flows the nerveless song,
The faltering accents die upon my tongue:
But when with love or Lycidas I glow,
Smooth are my lays, the numbers sweetly flow.

Ver. 3. Agamemnon and Menelaus, the chief commanders at the siege of Troy. By the Atridæ the poet means the Trojan, and by Cadmus the Theban, war.

Ver. 9. M. Dacier judiciously observes, in his notes on the twenty-sixth Ode of the first book

of Horace, that the poets, when they would celebrate any extraordinary subject, were wont to say they had new-strung their lyre.

Ver. 14. The Greek word, ἀντεφωνειν, is very strong and expressive, and means, 'to return a contrary sound.' To understand this passage clearly, we must imagine that Anacreon is singing and playing upon the lyre; which, instead of answering to his voice in heroic numbers, returned only the sounds of love. Tibullus has a similar expression, Eleg. iv. Book 3.

Tunc ego nec citharâ poteram gaudere sonorâ,
Nec similes chordis reddere voce sonos.

No more I tuned the loud resounding string,
Nor to the lyre's sweet melody could sing.

II.

Phocylides has copied great part of this Ode in his admonitory poem:

Arms to all creatures God's abundant care
Affords; light pinions to the birds of air;
The lordly lion boasts his matchless might;
The bull's bright horns are terrible in fight;
The sting sharp-pointed is the bee's defence;
The shield and buckler of mankind is sense.

Ver. 10. The Greek word φρονημα generally signifies *prudence;* and so Stephens has translated it: but as it would be highly absurd to suppose that nature had forgot that useful ingredient in the composition of the ladies, we must look out for another interpretation. Φρονημα equally signifies magnanimity. It is similar to an expression of Tully, in Off. i. 19.—'*Elatio et magnitudo animi:*' and as Mr. John Addison,

in his note on this passage, observes, 'By courage, when applied to man, is properly meant that superiority of mind, which is man's peculiar characteristic and charter of dominion.'

Ver. 14. Coluthus, in his poem on the Rape of Helen, has the same thought, speaking of Venus:

Of all the gods, no regal sway I bear,
Nor, weak and timid, wield the martial spear;
Yet great my power, for my resistless darts
Are smiles and loves that triumph over hearts.

And a little further,

No fights I know, averse to war's alarms;
Idalian Venus has no need of arms:
The fair are irresistible in charms.

Nonnus introduces Venus speaking after the same manner:

Resistless beauty for a sword I wear,
And charms more piercing than the pointed spear.

The Romans were so fully convinced of the power of beauty, that the word *fortis*, strong or valiant, signifies likewise fair or handsome; as appears by two passages in Plautus. *Bacchid.* Act ii. Sc. 2. 38. *Sed Bacchis etiam tibi fortis visa est? Et Miles Glor.* Act. 4. Sc. 3. 13. *Ecquid fortis visa est?*

III.

Ver. 4. Two constellations near the northern pole. Boötes is also called Arctophylax, or the Bear keeper. Aratus, in his Phenomena, has three lines perfectly similar to this passage of Anacreon.

Behind, and seeming to urge on the Bear,
Arctophylax, on earth Boötes named,
Sheds o'er the arctic car his silver light.

Ver. 40. The ancients placed the seat of l in the liver, as might be proved from several p sages; among others, Horace, Book i. Od and Theocritus, Idyll. xi. ver. 16, and Idyll. ver. 72. There is also an epigram in the sev book of the Anthologia, to the same purpos

Cease, love, to wound my liver and my heart:
If I must suffer, choose some other part.

IV.

Ver. 2. Madame Dacier observes, that the cients, by way of indulgence, used to re themselves on large heaps of fragrant he leaves, and flowers.

Ver. 7. Seneca, in his Hercules Furens, A Scene 2. Ver. 177. has the same sentiment.

With rapid motion, never at a stay,
Life swiftly posts along, and, day by day,
The year's great wheel incessant rolls away.

Ver. 14. Anthologia, Book vii.

Phillis, while living, let us life employ
In the soft transports of Idalian joy:
For when we die (and die, alas! we must),
All that remains is ashes, bones, or dust.

There are two epigrams in the second boo the Anthologia, very similar to this passag Anacreon:

Drink and rejoice; for let us wisely think,
My friend, we must not always laugh and drink:
Our heads we'll crown with flowers and rich perfu
Before they're vainly lavish'd on our tombs.
Cares and anxieties I now resign,
Or drown them in a mighty bowl of wine.
When dead, Deucalion may, if he thinks good,
Drench my cold carcass in a watery flood.

On the cold tombs no fragrant unguents shed,
No flowery chaplets unavailing spread,
Nor kindle living lamps to light the dead.
Vain are these honours; rather while I live,
To me the sweet, the rich oblation give.

Of these customs of the ancients of pouring sweet ungents on the tombs of the dead, and crowning them with flowers, &c. see Potter's Antiquities.

Ver. 22. The ancients believed, that the happy souls in the Elysian fields enjoyed those pleasures which they most delighted in when living.

V.

The Grecians esteemed the rose more than any other flower, and admitted it to all their entertainments, of which there needs no other proof than this Ode of Anacreon, and likewise the fifty-third, where he praises this beautiful flower with the greatest address and delicacy. The Romans equally valued it.

Ver. 5. The ancients used wreaths of flowers, and perfumes, at their entertainments, not only for pleasure, but because they imagined that odours prevented the wine from intoxicating them.

VI.

Ver. 4. The thyrsus was a spear enriched with wreaths of ivy, and sometimes of vine leaves. It was used as a weapon by those who attended the revels of Bacchus.

Ver. 10. Mr. Longepierre quotes a most beautiful epigram from the seventh book of the Anthologia, near the end, similar to this passage;

which, I think, cannot have justice done it in an English translation:

Phyllis the gay, in robe of beauty dress'd,
Late on my lips a humid kiss impress'd;
The kiss was nectar which the fair bestow'd,
For in her amorous breath a gale of nectar flow'd.
What love, ye gods! what raptures in her kiss!
My soul was drunk with ecstasy of bliss.

Ver. 14. The ancient poets always represented Bacchus young and beautiful. So Ovid, Metam. book iv. ver. 17.

To thee eternity of youth is given;
Unrival'd in thy bloom thou shinest in heaven;
Conceal thy horns, and every charming grace
Of virgin beauty brightens in thy face.

VII.

Ver. 2. Madame Dacier and Barnes thought ὑακινθινη might signify the colour of the wand or rod; but as the hyacinth is no where described to be of any colour, the interpretation will not hold good. The thought is poetical, and worthy of Anacreon, to suppose Cupid's wand adorned with little wreaths of that delicate flower tied round it. Or perhaps, by ὑακινθινη ῥαβδω, the poet meant only a single hyacinth; for ῥαβδος may signify the stalk or stem of a flower: and then the moral of this charming Ode will latently inculcate the irresistible force of love, in whose hands a flower is as powerful as his bow and arrows that are tipp'd with fire.

VIII.

Ver. 8. Lyæus was a name given to Bacchus. It is derived from the word λυειν, to loose or free, because wine frees the mind from anxieties.

IX.

Faber says of this Ode, that it does not seem to be the work of one man only, but that the Graces joined in concert with the Muses to finish this beautiful little piece.

To understand it properly, we must remember, that it was a custom among the ancients, when they undertook long journeys, and were desirous of sending back any news with uncommon expedition, to take tame pigeons along with them. When they thought proper to write to their friends, they let one of these birds loose, with letters fastened to its neck: the bird, once released, would never cease its flight, till it arrived at its nest and young ones. The same custom still obtains among the Turks, and in several eastern countries. Longepierre has a quotation from Ælian, book 6. chap. 7. which proves that the crow, Κορωνη, was sometimes employed in this office.

Ver. 6, 'The Greeks perfumed their birds, as we perfume our lapdogs.' *Madame Dacier.*

Ver. 12. Bathyllus was a young Samian of great beauty, and admired by Anacreon. See Ode 29th.

This youth was also a favourite of Polycrates, who erected a statue to him that represented Apollo playing upon the lyre.

Ver. 15, 16. The poet could not pay himself a more delicate compliment, than by saying that Venus, the mother of the Graces, was glad to purchase a little hymn of his composing at the price of one of her favourite doves. This pas-

sage is a proof, that Anacreon wrote hymns in honour of the gods; which are all lost, except, perhaps, part of the 50th and 52d Odes to Bacchus, the 58th to Cupid, the 60th to Diana, and the 64th to Apollo. The 62d Ode is also a hymeneal hymn.

Ver. 35. The dove praises the liberality of his master for admitting him to drink of the same wine as himself; which was an indulgence the ancients never allowed to any but their favourites. Thus Homer introduces Achilles entertaining Ajax, Ulysses, and Phœnix, Iliad 9, ver. 202.

X.

Ver. 11. In the Greek, the price offered is a drachm, an Attic coin, value about seven-pence halfpenny English.

Ver. 16. Barnes observes, that it was usual for the ancient heathens to treat the images of their gods well or ill, just as they fancied they had been used by them. The modern Indians chastise their idols with scourges, whenever any calamity befalls them. There is a passage in the seventh Idyllium of Theocritus, similar to this of our poet; where a person, after having made his supplication to the god Pan, pleasantly enough threatens him:

But mayst thou, if thou darest my boon deny,
Torn by fell claws on beds of nettles lie;
All the cold winter freeze beneath the pole,
Where Eber's waves down Edon's mountains roll;
And in the scorching heats of summer glow,
Where under Blemyan rocks Nile's boiling waters flow.

XI.

We have an imitation of this Ode, in an epiram of Palladas, in the 47th chapter of the 2d ook of the Anthologia.

To me the wanton girls insulting say,
'Here in this glass thy fading bloom survey:'
Just on the verge of life, 'tis equal quite,
Whether my locks are black, or silver white;
Roses around my fragrant brows I'll twine,
And dissipate anxieties in wine.

Ver. 6. The hair was always esteemed by the ncients the principal ornament of beauty. Apuius has this remarkable passage in the second ook of his Milesiacks: 'Even Venus herself, if he was destitute of hair, though surrounded by ne Graces and Loves, would not have charms to lease her own husband Vulcan.' Longepierre uotes a passage from Petronius, where Eumolus calls the hair the chief grace of beauty:

Fallen is thy hair, for woful winter hoar
Has stolen thy bloom, and beauty is no more;
Thy temples mourn their shady honours shorn,
Parch'd like the fallow, destitute of corn.
Fallacious gods! whose blessings can betray;
What first ye give us, first ye take away.
Thou, late exulting in thy golden hair,
As bright as Phœbus, or as Cynthia fair,
Now view'st, alas! thy forehead smooth and plain
As the round fungus, daughter of the rain;
Smooth as the surface of well polish'd brass,
And fliest with fear each laughter-loving lass.
Death hastes amain; thy wretched fate deplore;
Fallen is thy hair, and beauty is no more.

XII.

Ver. 6. The poet very judiciously endeavours terrify the swallow with the mention of Teus, whose palace, as the ancients have re-

marked, was carefully avoided by those birds. Pliny says, '*Arx Regum Thraciæ, à Terei nefasto crimine invisa Hirundinibus.*' See also Solinus. From this passage of Anacreon it should seem, that Philomela was changed into a swallow, and not Progne, as Ovid, and others, have asserted.

Ver. 10. Argentarius imitates this passage in an epigram, in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins,

Invidious swallow, with thy horrid scream
Why hast thou waked me from so sweet a dream?
Stunn'd by thy noise, fair Pyrrha, like the wind,
Flew from my arms, just yielding to be kind.

Agathias has also imitated it in an epigram, in the seventh book of the Anthologia.

All night I sigh, with care of love oppress'd,
And when the morn indulges balmy rest,
These twittering birds their noisy matins keep,
Recall my sorrows, and prevent my sleep;
Cease, envious birds, your plaintive tales to tell,
I ravish'd not the tongue of Philomel.
In deserts wild, or on some mountain's brow,
Pay all the tributary grief you owe
To Itys, in an elegy of woe.
Me leave to sleep: in visionary charms,
Some dream perhaps may bring Rodanthe to my arms.

XIII.

Ver. 2. A young Phrygian, of great beauty, beloved by Cybele, the mother of the gods, who made him her priest, on condition that he should live chaste: but he broke his vow, and as a punishment, she afflicted him with madness; in the transports of which, he deprived himself of the distinction of his sex, and would have killed

himself, had not Cybele, moved with compassion, transformed him into a pine-tree.

Ver. 5. Claros was a city of Ionia, near Colophon, rendered famous for a fountain consecrated to Apollo, who from thence was called Clarius. Tacitus gives an account of it in the second book of his Annals.

Ver 6. The Greek is δαφνηφορου, 'laurel-wearing Phœbus;' because when Daphne escaped his pursuit by being changed into a laurel, he consecrated that tree to himself. *Ovid. Metamorph.*

XIV.

Ver. 12. Anacreon arms himself with a spear and shield, to contend with love. In an ancient epigram of the Anthologia, Book 7, we have an account of a combatant, who put on the breastplate of reason, to withstand the attacks of this dangerous enemy.

With love I war, and reason is my shield;
Nor ever, match'd thus equally, will yield:
If Bacchus joins his aid, too great the odds;
One mortal cannot combat two such gods.

Ver. 19, 20. The author of an epigram, in the seventh book of the Anthologia, complains, in like manner, that love had exhausted his quiver by shooting at him.

No more let Cupid's shafts the world appal;
For in my bosom he has lodged them all.

Ver. 21. This thought is very beautiful and ingenious. It is taken from an ancient piece of gallantry, which ought not to be passed over in silence. The heroes of antiquity, when in any

desperate engagement they found their darts spent, their strength exhausted, and saw no prospect of surviving long, would collect all their spirits and strength, and rush headlong with amazing impetuosity upon their enemies, that even in death the weight of their bodies, thus violently agitated, might bear down their adversaries. Examples of this kind of heroism are frequent in Lucan.

XV.

Ver. 1. Gyges was the favourite of Candaules, king of Lydia, whose queen was remarkably beautiful, and passionately admired by her husband. In his vanity, he extolled her charms above measure to Gyges, and, to convince him of her beauty, determined to show her to him naked; which he effected, but not without the queen's discovering the affront; who next morning sent privately for Gyges, and resolutely told him, he must either suffer immediate death for what he had done, or dispatch Candaules, and take her and the kingdom of Lydia for his recompense. The choice was difficult, as he greatly valued his master: however, the love of life prevailed—he stabbed Candaules, married the queen, and took possession of the kingdom.

Ver. 8. There is an epigram in the second book of the Anthologia, that has the same turn:

Cease from thy cares and toils, be sweetly gay,
And drink—to-morrow is a distant day:
Improve on time; to bliss each moment give;
Not to enjoy this life is not to live:

Our goods are now our own; but when we die
They come to others, whilst in dust we lie,
And then, alas! have nothing to enjoy.

Horace expresses himself in the same manner. Book 1. Ode 9.

XVI.

Ver. 1. Anacreon alludes to the famous war of the seven captains against Thebes, occasioned by Eteocles, the son of Œdipus and Jocasta, refusing his brother Polynices his share in the government; though they had previously agreed, after their father's death, to rule alternately year by year. Æschylus wrote a tragedy on this subject.

Ver. 3. Ovid has imitated this passage—Amor. L. 2. Eleg. 18.

Vincor, et ingenium sumptis revocatur ab armis,
Resque domi gestas, et mea bella cano.

I'm conquer'd, and renounce the glorious strain
Of arms and war, to sing of love again:
My themes are acts which I myself have done,
And my Muse sings no battles but my own.

Ver. 9. Nonnus calls the eyes the archers of love, and there is something similar to this, in an epigram of the Anthologia, Book 7.—which, speaking of love, says,

Insidious archer, not unseen you lie,
Though ambush'd close in Zenophelia's eye.

XVII.

This elegant Ode is quoted by Gellius, who says it was sung and played upon instruments at an entertainment where he was present.

Ver. 9. The poet alludes to the constellations which Vulcan described on the shield of Achilles. See Homer's Iliad, Book 18.

Ver. 10. Anacreon calls Orion, στυγνον, 'odious,' because he is the forerunner of tempests, and therefore dreadful to mariners. Horace calls him *infestus*, Epode 15.

Dum pecori lupus, et nautis infestus Orion.

As long as wolves pursue the fearful sheep,
And stern Orion rages o'er the deep.

XVIII.

Ver. 19. It is not without reason that Anacreon, after having mentioned Venus, introduces Love among the Graces; being sensible, that, though beauty alone might please, yet, without the aid of other charms, it could not long captivate the heart.

Καλλος ανευ χαριτων τερπει μονον· ο κατεχει δε,
Ὡς ατερ αγκιςρω νηχομενον δελεαρ.

Beauty without the Graces may impart
Charms that will please, not captivate the heart;
As splendid baits without the bearded hook
Invite, not catch, the tenants of the brook.

Ver. 23. The poet desires that Apollo may not be described upon his bowl, because he was so unfortunate as to kill his favourite Hyacinthus, as he was playing with him at quoits.

XIX.

Ver. 10. The moon is said to drink up the sun, because she borrows her light from that luminary.

XX.

Ver. 4. Niobe was the daughter of Tantalus, king of Phrygia, and wife of Amphion, king of Thebes, by whom (according to Homer) having six sons and six daughters, she became so proud of her offspring and high birth, that she had the vanity to prefer herself to Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana, who, to revenge the affront offered to their parent, in one day slew all her children; upon which Niobe was struck dumb with grief, and remained stupid. For that reason, the poets have feigned her to be turned into a stone. The story is told by Ovid in the sixth book of the Metamorphoses; but, perhaps, better by Pope, in his translation of the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, where Achilles is introduced speaking to Priam.

There are two short epigrams in the Anthologia, which perhaps the reader will be glad to see in English.

This weeping tomb within no corse contains;
This weeping corse without a tomb remains:
For, by a strange irrevocable doom,
This image is the carcass and the tomb.

I once was Niobe, and fill'd a throne,
Till Fate severe transform'd me into stone:
Behold the change which mimic art can give!
From stone Praxiteles has made me live.

I cannot conclude my notes on this Ode without first observing, that this gallant original has been copied by several masters. I shall produce one example, because it is the shortest, which is an epigram of Dionysius the sophist.

I wish myself a gentle breeze to blow,
O'er your fair bosom unconfined I'd flow,
And wanton on those little hills of snow.
I wish myself a rose in purple dress'd,
That you might place me on your snowy breast.
I wish myself a lily, lovely fair,
That I might kiss your skin, and gather whiteness there.

XXI.

Ver. 2. The Greek is, πιειν αμυστι. Amystis, as Madame Dacier observes, was a manner of drinking among the Thracians, so called from their swallowing down a certain quantity of liquor without fetching breath, or shutting the mouth. Horace takes notice of it in Book 1. Ode 39.

XXII.

This Ode is by Anacreon addressed to Bathyllus; but the translator has, with more decency and gallantry, applied it to a lady.

Ver. 10. The original is, Πηγη ῥεουσα πειθος, '*a Fountain rolling Persuasion*,' than which nothing can be more delicate or poetical, as most of the commentators have observed.

Longepierre quotes a beautiful epigram from the Anthologia, Book 1. similar to this Ode; where the god Pan is supposed to speak.

Rest here, beneath my shady pine reclined,
Whose tall top sweetly murmurs to the wind;
Here too a brook mellifluous flows along,
And woos me with its ever gurgling song;
Here on my solitary pipe I play,
Or sweetly sleep the tranquil hours away.

XXIII.

Ver. 3. 4. These words seem to allude to an anecdote in the history of Anacreon, which I shall explain. Stobæus tells us, that Anacreon, having received a present of five talents of gold from Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, was so embarrassed with cares and solicitudes about his treasure, that he could not sleep for two nights successively: Whereupon he sent back the present, with this apology to his patron, 'That, however valuable the sum might be, it was not a sufficient price for the trouble and anxiety of keeping it.'

XXIV.

Ver. 7. Tibullus says, *Ite procul durum curæ genus, ite labores.*

Hence, all ye troubles, vanish into air,
And all the wrinkled family of Care.

Macedonius concludes an epigram with this distich, Anthologia, Book 1.

I like Anacreon's counsel wondrous well,
To let no troubles in my bosom dwell.

Ver. 13, 14. Julian, in an epitaph he composed on Anacreon, makes him repeat the same lesson after he was dead.

What oft alive I sung, now dead I cry,
Loud from the tomb, 'Drink, mortals, ere you die.'

XXVI.

This Ode, as Longepierre observes, is in the same style as the two preceding, and the next

ensuing. There is a fragment of Bacchylides remaining, which has great affinity to these four, but chiefly to this very Ode.

When the rosy bowl we drain,
Gentle love begins to reign:
Hope, to human hearts benign,
Mingles in the friendly wine,
And with pleasing visions fair
Sweetly dissipates our care,
Warm with wine we win renown,
Conquer hosts, or storm a town,
Reign the mighty lords of all,
And in fancy rule the ball,
Then our villas charm the sight,
All with gold and ivory bright;
Ships with corn from Egypt come,
Bearing foreign treasures home:
Thus each bliss that fills the soul,
Luxuriant rises from the bowl.

Ver. 5, 6.

Pastores hederâ crescentem ornate poetam.
VIRG.

With ivy wreaths your youthful poet crown.

On which passage Servius remarks, that poets are crowned with ivy, as being consecrated to Bacchus; either because they are enthusiasts, like the Bacchanals; or because ivy, being an evergreen, is a symbol of that eternity which they acquire by their compositions. Horace says,

Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Dis miscent superis.

An ivy crown ennobles me,
Whose darling joy is poetry. DUNCOMBE.

XXVII.

Ver. 5, 6. In the forty-first Ode, Anacreon calls Bacchus, 'The Inventor of dancing.' So Tibullus,

Ille liquor docuit voces inflectere cantu;
Movit et ad certos nescia membra modos.
L. 1. Eleg. 7.

This as swains quaff'd spontaneous numbers came,
They praised the festal cask, and hymn'd thy name;
All ecstasy! to certain time they bound,
And beat in measured awkwardness the ground.
GRAINGER.

XXVIII.

Ver. 10. Neither the Greeks nor Romans seem to have esteemed one particular colour of the hair more than another! for we find both black and light colour equally admired.

Ver. 25. The ancients, to give us an idea of a mouth perfectly agreeable, generally represented it by the 'lips of persuasion.' Anthol. B. 7.

Persuasion's lips, and Cyprian charms are yours,
And the fresh beauty of the vernal hours.

Ver. 30. The Greek is, Λυγδινω, that is, *marble;* from Lygdos, a place in the island of Paros, famous for the finest marble. *Trapp.*

Ver. 33, 34. Ovid has a similar passage in the first Book of the Metamorphoses, V. 500.

XXIX.

Ver. 7. 8. Anacreon describes the hair of Bathyllus black towards the head, but lower down gradually inclining to a yellow. Horace calls this colour Myrrheus, '*Myrrheum nodo cohi-*

bere crinem;' Book 3. Ode 14. On which an ancient critic remarks, *Colorem myrrheum in crinibus hodie quoque dicunt, qui medius est inter flavum et nigrum:*—Even at this day they call that hair of a myrrh colour, which is between black and yellow. Ovid describes the colour of his mistress's hair thus, Amor. l. 1, Eleg. 14.

> Nor of a black nor of a golden hue
> They were, but of a dye between the two:
> Such as in rindless cedar we behold,
> The black confounded with the dusky gold.

Ver. 9, 10. Petronius says, *Crines ingenio suo flexi, per totos se humeros effuderant:*—'Her hair, negligently floating where it pleased, diffused itself over her shoulders.'

Ver 23. Meleager, as Longepierre observes, calls his mistress ἡδυ ῥοδον πειθας, *The sweet Rose of Persuasion.* Anthologia.

Ver. 45. Bathyllus had a celebrated statue erected to his honour at Samos by Polycrates. See Apuleius.

XXX.

Ver. 5, 6. Moschus, in his 'Run-away Love,' makes Venus offer a reward to any one who should only discover where he was:

> Whoe'er shall bring the news, his fee is this;
> I, Venus, will reward him with a kiss.

XXXI.

Ver. 5. Alcmæon was the son of Amphiaraüs and Eriphyle. His father had been put to death by the contrivance of his mother; whom, on that account, he slew. Orestes slew his mother Clytemnestra, to revenge the death of his father

Agamemnon; who, at his return from the Trojan war, had been murdered by her and her lover Ægisthus. They were both tormented by the furies.

Ver. 12. Iphytus was the son of Eurytus king of Œchalia, and slain by Hercules, who carried off his bow.

Ver. 15. When the armour of Achilles was adjudged to Ulysses, Ajax was so enraged at the affront, that he ran mad; and falling upon a flock of sheep, which he took for so many Grecians, first slew them, and then himself. Homer celebrates his shield for its extraordinary size. Iliad, Book 7.

Ver. 17. Hector and Ajax made an exchange of presents, (see Iliad 7.) which gave birth to a proverb, 'That the presents of enemies are generally fatal:' for Ajax with this sword afterwards killed himself; and Hector was dragged, by the belt which Ajax gave him, at the chariot of Achilles.

There is an epigram to this purpose, Anthol. B. 3. C. 14.

Hector bestow'd on Telamon the brave
A sword: the Greek to godlike Hector gave
A radiant belt: each gift was stamp'd with woe,
And proved alike destructive to the foe.

XXXII.

Ver. 9. Corinth, the metropolis of Achaia, was so famous for rich courtesans, who would only entertain the wealthy, that it occasioned the proverb, *Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum*, 'Every man cannot go to Corinth.' Laïs asked Demosthenes a thousand drachms

for one favour: to which he replied, 'I will not buy repentance at so dear a rate.' *Longepierre.*

XXXIII.

Ver. 5. It was an opinion generally received among the ancients, that swallows, and several other birds crossed the sea on the approach of winter, in search of warmer climates. Thus Virgil, Æneid, 6. v. 311.

Quàm multæ glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
Trans pontum fugat, et terris immittit apricis.

Thick as the feather'd flocks, in close array,
O'er the wide fields of ocean wing their way,
When from the rage of winter they repair
To warmer suns and more indulgent air. PITT.

Others thought they hid themselves in the clefts of the rocks. Thus Ovid, *Cum glaciantur aquæ, scopulis se condit hirundo.*

Pecklinius, in his book *De Aëris et Elementi defectu, et vitâ sub aquis,* assures us, that swallows retire to the bottom of the water during the winter; and that it is common for the fishermen on the coasts of the Baltic to take them in their nets in large knots, clinging together by their bills and claws; and that, upon their being brought into a warm room, they will separate, and begin to flutter about as in spring. Kercher, in his book '*De mundo subterraneo,*' affirms the same; and that in the northern countries they hide themselves under ground in the winter, whence they are often dug out. *Longepierre.*

Ver. 6. Memphis was a city situated on the Nile, a little below Delta, and the residence of the kings of Egypt. By the Nile, Anacreon means Ethiopia, whence that river derives its source.

XXXIV.

Ver. 10. Virgil has very happily mixed these two colours, though upon a different occasion, Æneid, L. 12. v. 67.

XXXV.

This Ode was composed on a picture representing the rape of Europa. See an Idyllium of Moschus upon the same subject.

XXXVI.

Ver. 12. A philosopher in Petronius makes the same reflection: *Ego sic semper et ubique vixi, ut ultimam quamque lucem tanquam non redituram consumerem:* 'Wherever I am, I always enjoy the present day, as if I never expected to see another.'

XXXVIII.

Ver. 7. In the Bacchanalian dances among the ancients, the leader of them bore a rod or sceptre.

Ver. 17. Silenus was the foster-father and tutor of Bacchus, represented by a little, flat-nosed, bald, fat, tunbellied, old drunken fellow, riding on an ass.

XXXIX.

Ver. 3. Anacreon is not the only one who asserts, that Bacchus is the best friend to the Muses. If, as Horace says, you give credit to old Cratinus, the comic Greek poet, *Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt, quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.* 'No verses long can

please, or long can live, which water-drinkers write.' There is an epigram in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins thus:

Οινος τοι χαριεντι μεγας πτελει ἱππος αοιδω,
Ὑδωρ δε πινειν, καλον ο τεκνοις εσω;.

Wine is the poet's generous horse;
But water-drinkers' works of course,
Are languid, cold, and void of force.

Aristophanes, in his comedy called 'Peace,' humorously tells us, that, when the Lacedæmonians came to besiege Athens, Cratinus died of grief on seeing a hogshead broken, and the wine running out.

XL.

Theocritus has imitated this beautiful Ode in his nineteenth Idyllium.

Τον κλεπταν ποτ' Ερωτα, κ. τ. λ.

As Cupid once, the sliest rogue alive,
Was stealing fragrant honey from the hive,
A little bee, inflamed with rage and grief,
Pierced with his sting the finger of the thief.
He blew the tortured hand, he stamp'd the ground,
He ran, and to his mother show'd the wound;
And loud began through anguish to complain,
That a small bee should cause such racking pain.
Fair Venus smiled her sobbing son to see,
And said, 'Thou too art little, like a bee,
And yet what mighty wounds are made by thee!'

XLI.

Ver. 8. Madame Dacier supposes this to be the passage on which the opinion, that the Graces were the daughters of Bacchus and Venus, was founded.

Ver. 16. Macedonius, in an epigram in the

first Book of the Anthologia, C. 25, says, that to banish care was a precept of Anacreon:

For still I hold Anacreon's rule the best,
To banish care for ever from my breast.

Ver. 19, 20. Anacreon is not singular in enforcing the necessity of enjoying life, from the brevity and uncertainty of it. Rufinus has an epigram in the seventh book of the Anthologia, Epig. 143, to this purpose:

Let us, my friend, in joy refine,
Bathe, crown our brows, and quaff the wine:
Short is the space for human joys;
What age prevents not, death destroys.

And Martial,

Non est, crede mihi, sapienti dicere, 'Vivam,'
Sera nimis vita est crastina, vive hodie.

'I 'll live to-morrow,' 'tis not wise to say:—
'Twill be too late to-morrow—live to-day.

XLII.

Ver. 13, 14. Thus our poet, in his seventh Epigram, says,

I ne'er can think his conversation good,
Who o'er the bottle talks of wars and blood;
But his, whose wit the pleasing talk refines,
And lovely Venus with the Graces joins.

XLIII.

Ver. 4, 5. Dew is the nourishment of grasshoppers. Virgil, Eclogue 5. ver. 77.

The Greek poets also describe the grasshopper as a musical insect. Theocritus, Idyll. 1.

Thy song is sweeter than the grasshopper's.

Antipater, in an epigram of the Anthologia, Book 1. says,

> Inspired by dew the grasshoppers rejoice,
> Nor boasts the swan so musical a voice.

Ver. 15. Ælian, writing against those who eat grasshoppers, says, 'They are ignorant how much they offend the Muses, the daughters of Jupiter.' Whence it appears, that these animals were esteemed sacred to the Muses, and the eating of them accounted an impiety. The following is a translation of an epigram from the first book of the Anthologia, Chap. 33. containing a beautiful complaint of a grasshopper against that practice.

Τιπτε με τον, κ. τ. λ.

> Why do ye, swains, a grasshopper pursue,
> Content with solitude and rosy dew?
> Me whose sweet song can o'er the nymphs prevail;
> I charm them in the forest, hill, or dale,
> And me they call their summer nightingale.
> See, on your fruits the thrush and blackbird prey!
> See, the bold starlings steal your grain away!
> Destroy your foes—why should you me pursue,
> Content with verdant leaves and rosy dew?

Ver. 23. The Athenians called themselves Τεττιγες, 'grasshoppers,' and some of them wore little grasshoppers of gold in their hair, as badges of honour, to distinguish them from others of later duration; and likewise as a memorial that they were born of the earth, like those insects.

Ver. 25, 26. Homer represents the gods as free from blood.

XLV.

Mons. Le Fevre was so transported with this Ode, that he could not forbear crying out,

Felix, ah! nimium felix, cui carmine tali
Fluxit ab Aoniis vena beata jugis.
Quid melius dictaret amor, risusque jocique,
Et cum germanis gratia juncta suis?

Thrice happy he! to whose enraptured soul
Such numbers from the' Aonian mountains roll;
More finish'd what could love or laughter write,
Or what the Graces dictate more polite?

JOHN ADDISON.

Ver. 2. Lemnos was an island of the Ægean Sea, sacred to Vulcan, who, in the first book of the Iliad, gives an account of Jupiter's throwing him down from heaven, and his fall upon that island.

Ver. 23, 24. This sentiment is extremely delicate; intimating, that one cannot even touch the darts of Cupid with safety. Moschus concludes his first Idyllium with a similar thought:

Perhaps he'll say, 'Alas! no harm I know,
Here, take my darts, my arrows, and my bow.'
Ah! touch them not, fallacious is his aim,
His darts, his arrows all are tipp'd with flame.

XLVI.

Ver. 13. Phocylides, in his Admonitory Poem, ver. 38, &c. seems to have imitated this passage:

Ἡ φιλοχρημοσυνη, κ. τ. λ.

On sordid avarice various evils wait,
And gold, false, glittering, is the tempting bait.
O cursed gold! in whom our woes combine,
Why dost thou thus with pleasing ruin shine?
Cause of the parent's curse, of brethren's strife,
Wars, murders, and all miseries of life.

XLVII.

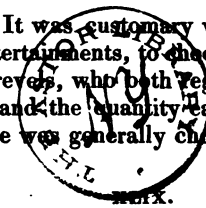
Ver. 8. Longepierre quotes a passage from Guarini, where the same sentiment is expressed, though in a different manner; and which is translated by John Addison.

—— O Corisca mia cara,
D'anima Linco e non di forze sono;
E'n questo vecchio tronco
E piu che fosse mai verde il desio.

Yes, my Corisca, Lincus is the same,
Though not in youthful force, in youthful flame:
Though age and wrinkles on my front appear,
My heart is green, and love still blossoms there.

XLVIII.

Ver. 8. It was customary with the ancients, at their entertainments, to choose a king or master of the revels, who both regulated the size of the cups, and the quantity each person was to drink. He was generally chosen by the cast of a die.



XLIX.

Ver. 5. It is probable, that in this Ode Anacreon had in view the image of peace, which Vulcan represented upon the shield of Achilles. Iliad, Book 18.

L.

Ver. 4. Homer introduces Helen mixing such a bowl. Odyssey, Book 4.

LI.

Ver. 6. There are several epigrams in the fourth Book of the Anthologia, on Venus rising

from the sea. I shall give a translation of one of them, beginning

Την ἐκφυγοῦσαν, κ. τ. λ.

Apelles, wrapp'd in sweet surprise,
Saw Venus from the ocean rise;
What art before could never give,
He made the breathing picture live.
Her radiant locks luxuriant flow'd;
Her lovely eyes serenely glow'd;
Like two round apples ripe, her breast
Rose, gently suing to be press'd.

LII.

Ver. 3. Homer, in his beautiful description of the Vintage, Book 18, introduces young men and maids employed in the same office.

LIII.

This Ode will be understood by supposing, that Anacreon celebrates a rose, and requests a lyrist to play to his voice.

Ver. 13, 14. The rose was consecrated to the Muses. See Sappho.

For thy rude hand ne'er pluck'd the lovely rose
That on the mountain of Pieria blows.

Ver. 21. The rose is celebrated in the fifth Ode of Anacreon; in a fragment of Sappho; and in the fourteenth Idyllium of Ausonius; in which are the following beautiful lines:

Quàm longa una dies, ætas tam longa rosarum,
Quas pubescentes longa senecta premit:
Quam modo nascentem rutilus conspexit Eoüs,
Hanc veniens sero vespere vidit anum.

See! in the morning blooms the rose!
But soon her transient glories close:
She opens with the rising day,
And with the setting fades away. DUNCOMBE.

Ver. 30. Ῥοδοδακτυλος, 'rosy-finger'd,' is an epithet frequently used by Homer, and applied to the morning. Dryden also uses it:

The rosy-finger'd morn appears,
And from her mantle shakes her tears.

Milton's description of the morning is also very beautiful:

—— The Morn,
Waked by the circling Hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light——

Book 6. ver. 2.

Ver. 35. It is well known, that the rose is used as an ingredient in the composition of several medicines.

Ver. 37. The ancients used roses in embalming their dead. Venus anoints the body of Hector with unguent of roses, to prevent it from corruption; Iliad, Book 23. They also crowned the tombs of their friends with roses and other flowers.

Ver. 41. Nothing preserves its fragrance, when dried, longer than the rose.

—— και ω ῥοδον αυον ολιται.

Blown roses hold their sweetness to the last.

DRYDEN.

Ver. 46. Bion tells us, that the blood of Adonis gave birth to the rose. Αἱμα ῥοδον τικτει.

Both tears and drops of blood were turn'd to flowers;
From these in crimson beauty sprung the rose,
Cærulean bright anemonies from those.

LIV.

Ver. 5. Cybeba, or Cybele, seems to be the name of a female attendant, taken from Cybele, the mother of the gods.

LV.

Ver. 3, 4. The Greek is τιάρα, *tiara*, an ornament for the head, like the modern turban. Addison quotes a passage from Dionysius, containing a description of the situation and manners of the Parthians, which he has thus translated:

Beyond the Caspian straits those realms extend,
Where circling bows the martial Parthians bend.
Versed only in the rougher arts of war,
No fields they wound, nor urge the shining share.
No ships they boast to stem the rolling tide,
Nor lowing herds o'er flowery meadows guide:
But infants wing the feather'd shaft for flight,
And rein the fiery steed with fond delight.
On every plain the whistling spear alarms,
The neighing courser, and the clang of arms;
For there no food the little heroes taste,
Till warlike sweat has earn'd the short repast.

LVI.

We are indebted for this Ode to Henry Stephens. It is also extant in Stobæus, who acknowledges it to be Anacreon's.

Ver. 1, 2. Theocritus finely touches upon the progress which old age makes on the human body.

First from our temples age begins her race,
Thence whitening time creeps softly o'er the face.
CREECH.

LVII.

Ver. 3. The ancients usually drank their wine mixed with water. Madame Dacier observes, that Hesiod prescribes three measures of water to one of wine, in summer.

Ver. 10. The Scythians were remarkable for their intemperance in drinking, and quarreling over their cups.

LVIII.

This little Ode is extant in the seventh book of the Anthologia, and ascribed to Julian, απο των ὑπαρχων Αιγυπτου, a king of Egypt, who wrote several other things with elegance. As its beauty has hitherto procured it a place in most of the editions of Anacreon, it was thought worthy to be retained in this translation.

LIX.

Ver. 9, 10. Horace has imitated this Ode at the beginning of the 23d Ode of the first Book, and the 5th of the second; but particularly in the 11th of the third.

LX.

Theodorus Prodromus, who wrote the amours of Dosicles and Rodanthe, has preserved this Epithalamium; which, as Madame Dacier observes, is a sort of poem that used to be sung to a new-married couple on the morning after the ceremony.

LXI.

The Vatican manuscript acknowledges this Ode to be Anacreon's.

Ver. 9, 10. Horace has imitated this passage, Book i. Ode 26, which is an argument for the authenticity of this Ode. See Ode 39th.

Let the winds that murmur, sweep
All my sorrows to the deep.

Ver. 28. The poets call the Phrygians *faithless*, from their king Laomedon's deceiving Apollo and Neptune of the reward he had promised them for building the walls of Troy; and from his defrauding Hercules of his recompense; who had delivered his daughter Hesione from being devoured by a sea monster. *Madame Dacier.*

LXII.

This Ode has also the authority of the Vatican manuscript to claim Anacreon for its author.

Ver. 7, 8. Madame Dacier remarks, that the vines in Greece were so high as to form a commodious shade.

LXIII.

We owe the preservation of this fragment to Dion Chrysostom.

LXIV.

This fragment is cited by Athenæus. Barnes supposes it to have been written on the poetess Sappho; and, to confirm his opinion, produces the testimonies of Chamæleon and Hermesianax the Colophonian; the last of which, in his third elegy, says,

Και γαρ τον ὁ μαλιχρος, κ. τ. λ.

For sweet Anacreon loved the Lesbian dame;
The muse-rapt maid inspired the brightest flame:
And oft his native isle he would resign
For wit more brilliant, and for better wine.

Ver. 10. The following lines are supposed to be part of the answer which Sappho returned to Anacreon:

Ye Muses, ever fair and young,
High seated on the golden throne,
Anacreon sent to me a song
In sweetest numbers, not his own;
For, by your sacred raptures fired,
The poet warbled what the Muse inspired.

LXV.

This and the five following Odes are not translated by Addison.

Some have imagined that this Ode was not written by Anacreon, because he himself is the subject of it: but Barnes endeavours to prove it genuine, from the ninth Ode and the sixty-sixth, in both which Anacreon makes mention of himself; and from the frequent liberties which the best poets have taken of mentioning themselves in their own compositions.

LXVI.

It is certain, that Anacreon wrote hymns in honour of the gods: this is undoubtedly one of them, and perhaps the most entire of any that remain. See the note on the 16th verse of the ninth Ode.

LXVIII.

This is, as Madame Dacier remarks, an entire hymn, or part of one, composed in honour of Diana, in favour of some town situated on the river Lethe, which she supposes to be Magnesia, near Ephesus.

It was probably made on occasion of some battle in which the Magnesians had been defeated. The poet entreats Diana to assist a

people in distress, who depended only upon her protection.

LXIX.

The fourth epode of Horace has a great similitude to this Ode.

NOTES ON THE EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM I.

Ver. 2. Priam, speaking of the most valiant of his sons, says,

Τες μεν απωλεσ' Αρης—— ILIAD, B. 2. ver. 260.
All those relentless Mars untimely slew,
And left me these, a soft and servile crew.
POPE.

II.

Ver. 2. The Teians, after their expulsion from Ionia by Harpagus the general of Cyrus, sailed into Thrace, and settled in the city of Abdera; where they had not been long, before the Thracians, jealous of their new neighbours, endeavoured to give them disturbance. It seems to be in these conflicts that Anacreon lost those friends whom he celebrates in his Epigrams. See the first, second, and thirteenth.

III.

This Cleënorides (as Barnes observes) seems to have been cast away, in attempting a voyage

from Abdera to his native country Teios, in the winter.

V.

Myron was the most celebrated artist of his time for casting statues in brass. Petronius, speaking of him, says, *Pene hominum animas ferarumque ære comprehenderat:* 'He had almost found the art to enclose the souls of men and beasts in brass.'

Among the many epigrams, which have been composed on Myron's cow, the following from Ausonius deserves commendation:

By Myron's chisel I was form'd of brass;
Not art, but nature, my great mother was.
Bulls court my love; the heifers lowing stand;
And thirsty calves my swelling teat demand.
Nor deem this strange—the herdsman oft has err'd,
And number'd me among the grazing herd.

VI.

I found this Epigram, thus excellently translated, in a paltry edition of Anacreon in English, printed by Curl.

The following Epigram, on an excellent modern work, has expressed the same thought with the same simplicity.

ON CLARISSA.

This work is Nature's; every tittle in't
She wrote, and gave it Richardson to print.

VIII.

Ver. 2. Pausanias, Eliac, l. 2. c. 13, mentions this mare of Phidola's, and tells us she was named *Aura*, or 'Air;' and that she won the race herself, after her rider was thrown.

X.

Ver. 4. Anaxagoras, a native of Ægina, was a celebrated statuary. He flourished both before and after the expedition of Xerxes. *Barnes.*

XI.

When the ancients escaped any imminent danger, it was usual for them to consecrate some memorial of it in the temples of their gods.

XII.

Ver. 3. The Athenian academy was not far distant from the Areopagus, in a grove without the city.

XIII.

Nothing among the ancient Greeks and Romans was esteemed a greater act of piety than to fight for the good of the community; and they, who have greatly fallen in so righteous a cause, are embalmed with immortal honours. Tyrtæus wrote some noble poems on martial virtue. The following lines are translated from a fragment of his. Speaking of the hero that dares to die for his country, he says,

His fair renown shall never fade away,
Nor shall the mention of his name decay,
Who glorious falls beneath the conqueror's hand,
For his dear children, and his native land;
Though to the dust his mortal part we give,
His fame in triumph o'er the grave shall live.

ANON.

XVIII.

Ver. 1. The ancients esteemed Mercury the general protector of learning; and therefore

usually placed his statue in their libraries, and in the porticoes before their public schools and academies. *Addison.*

XIX.

This Epigram (notwithstanding what Barnes says to the contrary) is thought not to be Anacreon's; the mention of Sophocles being too repugnant to chronology, to admit it for genuine.

THE

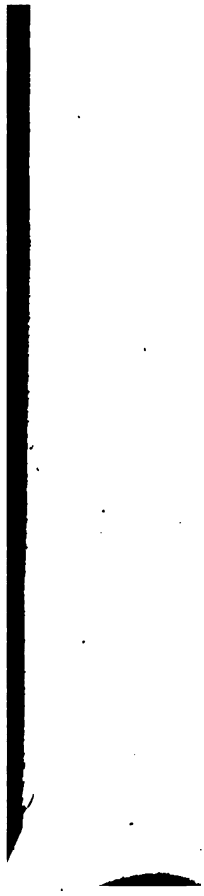
ODES, FRAGMENTS, AND EPIGRAMS

OF

Sappho.

Mark, Muse! the conscious shade and vocal grove,
Where Sappho tuned her melting voice to love,
While echo each harmonious strain return'd,
And with the soft complaining Lesbian mourn'd.

Progress of Poetry.



THE

LIFE OF SAPPHO.

SAPPHO was a native of Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos. Who was her father is uncertain, there being no less than eight persons who have contended for that honour; but it is universally acknowledged that Cleis was her mother. She flourished, according to Suidas, in the 42d Olympiad; according to Eusebius, in the 44th Olympiad, about 600 years before our Saviour Christ. She was contemporary with Pittacus, the famous tyrant of Mitylene, and the two celebrated poets, Stesichorus and Alcæus. Barnes has endeavoured to prove, from the testimonies of Chamæleon and Hermesianax, that Anacreon was one of her lovers; but this amour has been generally esteemed too repugnant to chronology, to be admitted for any thing but a poetical fiction.

She married one Cercolas, a man of great wealth and power, in the island of Andros, by whom she had a daughter named Cleis. He

leaving her a widow very young, she renounced all thoughts of a second marriage, but not the pleasures of love; not enduring to confine that passion to one person, which, as the ancients tell us, was too violent in her to be restrained even to one sex.

But no one seems to have been the object of her admiration so much as the accomplished Phaon, a young man of Lesbos; who is said to have been a kind of ferryman, and thence fabled to have carried Venus over the stream in his boat, and to have received from her, as a reward, the favour of becoming the most beautiful man in the world. She fell desperately in love with him, and took a voyage into Sicily in pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that island, and on this occasion, that she composed her 'Hymn to Venus.'

Her poem was ineffectual for the procuring that happiness which she prayed for in it. Phaon was still obdurate; and Sappho was so transported with the violence of her passion, that she resolved to get rid of it at any rate.

There was a promontory in Acarnania called Leucate, on the top of which was a little temple dedicated to Apollo. In this temple it was usual for despairing lovers to make their vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the top of the precipice into the sea: for it was an established opinion, that all those who were taken up alive, would immediately be cured of their former passion. Sappho tried the remedy;

ut perished in the experiment. The original of his unaccountable humour is not known. Ovid epresents Sappho as advised to undertake this trange project by the vision of a seanymph, of hich she sent the following account to the cruel haon:

Hic ego cum lassos, &c.

Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a watery virgin stood;
She stood and cried, 'O you that love in vain!
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main:
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
There injured lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!'
She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye nymphs, those rocks and seas to prove:
How much I fear, but, ah! how much I love!
I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inspires;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane.

POPE.

The Romans erected a most noble statue of orphyry to her memory: and the Mitylenians, express their sense of her worth, and the glory ey received from her being born amongst them, aid her sovereign honours after her death, and oined money with her head for the impress.

The best idea we can have of her person, is from her own description of it in Ovid:

Si mihi difficilis formam, &c.

To me what nature has in charms denied,
Is well by wit's more lasting charms supplied.
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspired young Perseus with a generous flame;
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be moved,
Phaon alone by Phaon must be loved.

POPE.

To give the English reader a true notion what opinion the ancients entertained of her works, would be to collect a volume in her praise. She was honoured with the glorious title of 'the tenth Muse.' Horace says,

Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ. Lib. iv. Ode 9.

Enchanting Sappho's lyric muse
In ever breast must love infuse;
Love breathes on every tender string,
And still in melting notes we hear her sing.

DUNCOMBE.

On the revival of learning, men of the most refined taste accounted the loss of her writings inestimable, and collected the sacred relics with the utmost assiduity: though Mr. Addison (in the Spectator, No. 223) judiciously observes: 'I do not know, by the character that is given

of her works, whether it is not for the benefit of mankind that they are lost. They were filled with such bewitching tenderness and rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a reading.'

Vossius, in the third book of his *Institutiones Poeticæ*, says, that none of the Greek poets excelled Sappho in sweetness of verse; and that she made Archilochus the model of her style, but at the same time took great care to soften and temper the severity of his expression.

Hoffman, in his Lexicon, says, 'Some authors are of opinion, that the elegy which Ovid made under the name of Sappho, and which is infinitely superior to his other Elegies, was all, or at least the most beautiful part of it, stolen from the poems of the elegant Sappho.'

She was the inventress of that kind of verse, which (from her name) is called the Sapphic. She wrote nine books of Odes, besides Elegies, Epigrams, Iambics, Monodies, and other pieces; of which we have nothing remaining entire, but an Hymn to Venus, an Ode preserved by Longinus (which, however, the learned acknowledge to be imperfect), two Epigrams, and some other little Fragments. I shall conclude my account of this celebrated lady in the words of Mr. Addison, taken from the above mentioned Spectator. 'Among the mutilated poets of antiquity, there is none whose fragments are so beautiful as those of Sappho. They give us a taste of her way of writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary character we find of her in the

remarks of those great critics who were conversant with her works when they were entire. One may see, by what is left of them, that she followed nature in all her thoughts, without descending to those little points, conceits, and turns of wit, with which many of our modern lyrics are so miserably infected. Her soul seems to have been made up of love and poetry: she felt the passion in all its warmth, and described it in all its symptoms. She is called by ancient authors the tenth muse; and by Plutarch is compared to Cacus, the son of Vulcan, who breathed out nothing but flame.'

ODES.

I.

AN HYMN TO VENUS.

ıus, bright goddess of the skies,
whom unnumber'd temples rise,
's daughter fair, whose wily arts
ıde fond lovers of their hearts;
listen gracious to my prayer,
l free my mind from anxious care.

er you heard my ardent vow,
pitious goddess, hear me now!
oft my ardent vow you've heard,
Cupid's kindly aid preferr'd,
left the golden courts of Jove,
isten to my tales of love.

radiant car your sparrows drew;
gave the word, and swift they flew;
ıugh liquid air they wing'd their way,
w their quivering pinions play;
ny plain roof they bore their queen,
spect mild, and look serene.

Soon as you came, by your command,
Back flew the wanton feather'd band;
Then, with a sweet, enchanting look,
Divinely smiling, thus you spoke:
'Why didst thou call me to thy cell?
Tell me, my gentle Sappho, tell.

'What healing medicine shall I find,
To cure thy love-distemper'd mind?
Say, shall I lend thee all my charms,
To win young Phaon to thy arms?
Or does some other swain subdue
Thy heart? my Sappho, tell me who?

'Though now, averse, thy charms he slight,
He soon shall view thee with delight;
Though now he scorns thy gifts to take,
He soon to thee shall offerings make;
Though now thy beauties fail to move,
He soon shall melt with equal love.'

Once more, O Venus! hear my prayer,
And ease my mind of anxious care;
Again vouchsafe to be my guest,
And calm this tempest in my breast!
To thee, bright queen, my vows aspire;
O grant me all my heart's desire!

II.

'hatever might have been the occasion of this Ode, the Inglish reader will enter into the beauties of it, if he sup- ›oses it to have been written in the person of a lover sitting ›y his mistress.

ADDISON, Spectator, No. 229.]

›RE happy than the gods is he
ho, soft reclining, sits by thee;
s ears thy pleasing talk beguiles,
s eyes thy sweetly dimpled smiles.

is, this, alas! alarm'd my breast,
ıd robb'd me of my golden rest:
hile gazing on thy charms I hung,
ɾ voice died faltering on my tongue.

ith subtle flames my bosom glows,
ıick through each vein the poison flows:
ɾk, dimming mists my eyes surround;
ɾ ears with hollow murmurs sound.

ɾ limbs with dewy chilness freeze,
my whole frame pale tremblings seize,
d, losing colour, sense, and breath,
eem quite languishing in death.

FRAGMENTS.

I.

THE Pleiads now no more are seen,
Nor shines the silver moon serene,
In dark and dismal clouds o'ercast;
The love-appointed hour is past:
Midnight usurps her sable throne,
And yet, alas! I lie alone.

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II.

THIS SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN ADDRESSED TO AN ARROGANT UNLETTERED LADY, VAIN OF HER BEAUTY AND RICHES.

WHENE'ER the Fates resume thy breath,
No bright reversion shalt thou gain;
Unnoticed shalt thou sink in death,
Nor e'en thy memory remain:
For thy rude hand ne'er pluck'd the lovely rose,
Which on the mountain of Pieria blows.
To Pluto's mansions shalt thou go,
The stern, inexorable king,
Among the' ignoble shades below
A vain, ignoble thing;
While honour'd Sappho's muse-embellish'd name
Shall flourish in eternity of fame.

III.

TO VENUS.

VENUS, queen of smiles and love,
Quit, O! quit the skies above;
To my lowly roof descend,
At the mirthful feast attend;
Hand the golden goblet round,
With delicious nectar crown'd:
None but joyous friends you'll see,
Friends of Venus, and of me.

IV.

CEASE, gentle mother, cease your sharp reproof,
My hands no more can ply the curious woof,
While on my mind the flames of Cupid prey,
And lovely Phaon steals my soul away.

V.

ON THE ROSE.

WOULD Jove appoint some flower to reign
In matchless beauty on the plain,
The rose (mankind will all agree),
The rose the queen of flowers should be,
The pride of plants, the grace of bowers,
The blush of meads, the eye of flowers:
Its beauties charm the gods above;
Its *fragrance is the* breath of love;

Its foliage wantons in the air
Luxuriant, like the flowing hair:
It shines in blooming splendour gay,
While zephyrs on its bosom play.

THE FOLLOWING IS PART OF AN ODE WHICH SAPPHO IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE WRITTEN TO ANACREON—SEE THE NOTES ON THE 64TH ODE OF ANACREON.

Ye Muses, ever fair and young,
High seated on the golden throne,
Anacreon sent to me a song
In sweetest numbers, not his own;
For, by your sacred raptures fired,
The poet warbled what the Muse inspired.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

MENISCUS, mourning for his hapless son,
The toil-experienced fisher, Pelagon,
Has placed upon his tomb a net and oar,
The badges of a painful life and poor.

II.

THE much loved Timar lodges in this tomb,
By death insatiate ravish'd in her bloom;
Ere yet a bride, the beauteous maid was led
To dreary coasts, and Pluto's mournful bed.
Her loved companions pay the rites of woe,
All, all, alas! the living can bestow:
From their fair heads the graceful curls they shear,
Place on her tomb, and drop the tender tear.

NOTES ON THE ODES.

ODE I.

We are indebted for this Hymn to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who quotes it as a pattern of perfection. Madame Dacier supposes it to be entirely historical; and that it was written after Phaon, her inconstant lover, had withdrawn himself from the island of Lesbos to Sicily, in order to avoid the importunities of an amorous mistress. It was in Sicily, therefore, and on the abovementioned occasion, that she is supposed to have made this Hymn.

Ver. 13. Sappho says, the chariot of Venus was drawn by sparrows, because they are of all birds the most amorous.

Ver. 20. There is something very pretty in this circumstance, wherein Venus is described as sending away her chariot, upon her arrival at Sappho's lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient visit which she intended to make her. *Madame Dacier.*

II.

This beautiful Ode is preserved by Longinus, in his Treatise of the Sublime.

Ver. 1. There is an epigram in the Anthologia, which seems to be an imitation of this stanza.

The youth who sees thee may rejoice,
But bless'd is he who hears thy voice,
A demigod who shall thee kiss,
Who gains thee is a god in bliss.

Mr. Addison, in his Spectator, on this Ode, relates the following remarkable circumstance from Plutarch: 'That author, in the famous story of Antiochus, who fell in love with Stratonice, his mother-in-law, and (not daring to discover his passion) pretended to be confined to his bed by sickness, tells us, that Erastratus, the physician, found out the nature of his distemper by those symptoms of love which he had learned from Sappho's writings. Stratonice was in the room of the lovesick prince, when these symptoms discovered themselves to his physician; and it is probable, that they were not very different from those which Sappho here describes in a lover sitting by his mistress.'

NOTES ON THE FRAGMENTS.

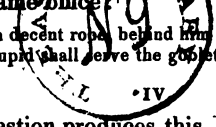
FRAGMENT II.

Ver. 5. Pieria was a mountain in Macedonia, dedicated to the Muses. By this expression, Sappho seems to hint, that the lady who furnished the occasion of this satire was not conversant in the politer studies, nor acquainted with the Muses.

III.

This fragment should be joined with the fourth Ode of Anacreon, for as Sappho desires Venus to be her cupbearer, so Anacreon appoints Cupid the same office:

> In decent robe behind him bound,
> Cupid shall serve the goblet round.



IV.

Hephæstion produces this Fragment from the seventh book of Sappho's Odes. Horace seems to have had it in view, Book 3. Ode 12.

V.

We are indebted to Achilles Tatius for this Fragment, which is generally ascribed to Sappho. In the beginning of the second book of that romancer, Clitophon tells us, his mistress sung this eulogy on the rose at an entertainment. If the reader turns back to the fifth and fifty-third Odes of Anacreon, he will find other encomiums on this beautiful flower.

NOTES ON THE EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM I.

LONGEPIERRE observes, that it was usual among the ancients to place on the tombs of their friends the instruments peculiar to the art or mystery which they exercised when alive. Of this we have examples in Homer and Virgil.

These sorts of epitaphs were more general, concise, and instructive, than those which afterwards prevailed. *Longepierre.*

Madame Dacier also observes, that emblems of the humours of the deceased were sometimes placed on the monuments, as in this epigram on a woman named Myro:

> O'er Myro see the emblems of her soul,
> A whip, a bow, a goose, a dog, an owl.

The whip denoted, that she used to chastise her servants; the bow, that her mind was always bent on the care of her family; the goose, that she loved to stay at home; the dog, that she was fond of her children; and the owl, that she was assiduous in spinning and tapestry; which were the works of Pallas, to whom the owl was consecrated. *Dacier.*

At the Earl of Holderness's, at Aske, in Yorkshire, is an old picture, with a device which seems to be borrowed from this. It is supposed to be drawn by Hans Holbein, and represents a woman (said to be Queen Elizabeth's housekeeper) stand-

ing on a tortoise, with a bunch of keys by her side, her finger on her lips, and a dove on her head. Under it is this inscription;

Uxor amet, sileat, servet, nec ubique vagetur;
Hoc testudo docet, claves, labra, junctaque turtur.

Which has been thus translated:

Be frugal, ye wives, live in silence and love,
Nor abroad ever gossip and roam:
This learn from the keys, the lips, and the dove,
And tortoise, still dwelling at home!

II.

Ver. 7. The ceremony of cutting off the hair among the ancients, in honour of the dead, was a token of a violent affection. Thus Achilles, in the twenty-third book of the Iliad, offers his to Patroclus: and the little Cupids tear their hair for grief at the death of Adonis. See *Bion*. Herodotus tells us, that Mardonius cut off his, after his defeat. Many more instances of this extraordinary custom might be produced; but these will, probably, be thought sufficient. I shall finish my observations on this excellent poetess, with an ingenious surmise in regard to the above mentioned ceremony: it was practised, perhaps, not only in token of sorrow, but might also have a concealed meaning, that as the hair was cut from the head, and was never more to be joined to it, so was the dead for ever cut off from the living, never more to return.

THE

LOVES

OF

HERO AND LEANDER.

Translated from Musæus.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS celebrated poem on the Loves of Hero and Leander has been admired by the politest scholars for many ages: and though Mr. Waller, and several other writers of the finest taste, have conjectured it to be one of the stories

Which old Musæus so divinely sung;

yet many convincing arguments might be brought to prove it to have been the work of a later author, a grammarian of that name, who lived in the fifth century.

Nor let the English reader look upon the title of grammarian as a term of reproach, though now frequently used as such. The profession styled by the ancients Γραμματικη, was the same with the *belles lettres* among the moderns: and the appellation of grammarian was particularly applied to those who excelled in every kind of polite writing.

The first English translation of the following poem appeared in the year 1647, by Sir Robert Stapylton. It has since that time been frequently attempted; but with what success, is left to the judgment of others.

THE

LOVES OF HERO AND LEANDER.

Oft, by the covert of night's shade,
Leander woo'd the Thracian maid;
Through foaming seas his passion bore,
Nor fear'd the ocean's thundering roar.
The conscious virgin, from the seagirt tower,
Hung out the faithful torch, to guide him to her bower.
DODSLEY'S Miscell.

SING, Muse! the conscious torch, whose nightly ray
Led the bold lover through the watery way,
To share those joys which mutual faith hath seal'd,
Joys to divine Aurora unreveal'd,
Abydos, Sestos, ancient towns, proclaim
Where gentlest bosoms glow'd with purest flame.
I hear Leander dash the foaming tide!
Fix'd high in air, I see the glimmering guide!
The genial flame, the love-enkindling light,
Signal of joy that burn'd serenely bright:
Whose beams, in fair effulgency display'd,
Adorn'd the nuptials of the Sestian maid:
Which Jove, its friendly office to repay,
Should plant, all glorious, in the realms of day,
To blaze for ever, midst the stars above,
And style it—gentle harbinger of love:
For sure on earth it shone supremely kind,
To sooth the anguish of the lovesick mind,

Till clothed in terrors rose the wintry blast,
Impetuous howling o'er the watery waste:
And, O! inspire me, goddess, to resound
The torch extinguish'd, and the lover drown'd.
Against Abydos seabeat Sestos stood,
Two neighbouring towns, divided by the flood:
Here Cupid proved his bow's unerring art,
And gain'd two conquests with a single dart:
On two fond hearts the sweet infection prey'd,
A youth engaging, and a beauteous maid:
Of Sestos she, fair Hero was her name;
The youth, Leander, from Abydos came:
Their forms divine a bright resemblance bore,
Each was the radiant star of either shore.
Thou, whom the Fates commission here to stray,
A while the turret's eminence survey;
Thence Hero held the blazing torch to guide
Her lover rolling on the boisterous tide;
The roaring Hellespont, whose waveworn straight
Still in loud murmurs mourns Leander's fate.
Say, heavenly Muse, had Hero charms to move,
And melt the Abydinian into love?
Say, with what wiles the amorous youth, inspired,
Obtain'd the virgin whom his soul admired?
Fair Hero, priestess to the' Idalian queen,
Of birth illustrious, as of graceful mien,
Dwelt on a high sequester'd tower, that stood
Firm on the ramparts, and o'erlook'd the flood:
Chaste, and unconscious of love's pleasing pain,
She seem'd a newborn Venus of the main;
But, nice of conduct, prudently withdrew
Far from the follies of the female crew:
Bless'd in retreat, she shunn'd the vain delight
Of daily visits, and the dance at night;

Content in sweet tranquillity to screen
Her blooming beauty from malignant spleen:
For where superior beauty shines confess'd
It kindles envy in each female breast.
To soften Venus oft with prayer she strove,
Oft pour'd libations to the god of love;
Taught by the' example of the heavenly dame,
To dread those arrows that were tipp'd with flame.
Vain all her caution, fruitless proved her prayer;
Love gains an easy conquest o'er the fair.
For now the sacred festival appear'd,
By pious Sestians annually revered,
At Venus' fane to pay the rites divine,
And offer incense at Adonis' shrine.
Vast crowds from all the seagirt isles repair,
The day to reverence, and the feast to share.
From flowery Cyprus, circled by the main,
And high Hæmonia, hastes the youthful train;
Not one remain'd of all the female race,
Thy towns, Cythera, and thy groves to grace;
Afar from spicy Libanus advance
The throngs unnumber'd, skill'd to lead the dance;
From Phrygian plains they haste in shoals away,
And all Abydos celebrates the day.
To Sestos all the mirthful youths repair,
All that admire the gay, the young, the fair;
For amorous swains, when rumour'd feasts invite,
Joy at the news, and follow with delight;
Not to the gods to pay the rites divine,
Or offer incense at some sacred shrine;
Few are their offerings, and concise their prayer,
Who give their whole devotion to the fair.
As through the temple pass'd the Sestian maid,
Her face a soften'd dignity display'd;

Thus silver Cynthia's milder glories rise,
To glad the pale dominion of the skies.
Her lovely cheeks a pure vermilion shed,
Like roses beautifully streak'd with red:
A flowery mead her well turn'd limbs disclose,
Fraught with the blushing beauties of the rose:
But when she moved, in radiant mantle dress'd,
Flowers half unveil'd adorn'd her flowing vest,
And numerous graces wanton'd on her breast.
The ancient sages made a false decree,
Who said, the Graces were no more than three;
When Hero smiles, a thousand graces rise,
Sport on her cheek, and revel in her eyes.
Such various beauties sure conspired to prove
The priestess worthy of the queen of love.
Thus as she shone superior to the rest,
In the sweet bloom of youth and beauty dress'd,
Such softness temper'd with majestic mien,
The earthly priestess match'd the heavenly queen.
The wondering crowds the radiant nymph admire,
And every bosom kindles with desire;
Eager each longs, transported with her charms,
To clasp the lovely virgin in his arms;
Where'er she turns, their eyes, their thoughts pursue,
They sigh, and send their souls at every view.
Then thus some ardent youth bespoke the rest,
Cast a fond look, and open'd all his breast:
'I oft at Sparta wondering have beheld
Young maids contending in the listed field;
Sparta, that boasts the emulated prize
Of fairest virgins, and of brightest eyes;
Yet ne'er till now beheld a nymph so fair,
Such beauty blended with such graceful air:

Perhaps (for sure immortal is her race)
Beneath the priestess Venus hides a grace.
My dazzled eyes with constant gazing tire,
But my fond fancy ever could admire.
O! make me, Venus, partner of her bed,
Though Fate that instant strike the lover dead:
Let but my love the heavenly Hero crown,
I on the gods will look superior down.
Should you this boon deny, O queen! decree,
To bless my days, a nymph as fair as she!'
  Thus spoke the general voice; the train apart
Conceal the wound deep rankling in the heart.
But when Leander saw the blooming fair,
Love seized his soul instead of dumb despair;
Resolved the lucky moments to improve,
He sought occasion to reveal his love;
The glorious prize determined to obtain,
Or perish for those joys he could not gain.
Her sparkling eyes instilling fond desire,
Entranced his soul, and kindled amorous fire.
Such radiant beauty, like the pointed dart,
With piercing anguish stings the' unguarded heart:
For on the eye the wound is first impress'd,
Till by degrees it rankles in the breast.
Now hope and confidence invade his soul;
Then fear and shame alternately control:
Fear through his bosom thrill'd; a conscious shame
Confess'd the passion which it seem'd to blame:
Her beauties fix'd him in a wild amaze;
Love made him bold, and not afraid to gaze.
With step ambiguous, and affected air,
The youth advancing faced the charming fair:
Each amorous glance he cast, though form'd by art,
Yet sometimes spoke the language of his heart;

With nods and becks he kept the nymph in play,
And tried all wiles to steal her soul away.
Soon as she saw the fraudful youth beguiled,
Fair Hero, conscious of her beauty, smiled;
Oft in her veil conceal'd her glowing face,
Sweetly vermilion'd with the rosy grace;
Yet all in vain to hide her passion tries,
She owns it with her love-consenting eyes.
Joy touch'd the bosom of the gentle swain,
To find his love was not indulged in vain.
Then, while he chid the tedious lingering day,
Down to the west declined the solar ray:
And dewy Hesper shone serenely bright,
In shadowy silence leading on the night.
Soon as he saw the dark involving shade,
The' embolden'd youth approach'd the blooming maid,
Her lily hand he seized, and gently press'd,
And softly sigh'd the passion of his breast.
Joy touch'd the damsel, though she seem'd displeased,
And soon withdrew the lily hand he seized:
The youth perceived, through well dissembled wiles,
A heart just yielding by consenting smiles;
Then to the temple's last recess convey'd
The unreluctant, unresisting maid:
Her lovely feet, that seem'd to lag behind,
But ill conceal'd her voluntary mind.
She feign'd resentment with an angry look,
And, sweetly chiding, thus indignant spoke:
'Stranger, what madness has possess'd thy brain,
To drag me thus along the sacred fane?

Go—to your native habitation go——
'Tis quite unkind to pull my garments so.
Rich are my parents—urge not here your fate,
Lest their just vengeance you repent too late:
If not of me, of Venus stand afraid,
In her own fane soliciting a maid:
Hence speed your flight; and Venus' anger dread;
'Tis bold aspiring to a virgin's bed.'
Thus chid the maid, as maids are wont to do,
And show'd her anger and her fondness too.
The wily youth, as thus the fair complain'd,
Too well perceived the victory was gain'd:
For nymphs enraged the more complying prove,
And chidings are the harbingers of love.
He kiss'd her snowy neck, her fragrant breast:
And thus the transport of his soul express'd:
'O lovely fair, in whom combined are seen
The charms of Venus, and Minerva's mien!
For sure no virgin of terrestrial race
Can vie with Hero in the blooms of face:
I deem your lineage from the gods above,
And style you daughter of Saturnian Jove.
Bless'd is the father from whose loins you sprung,
Bless'd is the mother at whose breast you hung,
Bless'd, doubly bless'd the fruitful womb that bore
This heavenly form for mortals to adore.
'Yet, beauteous Hero, grant a lover's prayer,
And to my wishes prove as kind as fair:
As Venus' priestess, just to Venus prove,
Nor shun the gentle offices of love.
O let us, while the happy hour invites,
Propitious, celebrate the nuptial rites.
No maid can serve in Cytherea's fane;
Her eyes delight not in the virgin train.

But would fair Hero secret rites implore,
The laws of Venus and her pleasing lore,
Those rites are practised in the bridal bed,
And there must Hero, yet a maid, be led:
Then as you fear the goddess to offend,
In me behold your husband and your friend,
Ordain'd by Cupid, greatest god above,
To teach you all the mysteries of love:
As winged Mercury, with golden wand,
Made Hercules, with distaff in his hand,
To every task of Omphale submit;
Thus love, more powerful than the god of wit,
Sent me to you. 'Tis needless to relate
The chaste Arcadian Atalanta's fate;
Who from the' embraces of Milanion fled,
Her faithful lover, and the nuptial bed:
But vengeful Venus caused the nymph to burn
With equal flame, and languish in her turn.
O let example warn you to revere
The wrathful goddess, and your lover hear!'
  Thus spoke the youth—his magic words control
Her wavering breast, and soften all her soul.
Silent she stood,and wrapp'd in thought profound,
Her modest eyes were fix'd upon the ground:
Her cheeks she hid, in rosy blushes dress'd,
And veil'd her lily shoulders with her vest:
On the rich floor, with Parian marble laid,
Her nimble foot involuntary play'd.
By secret signs a yielding mind is meant,
And silence speaks the willing maid's consent.
  Now had the wily god's envenom'd dart
Diffused the pleasing poison to her heart;
Leander's form, instilling soft desire,
Woo'd her pleased eyes, and set her soul on fire,

While on the ground fair Hero fix'd her sight,
Leander view'd with exquisite delight
Her swelling breast, and neck as ivory white.
At length her face with lovely blushes spread
She raised, and thus in sweet confusion said:
'Stranger, thy words such magic sounds convey,
With soft compassion rocks would melt away.
Who form'd thy tongue with such persuasive art
To pour delightful ruin on the heart?
Ah! tell me, who thus taught thee to explore
My lone retirement on the Thracian shore?
Thy speech, though pleasing, flow'd to me in vain:
How can a stranger Hero's love obtain?
Should I in public give to thee my hand,
My parents would forbid the nuptial band;
And shouldst thou here in close concealment stay,
Our secret passion would itself betray:
For soon the voice of scandal-spreading fame
The deed of silence would aloud proclaim.
But, gentle youth, thy name, thy country tell;
For mine, alas! by thee are known too well.
In yon high tower, which close to Sestos stands,
And all the roaring Hellespont commands,
With one attending damsel I remain;
For so my parents and the Fates ordain!
No nymphs coeval to sweet music's sound
Lead the smooth dance, or lightly beat the ground;
But stormy winds eternal discord keep, [deep.'
And blustering bellow through the boundless
Thus spoke the priestess; and with modest grace,
Conceal'd the new-born beauties of her face:
For on her cheeks the roseate blush that hung,
Seem'd to condemn the language of her tongue.

Meanwhile Leander feeds the hidden fire,
Glows in each vein, and burns with fierce desire:
But anxious doubt his musing breast alarms;
How shall he gain admittance to her charms?
Nor long he paused, for love in wiles abounds,
Well pleased to heal the bosoms which he wounds;
'Twas he, whose arrows men and gods control,
That heal'd Leander's love-afflicted soul:
Who thus, while sighs upheaved his anxious breast,
The nymph with artful eloquence address'd:
'For thee, dear object of my fond desire,
I'll cross the ocean though it flame with fire:
Nor would I fear the billows' loud alarms,
While every billow bore me to thy arms;
Uncheck'd, undaunted, by the boisterous main,
Tempestuous winds should round me roar in vain:
But oft as night her sable pinions spread,
I through the storm would swim to Hero's bed:
For rich Abydos is the home I boast,
Not far divided from the Thracian coast.
Let but my fair a kindly torch display,
From the high turret to direct my way;
Then shall thy daring swain securely glide
The bark of Cupid o'er the yielding tide,
Thyself my haven, and thy torch my guide:
And while I view the genial blaze afar,
I'll swim regardless of Boötes' car,
Of fell Orion, and the Northern Wain
That never bathes his brightness in the main:
Thy star, more eminently bright than they,
Shall lead the lover to his blissful bay.
But let the torch, O nymph divinely fair!
My only safety, be thy only care;

Guard well its light when wintry tempests roar,
And hoarse waves break tumultuous on the shore,
Lest the dire storms that blacken all the sky,
The flame extinguish, and the lover die.
More wouldst thou know? Leander is my name,
The happiest husband of the fairest dame.'
Thus mutual vow'd the lovers to employ
The nights in raptures of mysterious joy;
Her task, secure the' extended torch to keep,
And his, to cross the' unfathomable deep:
On promised bliss their fruitful fancies fed,
Ecstatic pleasures of the nuptial bed;
Till the fond nymph, when decency required,
Back to her tower unwillingly retired.
Leander, ere he left his lovely bride,
Mark'd well the station of the blazing guide,
Then sought Abydos cross the sounding tide.
What now but amorous scenes their thoughts employ,
Confused ideas of the genial joy?
Slow rose on leaden wings the morning light;
Slow noon came on—the lovers wish'd it night.
At length dark gloom a dusky mantle spread;
Sleep o'er the world his balmy influence shed.
All but Leander lay dissolved in rest,
Love kept a ceaseless vigil in his breast.
Silent he wander'd on the winding shore,
The deep resounded with tremendous roar:
Wide o'er the foaming waves his anxious sight
Explored the torch's love-proclaiming light:
He little deem'd, alas! its flame would prove
The blaze of death, though meant the torch of love.
Soon as fair Hero from her tower survey'd
The' horizon darken'd in the sable shade,

The torch on high she fix'd: its flames inspire
Leander's bosom with the kindred fire:
Quick through his frame the bright contagion ran,
And with the glowing signal glow'd the' enamour'd man.
But when he heard the hoarse-resounding roar
Of thundering billows breaking on the shore,
Aghast he stood, he shrunk, and thus address'd
These words of courage to his trembling breast:
'Ah, cruel love! whose woe the waves conspire!
The waves are water, but I burn with fire!
Be bold, my heart, the foaming billows brave,
Nor fear the threatenings of the wintry wave.
Fair Venus rose propitious from the main;
She calms the ocean's rage, and sooths the lover's pain.'
He spoke, and straight his lovely limbs undress'd,
And folded round his head his various vest;
Then, dauntless, plunging in the foaming tide,
Dash'd with his arms the' intruding waves aside:
Full in his view he kept the shining mark,
Himself the pilot, passenger, and bark.
While faithful Hero, to her promise true,
Watch'd on the turret every wind that blew;
Oft with her robe she screen'd the torch's blaze
From dangerous blasts that blew a thousand ways;
Till the tired youth, on rolling surges toss'd,
Securely landed on the Sestian coast.
Soon as she saw her lover safe on shore,
Eager she ran, and led him to her tower;
Welcomed with open arms her panting guest.
And, sweetly smiling, to her bosom press'd:
Then dumb with joy the shivering youth she led,
Still wet and weary, to the genial bed,

Wiped his fair limbs, and fragrant oils applied,
To cleanse his body from the oozy tide;
Then clasp'd him close, still panting, to her breast,
And thus with fond endearing words address'd:
'My life, my lover, thou hast suffer'd more
Than fondest bridegroom e'er endured before:
Destined, alas! dread trouble to sustain
On the rough bosom of the briny main;
Now let sweet joy succeed in sorrow's place,
And lull thy labours in my warm embrace.'
She spoke: He loosed her virgin zone to prove
The sacred rites and mysteries of love.
No youths with measured dance the nuptials crown'd,
Nor tuneful hymns congratulating sound:
No bard invoked the heavenly queen with prayer,
To smile propitious on the wedded pair:
No nuptial torch its golden lustre shed,
Bright torch of love to grace the bridal bed!
No Iö Pæans musically rung;
No greeting parents Hymeneals sung:
But all was gloom, and silence all around,
Instead of music's love-inspiring sound.
Beneath the covert of the night conceal'd,
They tasted pleasures mutual faith had seal'd;
In close embraces all entranced they lay,
In raptures never usher'd to the day:
Till the fond youth reluctant left his bride,
Still breathing love, and cross'd the foaming tide.
Thus Hero lived unnoted, unbetray'd,
Each night a woman, and each day a maid.
Both wish'd the hours on swiftest wings would fly,
And hail'd the evening, not the morning sky.

Thus wrapp'd in hidden joys, each blissful night
They pass'd in ecstasies of full delight:
But soon, alas! those dear-bought pleasures fled,
And short the transports of that bridal bed!
For now relentless winter, that deforms
With frost the forest, and the sea with storms,
Bade the wild winds o'er all the ocean reign,
And raise the rapid whirlpools of the main;
The hoarse wild winds obey, and, with harsh sound,
Roar o'er the surface of the vast profound,
Rouse from their beds the scatter'd storms that sleep
In the dark caverns of the dreary deep:
The trembling sailor hears the dreadful roar,
Nor dares the wintry turbulence explore,
But drags his vessel to the safer shore.
But thee, bold youth, no wintry storms restrain,
Nor all the deathful dangers of the main.
For when thou saw'st the torch's blaze from far
(Of nuptial bliss the bright prophetic star),
Thee not the furious tempest could control,
Nor calm the glowing raptures of the soul.
Yet sure fair Hero, when the gloomy sky
With gathering clouds proclaim'd rough winter nigh,
Without her lover should have pass'd the night,
Nor from the tower, ill omen'd, shown the light;
But she, ah hapless! burns with fond desire,
'Tis love inflames her while the fates conspire:
The torch of death now glimmer'd from above,
No more the gentle harbinger of love.
'Twas night, and angry Æolus had hurl'd
The winds tempestuous o'er the watery world;
The bellowing winds with rage impetuous roar,
And dash the foaming billows on the shore:

E'en then the youth, with pleasing visions fed,
Glows with remembrance of the bridal bed;
And while fierce tempests howl on every side,
Float on the bosom of the briny tide,
Waves roll'd on waves in hideous heaps are driven,
Swell'd into mountains, and upheaved to heaven:
Bleak blasts, loud roaring, the vex'd ocean sweep,
Foam the dash'd billows, and resounds the deep;
From every part the blustering terrors fly,
Rage o'er the main, and battle in the sky;
The growling thunder of the vast profound
The rocks rebellow, and the shores rebound.
Amidst the watery war, with toils oppress'd,
O'erwhelm'd with billows, and in gulfs distress'd,
Leander oft with suppliant prayer implored
The seasprung goddess, and old ocean's lord:
Thee, Boreas, too, he summon'd to his aid,
Nor was unmindful of the' Athenian maid;
But prayers are fruitless, and petitions vain;
Love must submit to what the Fates ordain.
From wave to wave the hapless youth is toss'd,
Now heaved on high, and now in whirlpools lost;
His wearied feet no more his will obey,
His arms hang useless, and forget to play.
Borne on the surge supine, and void of breath,
He drinks the briny wave, and draws in death.
Thus while in fatal rage each wind conspires,
Extinct at once the flame, and lover's fires,
Fainting he sinks, and with the torch expires.
While on the turret Hero mourn'd his stay,
And, fondly sighing, chid his long delay,
Perplexing anguish in her bosom rose,
Nor knew her eyes the blessings of repose.

But when she saw him breathless on the
Stretch'd, ghastly pale, by death's relentle
She shriek'd aloud; and from her throbbin
Rent the gay honours of her flowery ves
Then from the tower her beauteous body
And on her lover's bosom breathed her
Nor could the Fates this faithful pair di
They lived united, and united died.

NOTES ON HERO AND LEANDER.

VER. 23. Abydos was a city of Asia, situated on the Hellespont, over against Sestos, a city in the Thracian Chersonnesus. Geographers are of opinion, that the castles of the Dardanelles were built on the ruins of these two places: but they are manifestly mistaken; for there are no remains of antiquity to be seen near those castles, but very remarkable ones three miles further, where the channel is considerably narrower. Le Brun assures us, that the strait at these ruins is only half a mile over, and that one of them is still called Sestos, and the other Abidos or Avido. Pliny and Herodotus say, the narrowest part of the channel is about seven stadia or furlongs.

Ver. 60. In the first Idyllium of Moschus, Venus complains of Cupid, that

His darts and arrows are all tipp'd with flame.

Ver. 144. Virgil finely describes the conflict of various passions in the breast of Turnus, Æneid, book xii. ver. 666.

——— æstuat ingens
Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor, et conscia virtus.

A thousand various thoughts confound the chief,
He stood, he gazed, his bosom swell'd with grief;
Pride, conscious valour, fury, love, and shame,
At once set all the hero in a flame. PITT.

Ver. 383. Thus, in the third book of the Odyssey, Polycaste, the daughter of Nestor, bathes and anoints Telemachus:

> Sweet Polycaste took the pleasing toil
> To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.

On which Dr. Broome remarks, that the practice of women bathing and anointing men frequently occurs in the Odyssey: neither is this done by women of inferior quality, but we have here a young princess bathing, anointing, and clothing the naked Telemachus.

Ver. 494. 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.' 2 Sam. chap. i. ver. 23.

THE END.

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